NIL CONSCIRE SIBI

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher.*

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CONTAINING

WOMEN PLEAS'D,
The NIGHT-WALKER, or, *The* LITTLE THIEF,
The WOMAN'S PRIZE, or, *The* TAMER TAM'D,
The ISLAND PRINCESS,
The NOBLE GENTLEMAN,
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ERRATA.

Page 22, Line 6, after *Dutchess* read *attain'd*
89, Note 4, after *way* dele , and put a . and add *So the other Copies*
99, Line 13, add this Note,
Braggat, i. e. *Mead and Ale sweeten'd with Honey.*
112, Line 4, in Note 33, after *luscious* add *Sir*
208, 3, in Note 17, for *Act* 2 read *Act* 4
—— —— 6, in ditto, for *Wind with* read *Wind still with*
278, Line last, in Note 10, for *to* read *might*
317, Line 3, in Note 43, for *Ay me* read *Ayme* or *Aim*
340, add at the end of Note 56, *After this Note was printed off, I found the Word* disable *in* Haywood's English Traveller,
Reginald. — *Nay be not angry, Sir,*
He no way doth disable *your Estate.*

WOMEN PLEAS'D.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DUKE of Syenna, *Suitor to* Belvidere.
Silvio, *A Gentleman of Quality, Servant to* Belvidere.
Claudio, Silvio's *Friend, Brother to* Iſabella; *but diſguis'd to her under the Name of* Rugio.
Bartello, *Captain of the Citadel, Uncle to* Silvio.
Lopez, *A ſordid Uſurer, the jealous Husband of* Iſabella.
Lords of Florence.
Lords of Syenna.
Councellors.
Courtiers.
Penurio, *A hungry Servant to* Lopez.
Soto, *A merry Servant to* Claudio.
A Farmer, Father to Soto.
Captain.
Soldiers of the Guard.
A Clark.
Bomby, *An Enemy to Wakes and May-poles.*
Morrice-dancers.
Maſquers.

WOMEN.

Dutcheſs of Florence.
Belvidere, *A virtuous Princeſs, Daughter to the Dutcheſs, in Love with* Silvio.
Rodope, *Wife to* Bartello.
Iſabella, *Wife to* Lopez, *and Siſter to* Claudio.
Jaquenette, *Servant to* Iſabella.
Two Gentlewomen.

SCENE *FLORENCE.*

WOMEN

WOMEN PLEAS'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bartello *and* Silvio.

SILVIO.

'TIS true,
She is a right good Princeſs, and a juſt one,
And *Florence*, when ſhe ſets, has loſt a Planet.

Bar. My Miſtreſs? I tell thee, gentle Nephew,
There is not ſuch another Friend to goodneſs,
To down-right dealing, Faith, and a true Heart
Within the Chriſtian Confines: Before ſhe bleſt us,
Juſtice was a Cheeſe-monger, a meer Cheeſe-monger,
Weigh'd nothing to the World but Mites and Maggots,
And a main ſtink; Law, like a Horſe-courſer,
Her Rules and Precepts hung with Gaudes and Ribbonds,
And pamper'd up to cozen him that bought her,
When ſhe her ſelf was hackney-lame and founder'd.

Sil. But the ſweet Lady *Belvidere*, the bright one——

Bar. Ay, there's a Face indeed; Oh my dear Nephew,
Could a young Fellow of thy fiery Mettle
Freeze, and that Lady in his Arms?

Sil. I think not.

Bar. Thou haſt a parlous Judgment; but let that paſs;--
She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
As her great Mother's good; and that's not ord'nary.
Sil. But why (ſo many Princes, and ſo great ones
Being Suitors) ſhould th' Dutcheſs deny to match her?
Bar. She is a Jewel, Man, hangs in her Boſom,
Her only Child; with her Eyes ſhe ſees all things,
Diſcourſes with her Tongue; and pluck her from her
(So doatingly the old one loves her young one)
You pluck her Heart out too: Beſides, of late Days,
The Duke of *Milan*, who could never win her
By Love, nor Treaty, laid a cloſe Train for her
In her own private Walks, ſome forty Horſe-men,
So to ſurprize her, which we found, and dealt with;
And ſent 'em running home to th' Duke their Maſter,
Like Dogs with Bottles at their Tails.
Sil. Since that, I heard, Sir,
Sh'as ſent her to your Cittadel to ſecure her,
(1) My Couſin *Rodope*, your Wife, attending her.
Bar. You hear a Truth; and all convenient Pleaſures
Are there proportion'd for her.
Sil. I would fain, Sir,
Like one, that owes a duteous ſervice to her,
Sometimes, ſo pleaſe you——
Bar. Gentle Couſin, pardon me;
I muſt not, nor you muſt not dare to offer;
The laſt Edict lies on his Life, purſues it;
Your Friend, Sir, to command abroad, to love you,
To lend ye any thing I have, to wait on ye;
But in the Cittadel where I ſtand charg'd,
Not a bit upon a march: No ſervice, Sir,
No, good Sir, by no means; I kiſs your Hands, Sir.
[*Exit.*
Sil. T' your keeping only? None elſe to look on her?
None but *Bartello* worthy her Attendance?
No Faith but his to ſerve her? Oh *Belvidere*,
Thou Saint to whom my Youth is ſacrific'd;

(1) *My Couſin* Rodope, *your Wife*, &c.] We have a mighty Jumble through the Play of *Couſin* and *Aunt*, as the Reader will eaſily perceive.

Thou

Thou Point to which my Life turns, and my Fortune;
Art thou lock'd from me now? (2) From all my Comforts
Art thou ſnatch'd violently? Thou hear'ſt me not;
Nor canſt thou ſee, fair Soul, thy Servant's Mournings;
(3) Yet let thy gentle Heart feel what his Abſence,
The great divorce of Minds ſo truly loving,
So long, and nurs'd in one Affection,
Even from our Infant Eyes ſuck'd in, and nouriſh'd:
Oh! let it feel but that, and there ſtand conſtant,
And I am bleſt. My dear Aunt *Rodope*,
That is her Governeſs, did love me dearly,
There's one hope yet to ſee her; when he's abſent
It may be ventur'd, and ſhe may work it cloſely;
I know (4) the Lady's will goes equal with me,
And ſo the danger o'th' Edict's avoided;
Let me think more, for I muſt try all hazards.

Enter Claudio *and* Soto.

Soto. Will you go yonder, Sir?
Cla. Yes marry will I, Sir.
Soto. And by this Ladder?
Cla. By that Ladder, Coxcombe.
Soto. Have y' any more Necks at home when this is broken,
For this will crack with the beſt Friend he has, Sir?
Or can you pitch of all four, like an Ape now?
Let me ſee you tumble.
Cla. You are very pleaſant, Sir.

(2) ——*From all my Comforts*
Art thou ſnatch'd violently? ——] *Silvio* is not lamenting the Lady's Condition but his own, and therefore I ſhould think 'twould be better to read,
——*From* me *all my Comforts*
Are they *ſnatch'd violently?* ——

(3) *Yet let thy gentle Heart feel what* his *Abſence,*] A Letter too much in *his* makes ſtrange ſtuff in this Paſſage: Our Authors poſſibly wrote,
——*feel what* is *Abſence,*

(4) Thus the firſt Folio. The Octavo,
—— *the Ladies will go equal with me,*

Soto. No, truly Sir, I ſhould be loath to ſee ye
Come fluttering down like a young Rook, cry ſquab,
And take y' up with your Brains beaten int' your Buttocks.

Cla. Hold your peace, Aſs: Who's this ſtands muſing here?
Silvio?

Sil. Who calls me?

Cla. One moſt glad to ſee you, Sir.

Sil. My deareſt *Claudio?* What make you thus private,
And with a preparation of this Nature?

Soto. We've leave to play, and are going to climb Birds Neſts.

Sil. Prithee what is it, Friend? Why ſtart ye from me?
Is your old Miſtreſs grown ſo coy and cruel,
She muſt be ſcal'd? It ſeems you're loath to tell me.
Since twenty Years continuance of our Friendſhip
May not be worth the weight of ſuch a Secret,
'Twill be but rude to ask again; ſo ſave ye.

Cla. Nay ſtay, dear *Silvio*; if you love me, take it:
For 'till you know it, never Woman labour'd
As I do now.

Sil. I'll do my beſt to eaſe it.

Cla. You've heard, the Lady *Belvidere*——

Sil. What heard, Sir?

Cla. Heard, to the Cittadel, upon ſome fears
She is confin'd.

Sil. Why dreams he on this Beauty? [*Aſide.*
'Tis true, I've heard it.

Cla. And that no acceſs,
No bleſſing from thoſe Eyes, but with much hazard,
Ev'n hazard of a Life——

Sil. He dares not love her;
I've heard that too, but whither points your purpoſe?

Cla. Oh *Silvio*, let me ſpeak that none may hear me,
None but thy truth; I've lov'd this Lady long,
Long giv'n away my Life to her Devotion,
Long dwelt upon that Beauty to my Ruin.

Sil. Do's ſhe know this?

Cla. No, there begins my Miſery;
Ixion-like, I've only yet claſp'd Clouds.

And

And fed upon poor empty Dreams that ſtarve me.
Sil. And what d' you mean to do now?
Cla. Though I die for't,
Though all the Tortures in the World hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I ſtand prepar'd now,
With this to reach her Chamber; there to ſee her,
And tell her boldly with what Truth I love her.
Sil. 'Twill not be eas'ly done, Sir.
Cla. Oh my *Silvio*,
The hardeſt things are ſweeteſt in Poſſeſſion.
Sil. Nor will ſhew much Diſcretion.
Cla. Love is blind, Man;
And he, that looks for Reaſon there, far blinder.
Sil. Have you conſider'd ripely?
Cla. All that may fall,
And arm'd, againſt that all.
Sil. Her Honour too?
What ſhe may ſuffer in this raſh Adventure?
The beauty of her Name?
Cla. I'll do it cloſely,
And only at her Window, with that caution——
Sil. Are there no Guards?
Cla. Corruption chokes their Service.
Sil. Or do you hold her bred ſo light a Woman,
To hold commerce with ſtrange Tongues?
Cla. Why this Service,
This only hazard of my Life muſt tell her,
Though ſhe were *Veſta*'s ſelf, I muſt deſerve her.
Sil. I would not have ye go, pray let it ſink here,
And think a nobler way to raiſe your Service,
A ſafer and a wiſer.
Cla. 'Tis too late, Sir.
Sil. Then I muſt ſay, you ſhall not go.
Cla. I ſhall not?
Sil. You ſhall not go; that part bred with ye, Friendſhip,
Bids me ſay boldly ſo, and you obſerve me.
Cla. You ſtretch that Tye too far.
Sil. I'll ſtretch it farther:
The Honour that I bear that ſpotleſs Virtue
You fouly ſeek to taint, unnobly covet,

Bids me command ye ſtay; if not, thus force ye.
Soto. This will be worſe than climbing.
Cla. Why d' ye draw, Sir?
Sil. To kill thee, if thy baſe Will be thy Maſter.
Cla. I ever was your Friend.
Sil. Whilſt thou wert honeſt,
And not a Night-thief of another's Honour;
I never call'd a Fool my Friend, a mad Man,
That durſt expoſe his Fame to all Opinions,
His Life t' unhoneſt Dangers: I ne'er lov'd him,
Durſt know his Name, that ſought a Virgin's Ruin;
Nor ever took I pleaſure in acquaintance
With Men, that give as looſe Reins to their Fancies
As the wild Ocean to his raging Fluxes:
A noble Soul I twin with, and my Love
Follows his Life, dares maſter his Affections.
Will ye give off, or fight?
Cla. I will not fight with ye:
The ſacred Name of Friend ties up that Anger;
Rather I'll ſtudy——
Sil. Do, to be a Friend ſtill.
Cla. If this way, I ſhall never hold.
Sil. I'll watch ye:
And if I catch ye falſe, by Heav'n ye die for't,
All Love forgot.
Cla. When I fear that, I'm fit for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lopez *at a Table with Jewels and Mony upon it, an Egg roaſting by a Candle.*

Lop. Whilſt prodigal young gaudy Fools are banqueting,
And launching out their States to catch the giddy,
Thus do I ſtudy to preſerve my Fortune,
And hatch with care at home the Wealth that Saints me.
Here's Rubies of *Bengala*, rich, rich, glorious;
Theſe Diamonds of *Ormus* bought for little,
Here vented at the price of Princes Ranſomes;

How

How bright they ſhine like Conſtellations,
The South-Sea's Treaſure here, Pearl, fair and orient,
Able to equal *Cleopatra*'s Banquet:
Here Chains of leſſer Stones for Ladies Luſters,
Ingots of Gold, Rings, Brooches, bars of Silver,
Theſe are my Studies to ſet off in ſale well,
And not in Senſual ſurfeits to conſume 'em.
How roaſts mine Egg? he heats apace, I'll turn him:
Penurio, where you Knave d' you wait? *Penurio*,
You lazy Knave.

Pen. Did you call, Sir?

Lop. Where's your Miſtreſs?
What Vanity holds her from her Attendance?

Pen. The very ſight of this Egg has made him cockiſh,
What would a dozen butter'd do? She is within, Sir.

Lop. Within, Sir, at what thrift ye Knave? What getting?

Pen. Getting a good Stomach, Sir, and ſhe knew where to get Meat to't,
She's praying heartily upon her Knees, Sir,
That Heav'n would ſend her a good bearing Dinner.

Lop. Nothing but Gluttony and Surfeit thought on,
Health flung behind; had ſhe not Yeſternight, Sirrah,
Two Sprats to Supper, and the Oil allowable?
Was ſhe not ſick with eating? Hadſt not thou,
(Thou moſt ungrateful Knave, that nothing ſatisfies)
The Water that I boil'd my other Egg in
To make thee hearty Broth?

Pen. 'Tis true, I had, Sir;
But I might as ſoon make the Philoſopher's Stone on't,
You gave it me in Water, and but for Manners ſake,
I could give it you again, in Wind, it was ſo hearty
I ſhall turn Piſſing-conduit ſhortly; my Miſtreſs comes, Sir.

Enter Iſabella.

Lop. Welcome, my Dove.

Iſab. Pray ye keep your welcome to ye,
Unleſs it carries more than Words to pleaſe me.
Is this the Joy to be a Wife? to bring with me,

Beſides

Beſides the Nobleneſs of Blood I ſpring from,
A full and able Portion to maintain me?
Is this the Happineſs of Youth and Beauty,
The great content of being made a Miſtreſs,
To live a Slave ſubject to wants and hungers,
To jealouſies for every Eye that wanders,
Unmanly jealouſie?

Lop. Good *Iſabella*———

Iſab. Too good for you; d' you think to famiſh me,
Or keep me like an Alms-woman in ſuch rayment,
Such poor unhandſome Weeds? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus; and if your Miſery
Will ſuffer wilful Blindneſs to abuſe me,
My Patience ſhall be no Bawd to mine own Ruin.

Pen. Tickle him, Miſtreſs; to him.

Iſab. Had ye love in ye,
Or any part of Man———

Pen. Follow that, Miſtreſs.

Iſab. Or had Humanity but ever known ye,
You'd ſhame to uſe a Woman of my way thus,
So poor, and baſely; you're ſtrangely jealous of me;
If I ſhould give ye cauſe———

Lop. How, *Iſabella?*

Iſab. As do not venture this way to provoke me.

Pen. Excellent well, Miſtreſs.

Lop. How's this, *Iſabella?*

Iſab. 'Twill ſtir a Saint, and I am but a Woman,
And by that tenure may———

Lop. By no means, Chicken;
You know, I love ye; fie, take no example
By thoſe young gadding Dames, (you're noted virtuous)
That ſtick their Husband's Wealth in trifles on 'em,
And point 'em but the way to their own Miſeries:
I am not jealous, kiſs me, Faith,— I am not:
And for your Diet, 'tis to keep you healthful,
(Surfeits deſtroy more than the Sword) that I'm careful
Your Meat ſhould be both neat, and cleanly handled;
See, Sweet, I'm Cook my ſelf, and mine own Cater.

Pen. A———of that Cook cannot lick his Fingers.

Lop.

Lop. I'll add another Diſh, you ſhall have Milk to't,
'Tis nouriſhing and good.

Pen. With Butter in't, Sir?

Lop. This Knave would breed a Famine in a Kingdom:
And Cloaths that ſhall content ye; you muſt be wiſe then,
And live ſequeſtred to your ſelf and me,
Not wandring after every Toy comes croſs ye,
(5) Nor ſtruck with every Spleen: What's the Knave doing? *Penurio!*

Pen. Hunting, Sir, for a ſecond courſe of Flies here,
They're rare new Sallads.

Lop. For certain, *Iſabella*,
This rav'ning Fellow has a Wolf in's Belly:
Untemp'rate Knave, will nothing quench thy Appetite?
I ſaw him eat two Apples, which is monſtrous.

Pen. If you had giv'n me thoſe, 't had been more monſtrous.

Lop. 'Tis a main Miracle to feed this Villain.
Come, *Iſabella*, let us in to Supper,
And think the *Roman* Dainties at our Table;
'Tis all but Thought. [*Exeunt.*

Pen. Would all my Thoughts would do it:
The Devil ſhould think of purchaſing that Egg-ſhell,
To victual out a Witch (6) for the *Burmoothes*:
'Tis Treaſon to any good Stomach living now
To hear a tedious Grace ſaid, and no Meat to't;
I have a Radiſh yet, but that's but tranſitory. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Soto.

Soto. Can any living Man, unleſs a Raſcal
That neither knows himſelf, nor a faſhion'd Gentleman,

(5) *Nor ſtruck with every Spleen*: —] I can affix no Idea to this that is appoſite to the Context. I therefore read *Sheen*, which they who are converſant in old *Engliſh* Authors need not be told is the ſame as *bright* or *brightneſs*, being us'd indifferently as an Adjective or Subſtantive. Mr. *Seward.*

(6) ——*for the* Burmoothes:] i. e. *Bermudas. Vide* Mr. *Theobald* on *Shakeſpear's Tempeſt.*

Take

Take me for a worſe Man than my Maſter now?
I'm naturally proud in theſe Cloaths: But if Pride now
Should catch a fall in what I am atempting,
'Tis but a Proverb ſound, and a Neck broken,
That's the worſt can come on't; a Gentleman's gone then,
A Gentleman o'th' firſt Houſe, there's the end on't:
My Maſter lies moſt pitifully complaining,
Wringing and kicking up to th' Ears in Love yonder,
And ſuch a lamentable Noiſe he keeps, it kills me:
I've got his Cloaths, and if I can get to her
By hook or crook here, ſuch a Song I'll ſing her———
I think I ſhall be hang'd, but that's no matter,
What's a hanging among Friends: I am valiant now as an Elephant,
I have conſider'd what to ſay too; let me ſee now, [dow
This is the place, 'tis plaguy high; ſtay, at that lower Win-
Let me aim finely now, like a good Gunner,
It may prove but a whipping.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. I ſaw ſome Body
Paſs by me now, and though't were dark, methought yet
I knew the Cloaths: Ha, let me not be cozen'd,
The Ladder too, ready to fling it? Monſtrous!
'Tis he, 'tis *Claudio*; moſt voluptuous Villain,
Scandal to Woman's Credit: Love, I forget thee—
Soto. What will he do i'th' Name of Heav'n, what's that there?
Sil. And all the Friendſhip that I bore thee, bury here---
Soto. What has he in's Hand? I hope but a Cudgel.
Sil. Thy faults forgive, O Heav'n: Farewel thou Traitor. [*Fires a Piſtol.*
Soto. I'm ſlain, I'm ſlain.
Sil. He's down and dead, dead certain,
(I was too raſh, too full of Spleen) ſtark dead:
This is no place now to repent in, only
Here wou'd I give this Hand that ſhot the Piſtol
I had miſs'd thee, and thou wert once more *Claudio.* [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Claudio.

Cla. Why ſhould I love thus fooliſhly? Thus deſp'rately?
And give away my Heart where no hope's left me?
Why ſhould not the true counſel of a Friend, reſtrain me?
The Devil's Mouth I run into, affright me?
The Honour of the Lady, charm my wildneſs?
I have no Power, no Being of my ſelf,
No Reaſon ſtrong enough now left within me
To bind my Will; O Love, thou God, or Devil,
Or what thou art, that plays the Tyrant in me——
Soto. Oh.
Cla. What's that Cry?
Soto. A Surgeon, a Surgeon,
Twenty good Surgeons.
Cla. 'Tis not far from me,
Some Murther, o' my Life.
Soto. Will you let me die here?
No drink come, nor no Surgeon?
Cla. 'Tis my Man, ſure,
His Voice, and here he lies; how is it with thee?
Soto. I'm ſlain, Sir, I am ſlain.
Cla. Slain? Who has ſlain thee?
Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd.
Cla. Where's thy hurt?
Soto. I know not;
But, I am ſure, I'm kill'd.
Cla. Canſt thou ſit up,
That I may find the hurt out?
Soto. I can ſit up,
But ne'er the leſs, I'm ſlain.
Cla. 'Tis not o' this ſide?
Soto. No, Sir, I think it be not.
Cla. Nor o' this ſide;
Was it done with a Sword?
Soto. A Gun, a Gun, ſweet Maſter.
Cla. The Devil a Bullet has been here; thou'rt well, Man.
Soto. No, ſure, I'm kill'd.
Cla. Let me ſee thy Thighs, and Belly:
As whole as a Fiſh for any thing I ſee yet;

Thou

Thou bleed'ſt no where.
Soto. I think, I do not bleed, Sir,
But yet, I am afraid, I'm ſlain.
Cla. Stand up, Fool,
Thou haſt as much hurt as my Nail; who ſhot thee,
A Pottle, or a Pint?
Soto. Signior *Silvio* ſhot me
In theſe Clothes; taking me for you, and ſeeing
The Ladder in my Hand here, which I ſtole from ye,
Thinking to have gone to the Lady my ſelf, and have ſpoke for ye.
Cla. If he had hit ye home, h'ad ſerv'd ye right, Sirrah,
You ſaucy Rogue; how poor my intent ſhews to me,
How naked now, and fooliſh?
Soto. Are ye ſure he has not hit me,
It gave a monſtrous Bounce?
Cla. You roſe o' your right Side,
And ſaid your Prayers too, you had been payed elſe;
But what need'ſt thou a Bullet, when thy Fear kills thee?
Sirrah, keep your own Counſel for all this, you'll be hang'd elſe,
If it be known.
Soto. If't be by my means, let me;
I'm glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladder.
My Gentleman-like Humour's out; I feel 'tis dangerous.
And to be a Gentleman, is to be kill'd twice a Week.
Cla. Keep your ſelf cloſe i'th' Country for a while, Sirrah.
There's Mony, walk t' your Friends.
Soto. They have no Piſtols, [will
Nor are no Gentlemen, that is my Comfort. [*Exit.*] *Cla.* I
Retire too, and live private; (for this *Silvio*,
Inflam'd with nobleneſs, will be my Death elſe;)
And if I can, forget this Love that loads me,
At leaſt the danger—and now I think on't better,
I've ſome Concluſions elſe invite me to it. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Rodope, *and* Silvio, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Rod. NEphew.
Sil. My dear Aunt.
Rod. Would you go by thus ſlily,
And never ſee me, not once ſend in to me,
Your loving Aunt? ſhe that, above all thoſe
I call my Kindred, honour'd you, and placed you
Neareſt my Heart?
Sil. I thank you, worthy Aunt,
But ſuch at this time are m' Occaſions——
Rod. You ſhall not go yet, by my Faith you ſhall not,
I will not be deny'd: Why look ye ſad, Nephew?
Sil. I'm ſeldom other; Oh, this Blood ſits heavy;
As I walk'd this way late laſt Night,
In Meditation of ſome things concern'd me——
Rod. What, Nephew?
Sil. Why methought I heard a Piece, Lady,
A Piece ſhot off, much about this Place too,
But could not judge the cauſe, nor what it boaded,
Under the Caſtle-wall.
Rod. We heard it too,
And th' Watch purſu'd it preſently, but found nothing,
Not any tract.
Sil. I am right glad to hear it; [*Aſide.*
The Ruffians ſurely that command the Night
Have found him, ſtript him; and into the River
Convey'd the Body.
Rod. You look ſtill ſadder, Nephew,
Is any thing within theſe Walls to comfort ye?
Speak, and be Maſter of't.
Sil. Ye're a right Courtier,
A great Profeſſor, but a poor Performer.
Rod. D' you doubt my Faith? you never found me that way,
I dare well ſpeak it boldly, but a true Friend.

Sil.

Sil. Continue then.
Rod. Try me, and see who falters.
Sil. I will, and presently; 'tis in your Power
To make me the most bound Man to your Courtesie.
Rod. Let me know how, and if I fail———
Sil. 'Tis thus then.
Get me access to th' Lady *Belvidere*,
But for a Minute, but to see her; your Husband
Now's safe at Court, I left him full employ'd there.
Rod. You've ask'd the thing without my Power to grant ye,
The Law lies on the danger; if I lov'd ye not
I'd bid ye go, and there be found, and die for't.
Sel. I knew your Love, and where there shew'd a danger
How far you durst step for me; give m' a true Friend,
That where occasion is to do a Benefit
Aims at the End, and not the Rubs before it;
I was a Fool to ask ye this, a more Fool
To think a Woman had so much noble Nature
To entertain a Secret of this burthen;
Ye'd best to tell the Dutchess I perswaded ye;
That's a fine course, and one will win ye Credit;
Forget the Name of Cousin, blot my Blood out,
And so you raise your self, let me grow shorter.
A Woman-Friend? He that believes that weakness,
Steers in a stormy Night without a Compass.
Rod. What is't I durst not do might not impeach ye?
Sil. Why this ye dare not do, ye dare not think of.
Rod. 'Tis a main hazard.
Sil. If it were not so,
I would not come to you to seek a favour.
Rod. You'll lose your self.
Sil. The loss ends with my self then.
Rod. You will but see her?
Sil. Only look upon her.
Rod. Not stay?
Sil. Prescribe your time.
Rod. Not traffick with her,
In any close dishonourable Action?
Sil. Stand you your self by.

Rod.

Rod. I will venture for ye ;
Becauſe ye ſhall be ſure I am a touch'd Friend,
I'll bring her to ye ; come walk, you know the Garden,
And take this Key to open th' little Poſtern,
There ſtand no Guards.
Sil. I ſhall ſoon find it, Aunt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 *Sol.* Is the Captain come home ?
2 *Sol.* No, who commands the Guard to Night ?
1 *Sol.* I think *Petruchio.*
2 *Sol.* What's the Word ?
1 *Sol.* None knows yet. [once,
2 *Sol.* I would this Lady were married out o' th' way
Or out of our Cuſtodies ; I wiſh they would take in more Companies,
For I am ſure we feel her in our Duties ſhrewdly.
1 *Sol.* 'Tis not her fault I warrant ye, ſhe's ready for't,
And that's the Plague, when they grow ripe for Marriage,
They muſt be ſlipt like Hawkes.
2 *Sol.* Give me a mean Wench,
No State-doubt lies on her, ſhe's always ready.
1 *Sol.* Come to the Guard, 'tis late, and ſure the Captain
Cannot be long away.
2 *Sol.* I've watch'd theſe three Nights,
To Morrow they may keep me tame for nothing.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Silvio, Belvidere, *and* Rodope *with a Light.*

Sil. This is the Place, I think ; what Light is that there ?
The Lady and my Couſin ?
Bel. 'S this the Garden ?

Rod. Yes, Madam.
Sil. Oh my bleſſed Miſtreſs,
Saint of my Soul.
Bel Speak ſoftly; take me to ye,
Oh *Silvio*, I am thine, thine ever, *Silvio.*
Rod. Is this your Promiſe, Sir? Lady, your Honour?
I am undone if this be ſeen, diſgrac'd,
Fallen under all diſcredit.
Bel. Do you love ſtill?
Dear, do you keep your old Faith?
Sil. Ever, Lady;
And when that fails me, all that's good forſake me.
Rod. Do not you ſhame? Madam, I muſt not ſuffer this,
I will not ſuffer it; Men call you virtuous,
What do you mean to loſe your ſelf thus? *Silvio*,
I charge thee get away, charge you retire ye,
I'll call th' Watch elſe.
Sil. Call all the World to ſee us,
We live in one another's Happineſs,
And ſo will die.
Bel. Here will I hang for ever.
Rod. As ye reſpect me, as hereafter, Madam,
You would enjoy his Love——nothing prevail with ye?
I'll try my ſtrength then; get thee gone, thou Villain,
Thou Promiſe-breaker.
Sil. I am ty'd, I cannot.
Rod. I'll ring th' Bell then.
Sil. Ring it to death, I'm fixt here.

Enter Bartello, *and two Soldiers with Lights.*

Bar. I ſaw a Light (7) over the Garden Wall,
Hard by the Ladies Chamber, here's ſome knavery,
As I live, I ſaw it twice.
Rod. The Guard, the Guard there;
I muſt not ſuffer this, it is too miſchievous.

(7) ——*over the Garden* Walk,] Mr. *Seward* thinks with me, that it might be better read,

——*Garden Wall.*

Bar.

Bar. Light up the Torch, I fear'd this, ha? Young *Silvio?*
How got he in?
1 *Sol.* The Devil brought him in sure,
He came not by's.
Bar. My Wife between 'em busling?
Guard, pull him off.
Rod. Now, now, ye feel the Misery.
Bar. You, Madam, at an hour so far undecent?
Death o' my Soul! This is a foul fault in ye;
Your Mother's Care abus'd too; Light's to her Chamber;
I'm sorry to see this.
Bel. Farewel my *Silvio*,
And let no Danger sink thee.
Sil. Nor Death, Lady. [*Exeunt* Bel. *and* Rod.
Bar. Are ye so hot? I shall prepare ye Physick
Will purge ye finely, neatly, you're too fiery;
Think of your Prayers, Sir, an you've not forgot 'em;
Can ye fly i' th' Air, or creep ye in at Key-holes?
I have a Gin will catch ye, though you conjur'd:
Take him to Guard to Night, to strong and sure Guard;
I'll back to th' Dutchess presently: No less Sport serve ye,
Than th' Heir t' a Dukedom? Play at Push-pin there, Sir?
It was well aim'd, but plague upon't, you shot short,
And that will lose your Game.
Sil. I know the loss then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Claudio *like a Merchant.*

Clau. Now, in this Habit may I safely see
How my incensed Friend carries my Murther;
Who little I imagin'd had been wrought
To such a height of Rage; and much I grieve now
Mine own blind Passion had so master'd me
I could not see his Love; for sure he loves her,
And on a nobler Ground than I pretended.

Enter Penurio.

It must be so, it is so; what *Penurio*,

My ſhotten Friend, what Wind blew you?
Pen. Faith 'tis true,
Any ſtrong Wind will blow me like a Feather,
I am all Air, nothing of Earth within me,
Nor have not had this Month, but that good Dinner
Your Worſhip gave me yeſterday, that ſtays by me,
And gives me Ballaſt, elſe the Sun would draw me.
Cla. But does my Miſtreſs ſpeak ſtill of me?
Pen. Yes, Sir,
And in her ſleep, that makes my Maſter mad too,
And turn and fart for Anger.
Cla. Art ſure ſhe ſaw me?
Pen. She ſaw ye at a Window.
Cla. 'Tis moſt true,
In ſuch a place I ſaw a Gentlewoman,
A young, ſweet handſome Woman———
Pen. That's ſhe, that's ſhe, Sir.
Cla. And well ſhe view'd me, I view'd her———
Pen. Still ſhe, Sir.
Cla. At laſt ſhe bluſh'd, and then look'd off.
Pen. That Bluſh, Sir,
If you can read it truly———
Cla. But did'ſt thou tell her,
Or didſt thou fool me, thou knew'ſt ſuch a one?
Pen. I told her, and I told her ſuch a ſweet Tale——
Cla. But did ſhe hear thee?
Pen. With a thouſand Ears, Sir,
And ſwallow'd what I ſaid as greedily,
As great-belly'd Women Cherries, Stones and all, Sir.
Cla. Methinks ſhe ſhould not love thy Maſter?
Pen. Hang him Pilcher,
There's nought loves him, his own Cat can't endure him,
Sh'ad better lye with a Bear, for he's ſo hairy,
That a tame Warren of Fleas friſk round about him.
Cla. And wilt thou work ſtill?
Pen. Like a Miner for ye.
Cla. And get acceſs?
Pen. Or conjure you together;
'Tis her deſire to meet, ſhe's poyſon'd with him,
And 'till ſhe take a ſweet freſh Air, that's you, Sir,——

Cla.

Cla. There's Mony for thee, thou'rt a precious Varlet,
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy Maſter backward.
Pen. Blow you my Miſtreſs, Sir, flat as a Flounder,
Then blow her up again, as Butchers blow their Veals;
If ſhe die upon the ſame
Bury her, bury her in God's Name. [thee,
Cla. Thou art a merry Knave; by this Hand I'll feed
Till thou crack'ſt at both ends, if thou dar'ſt do this
Thou ſhalt eat no fantaſtical Porridge,
Nor lick the Diſh where Oil was yeſterday,
Duſt, and dead Flies to day; Capons, fat Capons——
Pen. O hearty ſound.
Cla. Cramb'd full of itching Oyſters——.
Pen. Will ye have the Dutcheſs?
Cla. And Lobſters big as Gauntlets;
Thou ſhalt deſpiſe baſe Beef——
Pen. I do deſpiſe it,
And now methinks I feel a Tart come ſliding——
Cla. Leaping into thy Mouth; but firſt deal faithfully.
Pen. When will ye come?
Cla. To Morrow.
Pen. I'll attend ye,
For then my Maſter will be out in buſineſs.
Cla. What News abroad?
Pen. 'Maſs, as I was coming to you,
I heard that Signior *Silvio*, a good Gentleman,
Many a good Meal I have eaten with him——
Cla. What of him?
Pen. Was this day to b' arraign'd before the Dutcheſs,
But why, I could not hear.
Cla. *Silvio* arraign'd?
Go, get ye gone, and think of me.
Pen. I fly, Sir. [*Exit* Pen.
Cla. Arraign'd? For what? For my ſuppos'd Death? No,
That cannot be ſure, there's no Rumour of it.
Be't what it will, I will be there and ſee it,
And if my help will bring him off, he has it. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Dutcheſs, Lords, Silvio *Priſoner,* Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, *Clerk, Counſellors, and Attendants.*

Dutch. Read the Edict laſt made, Keep ſilence there.

Clerk. *If any Man of what Condition ſoever, and a Subject, after the publiſhing of this Edict, ſhall without ſpecial Licence from the great Dutcheſs,* (8) *attempt or buy, offer, or make an Attempt, to ſolicit the Love of the Princeſs* Belvidere, *the Perſon ſo offending ſhall forfeit his Life.*

Coun. The reaſon why my Royal Miſtreſs here,
In her laſt Treaty with *Syenna*'s Duke,
Promis'd her beauteous Daughter there in Marriage;
The Duke of *Milan,* (9) Rival in his Fortune,
Unnobly ſought by practice to betray her;
Which found, and croſs'd, the Cittadel receiv'd her,
There to ſecure her Mother's word; the laſt cauſe,
So many Gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this moſt beauteous Princeſs, and not brooking
One more than other, to deſerve a Favour,
Blood has been ſpilt, many brave Spirits loſt,
And more, leſs ſh'ad been kept cloſe from their Vio-[lence,
Had like t' have follow'd: Therefore for due prevention
Of all ſuch Hazards and unnoble Actions,
This laſt Edict was publiſh'd, which thou *Silvio,*
Like a falſe Man, a bad Man, and a Traitor
Haſt rent a-pieces, and contemn'd; for which cauſe
Thou ſtand'ſt a guilty Man here now.

(8) attempt *or buy, offer or* make an Attempt,] This nonſenſical Place has been thus printed and pointed, ever ſince the Year 1647. Now, tho' Forms of Law are big with Synonymas, yet I imagine 'tis ſeldom found they are brought to bed of Nonſenſe. I ſuppoſe, for the Credit of our Authors, that this Edict might have been once wrote thus,

Great Dutcheſs, try, offer, *or* make an Attempt, *&c.*

(9) — *Rival in* this *Fortune,*] The Senſe ſeems to demand *his,* i. e. *Syenna*'s Fortune.

Enter

Enter Claudio.

Clerk. Speak *Silvio*,
What canſt thou ſay t'avoid the Hand of Juſtice?
Sil. Nothing, but I confeſs, ſubmit and lay my Head to't—
Bel. Have ye no Eyes, my Lords, no Underſtandings?
The Gentleman will caſt himſelf away,
Caſt himſelf wilfully: Are you, or you Guilty?
No more is he, no more Taint ſticks upon him,
I drew him thither, 'twas my way betray'd him,
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forced him to me;
Poor gentle Soul, he's in no part Tranſgreſſing,
I wrote unto him——
Sil. Do not wrong that Honour,
Caſt not upon that Pureneſs theſe Aſperſions,
(10) By Heav'n it was my Love, my Violence,
My Life muſt anſwer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the Law, ſolicited unjuſtly——
Bel. As there is Truth in Heav'n, I was the firſt cauſe:
How could this Man have (11) come to me, left naked
Without my Counſel and Proviſion?
What hour could he find out to paſs the Watches,
But I muſt make it ſure firſt? Reverend Judges,
Be not abus'd, nor let an innocent Life lie
Upon your ſhaking Conſciences; I did it;
My Love the main Wheel that ſet him a going:
His motion but compell'd.
Sil. Can ye believe this?
And know with what a Modeſty and Whiteneſs
Her Life was ever rank'd? Can you believe this,
And ſee me here before ye, young and wilful?

(10) *By Heav'n*——] All the Copies, but that of 1647, omit theſe Words.

(11) ——*come to me, left naked*] I have a Suſpicion that for *left*, of which I have no Idea, we ſhou'd read

——————*leſs naked*,

i. e. He could not have come to me at all without my Counſel and Proviſion, much leſs could he have done ſo, thus *naked, deſtitute of Arms*, &c.

Apt to what danger Love dares thruſt me on,
And where Law ſtops my way, apt to contemn it?
If I were baſhful, old, or dull, and ſleepy
In Love's Alarms, a Woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to Happineſs:
But I, like Fire, kindled with that bright Beauty,
Catch hold of all Occaſions, and run through 'em.
Bel. I charge ye, as your honeſt Souls will anſwer it—
Sil. I charge ye, as you are the Friends to Virtue,
That has no Pattern living but this Lady———
Bel. Let not his Blood——
Sil. Let not her Wilfulneſs——
For then you act a Scene Hell will rejoyce at.
Bel. He's clear.
Sil. She is as white in this as Infants.
Cla. The God of Love protect your Cauſe, and help ye,
Two nobler pieces of Affection
Theſe Eyes ne'er look'd on; if ſuch Goodneſs periſh,
Let never true Hearts meet again, but break. [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* A ſtrange example of ſtrong Love, a rare one.
2 *Lord.* Madam, we know not what to ſay, to think on.
Dutch. I muſt confeſs it ſtrikes me tender too,
Searches my Mother's Heart: You found 'em there?
Bar. Yes certain, Madam.
Dutch. And ſo link'd together?
Bar. As they had been one piece of Alabaſter.
Dutch. Nothing diſhonourable?
Sil. So let my Soul have Happineſs,
As that Thought yet durſt never ſeek this Boſom.
Dutch. What ſhall I do? H'as broke my Law, abus'd me;
Fain would I know the Truth; either confeſs it,
And let me underſtand the main Offender,
Or both ſhall feel the Torture.
Sil. Are y' a Mother,
The Mother of ſo ſweet a Roſe as this is?
So pure a Flower? And dare ye loſe that Nature?
Dare ye take to your ſelf ſo great a Wickedneſs,
(O holy Heav'n) of thinking what may ruin
This goodly Building? This Temple, where the Gods dwell?

Give

Give me a thouſand Tortures, I deſerve 'em,
And ſhew me Death in all the Shapes imagin'd——
Bel. No Death but I will anſwer't, meet it, ſeek it;
No Torture but I'll laugh upon't, and kiſs it.
1 *Lord.* This is no way
2 *Lord.* They ſay no more, for certain,
Than their ſtrong Hearts will ſuffer.
Dutch. I've bethought me;
No Lords, although I have a Child offending,
Nature dares not forget ſhe is a Child ſtill;
Till now, I never look'd on Love imperious:
I have bethought me of a way to break ye,
To ſeparate, though not your Loves, your Bodies:
Silvio attend, I'll be your Judge my ſelf now.
The Sentence of your Death (becauſe my Daughter
Will bear an equal part in your Afflictions)
I take away, and pardon; this remains then
An eaſie and a gentle Puniſhment,
And this ſhall be fulfill'd: Becauſe unnobly
You've ſought the Love and Marriage of a Princeſs,
The abſolute and ſole Heir of this Dukedom,
By that means, as we muſt imagine ſtrongly,
To plant your ſelf into this Rule hereafter,
We here pronounce ye a Man baniſh'd from us.
Sil. For ever baniſh'd, Lady?
Dutch. Yet more Mercy,
But for a Year, and then again in this place
To make your full appearance; yet more Pity,
If in that time you can abſolve a Queſtion,
Writ down within this Scrowl, abſolve it rightly,
This Lady is your Wife, and ſhall live with ye;
If not, you loſe your Head.
Sil. I take this Honour,
And humbly kiſs thoſe Royal Hands. *Dutch.* Receive it:
Bartello, to your old Guard take the Princeſs,
And ſo the Court break up.
Sil. Farewel to all,
And to that ſpotleſs Heart my endleſs Service. [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* What will this prove?
2 *Lord.* I'll tell you a Year hence, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Penurio, Iſabella, *and* Claudio.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? Have not I wrought this wonder
Non e ben fatto, Signieur?
Cla. Rarely, *Penurio.*
Pen. Cloſe, cloſe then, and work, Wax.
Cla. I'm ſtudying for thee
A Dinner, that ſhall victual thee for ten Year.
Pen. Do you hear, Miſtreſs?
You know what a dunder Whelp my Maſter is,
(I need not preach to ye,) how unfit and wanting
To give a Woman ſatisfaction: How
He ſtinks, and ſnores, a Bull's a better Bed-fellow;
And for his Love, never let that deceive ye.
Iſab. Nay ſure he loves me not.
Pen. If he could Coyn ye,
Or turn ye into Metal, much might be then;
He loves not any thing but what is Traffic:
I've heard him ſwear, he'd ſell ye to the *Grand Signior.*
Iſab. The *Turk?*
Pen. The very *Turk*, and how they'd uſe ye——
Iſab. I'll fit him for't: The *Turk?*
Pen. I know the price too:
Now ye have time to pay him, pay him home Miſtreſs;
Pay him o' th' Pate, clout him for all his Courteſies;
Here's one that dances in your Eyes, young, delicate,
To work this Vengeance; if ye let it ſlip now,
There is no pitying of ye. Od's precious, Miſtreſs,
Were I his Wife, I would ſo mall his Mazard——
'Tis Charity, meer Charity, pure Charity;
Are you the firſt? Has it not been from *Eve*'s time,
Women would have their ſafe Revenges this way?
And good and gracious Women, excellent Women;
Is't not a handſome Gentleman, a ſweet Gentleman?
View him from Head to Foot, a compleat Gentleman;
When can ye hope the like again? I leave ye,
And my Revenge too, with ye; I know my Office,

I'll

I'll not be far off, be not long a fumbling,
When danger shall appear, I'll give th' alarm. [*Exit.*
Isab. You're welcome, Sir, and would it were my Fortune
T' afford a Gentleman of your fair seeming
A freer Entertainment than this House has:
You partly know, Sir.——
Cla. Know, and pity, Lady,
Such sweetness in the Bud, should be so blasted;
Dare you make me your Servant?
Isab. Dare you make, Sir,
That Service worthy of a Woman's Favour
By Constancy and Goodness?
Cla. Here I swear to ye,
By the unvalued Love I bear this Beauty,
(And kiss the Book too) never to be recreant,
To honour ye, to truly love, and serve ye,
My Youth to wait upon ye, what my Wealth has——
Isab. Oh make me not so poor to sell Affection,
Those bought Loves, Sir, wear faster than the Monies;
A handsome Gentleman.
Cla. A most delicate sweet one,
Let my Truth purchase then.
Isab. I should first try it,
But you may happily——
Cla. You shall not doubt me.
I hope she loves me; when I prove false, shame take me;
Will ye believe a little?
Isab. I fear, too much, Sir.
Cla. And will ye love a little?
Isab. That should be your Part.
Cla. Thus I begin then, thus and thus.
Isab. A good beginning,
We have a Proverb says, makes a good ending
Cla. Say ye so? 'tis well inferr'd.
Isab. Good Sir, your Patience;
Methinks I've ventur'd now, like a weak Bark,
Upon a broken Billow, that will swallow me,
Upon a rough Sea of Suspicions,

Stuck

Stuck round with jealous Rocks.
Pen. [*within.*] A hem, a hem there. [me.
Isab. This is my Man; my Fears too soon have found

Enter Penurio.

Now what's the News?
Pen. A pox of yond old *Rigel*,
The Captain, the old Captain.
Isab. What old Captain?
Pen. Captain Courageous yonder of the Castle,
Captain, Don *Diego*, old *Bartello*.
Isab. Where is he?
Pen. He's coming in;
'Twould vex the Deel that such an old Potgun as this,
That can make no Sport, should hinder them that can do't.
Isab. I would not have him see the Gentleman,
For all the World, my Credit were undone then.
Pen. Shall I fling a Piss-pot on's Head as he comes in,
And take him into th' Kitchen, there to dry him.
Isab. That will not do; and he's so humorous too
He will come in.
Cla. What is he?
Isab. One much troubles me.
Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.
Isab. Your sight now,
Out of a driveling Dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my Husband, and undo me.
Cla. What would ye have me do?
Isab. But for a while, Sir.
Step here behind this Hanging, presently
I'll answer him, and then——
Cla. I will obey ye.

Enter Bartello.

Bar. Where's my rich Jeweller? I've Stones to sett.
Pen. He is abroad, and sure, Sir,
Bar. There's for your Service;
Where's the fair Lady? All alone, sweet Beauty?
Isab. She's never much alone, Sir, that's acquainted
With such Companions as good honest Thoughts are.

Bar.

Bar. I'll ſit down by thee, and I'll kiſs thy Hand too,
And in thine Ear ſwear, by my Life, I love thee.
Iſab. Ye're a merry Captain.
Bar. And a mad one, Lady;
By th' Maſs thou'ſt goodly Eyes, excellent Eyes, Wench,
Ye twinkling Rogues, look what thy Captain brings thee,
Thou muſt needs love me, love me heartily,
Hug me, and love me, hug me cloſe.
Iſab. Fie, Captain.
Bar. Nay, I have ſtrength, and I can ſtrain ye, Sirrah,
And vault into my Seat as nimbly, (12) little one,
As any of your ſmooth-chinn'd Boys in *Florence.*
I muſt needs commit a little Folly with ye,
I'll not be long, a brideling caſt, and away Wench;
Th' hob-nail thy Husband's as fitly out o' th' way now.
Iſab. D' you think he keeps a Bawdy-houſe?
Bar. That's all one.
Iſab. Or did y' e'er ſee that lightneſs in my Carriage,
That you might promiſe to yourſelf——
Bar. Away Fool,
A good turn's a good turn; I'm an honeſt Fellow.
Iſab. You have a handſome Wife, a virtuous Gentlewoman,——
Bar. They are not for this time o' th' Year.
Iſab. A Lady,
That ever bore that great Reſpect to you,
That noble Conſtancy——
Bar. That's more than I know.

Enter Maid and Penurio.

Maid. Oh Miſtreſs, ye're undone, my Maſter's coming.
Pen. Coming hard by here.
Bar. Plague conſume the Raſcal,
Shall I make Petty-patties of him?
Iſab. Now what Love, Sir?
Fear of your coming made him Jealous firſt;
Your finding here, will make him mad and deſperate,

(12) ——*little one,*] Mr. *Theobald* puts a Query, whether *little one* is not a Corruption of *lightly.*

And

And what in that wild Mood he'll execute——
Bar. I can think of nothing, I have no Wit left me,
Certain my Head's a Muſtard-pot.
Iſab. I've thought, Sir,
And if you'll pleaſe to put in Execution
What I conceive——
Bar. I'll do it, tell it quickly.
Iſab. Draw your Sword quickly, and go down inrag'd,
As if you had purſu'd ſome Foe up hither,
And grumble to yourſelf extreamly, terribly,
But not a word to him, and ſo paſs by him.
Bar. I'll do it perfectly.

Enter Lopez.

Iſab. Stand you ſtill, good Sir.
Bar. Raſcal, Slave, Villain, take a Houſe ſo poorly,
After thou'ſt wrong'd a Gentleman, a Soldier,
Baſe Poltroon Boy? you will forſake your Neſt, Sirrah?—
Lop. The matter, good ſweet Captain?
Bar. Run-away Rogue?
And take a Houſe to cover thy baſe Cowardize?
I'll whip ye, I'll ſo ſcourge ye—— [*Exit.*
Lop. Mercy on me,
What's all this matter, Wife?
Iſab. Did you meet the mad Man?
Lop. I never ſaw the Captain ſo provok'd yet.
Iſab. Oh he's a Devil ſure, a moſt bloody Devil;
He follow'd a young Gentleman, his Sword drawn,
With ſuch a fury, how I ſhake to think on't,
And foin'd, and flaſh'd at him, and ſwore he'd kill him,
Drove him up hither, follow'd him ſtill bloodily,
And if I had not hid him, ſure had ſlain him;
A mercileſs old Man!
Cla. Moſt virtuous Lady, [Claudio *appears.*
Even as the giver of my Life, I thank ye.
Lop. This Fellow muſt not ſtay here, he's too handſome;
He's gone, Sir, and you may paſs now with all Security,
I'll be your Guide my ſelf, and ſuch a way
I'll lead ye, none ſhall croſs, nor none ſhall know ye.

The

(13) The Doors left open, Sirrah, I'll ſtarve ye for this
I'll make thee faſt o' *Sundays*; and for you Lady, [trick,
I'll have your Lodgings farther off, and cloſer,
I'll have no Street-lights to you; will you go, Sir?
Cla. I thank ye, Sir; the Devil take this Fortune;
And once more all my Service to your Goodneſs. [*Exit.*
Pen. Now could I eat my very Arms for Madneſs,
Croſs'd in the nick o' th' matter? Vengeance take it;
And that old Cavalier that ſpoil'd our Cock-fight;
I'll lay the next Plot ſurer.
Iſab. I'm glad, and ſorry;
Glad that I got ſo fairly off Suſpicion;
Sorry, I loſt my new-lov'd Friend.
Pen. Not loſt, Miſtreſs;
I'll conjure once again to raiſe that Spirit;
In, and look ſoberly upon the matter,
We'll ring him one Peal more, and if that fall,
The Devil take the Clappers, Bells and all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Dutcheſs, Lords, and Rodope.

Dutch. NOW, *Rodope*, how do you find my Daughter?
Rod. Madam, I find her now what you would have her,
What the State wiſhes her; I urg'd her Fault to her,
Open'd her Eyes, and made her ſee the miſchief
She was running with a headlong Will into;
Made her ſtart at her Folly, ſhake and tremble,
At the meer Memory of ſuch an Ignorance;
She now contemns his Love, hates his Remembrance,
Cannot endure to hear the Name of *Silvio*;
His Perſon ſpits at——
Dutch. I am glad to hear this. [dam,
Rod. And humbly now to your Will, your Care, Ma-

(13) *The Doors left open,*—] The firſt Folio thus,
The Door's left open.——

Bends

Bends her Affections, bows her Obedience;
Syenna's Duke with new Eyes now she looks on;
And with a Princely Love, fit for his Person,
Returns that Happiness and Joy he look'd for;
The general good of both the Neighbour Dukedoms,
Not any private End, or rash Affection,
She aims at now; hearing the Duke arriv'd too,
(To whom she owes all Honour, and all Service,)
She charg'd me kneel thus at your Grace's Feet,
And not to rise without a general Pardon.

Dutch. She has it, and my Love again, my old Love,
And with more Tenderness I meet this Penitence,
Than if she ne'er had started from her Honour;
I thank ye *Rodope*, am bound to thank ye,
And daily to remember this great Service,
This honest faithful Service; go in Peace,
And by this Ring, deliver'd to *Bartello*,
Let her enjoy our Favour, and her Liberty,
And presently to this Place, with all Honour,
See her conducted.

Rod. Your Grace has made me happy. [*Exit.*

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Syenna's noble Duke craves his Admittance.

Enter Duke of Syenna *with Attendants.*

Dutch. Go, wait upon his Grace; Fair Sir, you're welcome,
Welcome to her ever admir'd your Virtues;
And now methinks my Court looks truly noble;
You've taken too much Pains, Sir.

Syen. Royal Lady,
To wait upon your Grace is but my Service.

Dutch. Keep that, Sir, for the Saint ye've vow'd it to.

Syen. I keep a Life for her; since your Grace pleases
To jump so happily into the matter,
I come indeed to claim your Royal Promise,
The beauteous *Belvidere* in Marriage;
I come to tender her my Youth, my Fortune,
My everlasting Love.

Enter

Enter Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, *and Attendants.*

Dutch. You're like to win, Sir;
All is forgot, forgiven too; no ſadneſs
My good Child, you have the ſame Heart ſtill here,
Th' Duke of *Syenna*, Child, pray uſe him nobly.
Syen. An Angel Beauty!
Bel. Your Grace is fairly welcome,
And what in Modeſty a bluſhing Maid may
Wiſh to a Gentleman of your great Goodneſs——
But Wiſhes are too poor a Pay for Princes.
Syen. You've made me richer than all States and Titles;
One Kiſs of this white Hand's above all Honours;
My Faith, dear Lady, and my fruitful Service,
My duteous Zeal——
Bel. Your Grace is a great Maſter,
And ſpeaks too pow'rfully to be reſiſted;
Once more you're welcome, Sir, to me you're welcome,
To her that honours ye; I could ſay more, Sir,
But in another's Tongue 'twere better ſpoken.
Syen. As wiſe as fair, you've made your Servant happy;
I never ſaw ſo rich a Mine of ſweetneſs. [Journey,
Dutch. Will your Grace pleaſe, after your painful
To take ſome reſt? Are the Duke's Lodgings ready?
Lord. All, Madam.
Dutch. Then wait upon his Grace, all, and to Morrow, Sir,
We'll ſhew ye in what high eſteem we hold ye;
'Till then a fair repoſe.
Syen. My faireſt Service. [*Exit Duke*, &c.
Dutch. You have ſo honour'd me, my deareſt Daughter,
So truly pleas'd me in this Entertainment,
I mean your loving Carriage to *Syenna*,
That both for ever I forget all Treſpaſſes,
And to ſecure you next of my full Favour,
Ask what ye will within my Power to grant ye,
Ask freely; and if I forget my Promiſe——
Ask confidently.
Bel. You're too Royal to me;
To me that have ſo fooliſhly tranſgreſs'd you,

So like a Girl, so far forgot my Virtue,
Which now appears as base and ugly to me,
As did his Dream, that thought he was in Paradise,
Awak'd and saw the De'el; how was I wander'd?
With what Eyes could I look upon that poor, that coarse thing, thing?
That wretched thing call'd *Silvio?* that, now, despis'd
And lose an Object of that graceful Sweetness,
That God-like Presence, as *Syenna* is?
Darkness and cheerful Day, had not such Difference;
But I must ever bless your Care, your Wisdom,
That led me from this labyrinth of Folly;
How had I sunk else? what Example given?

Dutch. Prithee no more, and as thou art my best one,
Ask something that may equal such a Goodness.

Bel. Why did ye let him go so slightly from ye,
More like a Man in triumph, than condemn'd?
Why did ye make his Penance but a Question,
A Riddle, every idle Wit unlocks?

Dutch. 'Tis not so,
Nor do not fear it so; he will not find it:
I have giv'n that (unless my self discover it)
Will cost his Head.

Bel. 'Tis subject to Construction?

Dutch. That it is too.

Bel. It may be then absolv'd,
And then are we both scorn'd and laugh'd at, Madam;
Beside the Promise you have ty'd upon it,
Which you must never keep———

Dutch. I never meant it.

Bel. For Heav'n's sake let me know't, tis my Suit to ye,
The Boon you'd have me ask; let me but see it,
That if there be a way to make't so strong,
No Wit nor powerful Reason can run through it,
For my Disgrace, I may beg of Heav'n to grant it.

Dutch. Fear not, it has been put to sharper Judgments
Than e'er he shall arrive at; my dear Father,
That was as fiery in his Understanding,
And ready in his Wit as any living,
Had it two Years, and studied it, yet lost it;

This

This Night ye are my Bed-fellow, there Daughter
Into your Boſom I'll commit this Secret,
And there we'll both take Counſel.
Bel. I ſhall find
Some trick I hope too ſtrong yet for his Mind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Methinks I'm batten'd well of late, grown luſty,
Fat, high, and kicking, thanks to the bounteous *Rugio*;
And now, methinks I ſcorn theſe poor Repaſts,
Cheeſe-parings, and the ſtinking Tongues of Pilchers;
But why ſhould I remember theſe? they're odious,
They're odious in mine Eyes; the full fat Diſh now,
The bearing Diſh is that I reverence,
The Diſh an able Serving-man ſweats under,
And bends i' th' Hams, as if the Houſe hung on him,
That Diſh is the Diſh; hang your bladder Banquets,
Or half a dozen of Turnips and two Muſhrooms,
Theſe when they breed their beſt, hatch but two Belches;
The ſtate of a fat Turky, the Decorum
He marches in with, all the Train and Circumſtance;
'Tis ſuch a matter, ſuch a glorious matter!
And then his Sauce with Oranges and Onions,
And he diſplaid in all Parts; for ſuch a Diſh now,
And at my need, I would betray my Father,
And for a roſted Conger, (14) all my Country.

Enter Bartello.

Bar. What, my Friend *Lean-gut*, how does thy beauteous Miſtreſs? [pipe?
And where's your Maſter, Sirrah? Where's that Horn-
Pen. My Miſtreſs, Sir, does as a poor wrong'd Gentlewoman,
(Too much, Heav'n knows, oppreſt with Injuries,)

(14) ——*all my Country.*] To betray a Father and *all* a Country, ſounds ſomething harſh. I would ſuppoſe the Line once run ſo,

And for a roſted Conger ſell *my Country.*

May do and live.

Bar. Is the old Fool ſtill jealous?

Pen. As old Fools are and will be, ſtill the ſame, Sir.

Bar. He muſt have cauſe: He muſt have cauſe.

Pen. 'Tis true, Sir,
And would he had with all my Heart.

Bar. He ſhall have.

Pen. For then he had Salt to his Saffron Porridge.

Bar. Why don't I ſee thee ſometime? Why, thou ſtarv'd Raſcal?
Why don't ye come to me, you precious Bow-caſe?
I keep good Meat at home, good ſtore. *Pen.* Yes, Sir,
I will not fail ye all next Week. *Bar.* Thou'rt welcome;
I have a ſecret I would fain impart to thee,
But thou'rt ſo thin, the Wind will blow it from thee,
Or Men will read it through thee.

Pen. Wrapt up in Beef, Sir,
In good groſs Beef, let all the World look on me;
The *Engliſh* have that trick to keep Intelligence.

Bar. A witty Knave; firſt there's to tie your Tongue up.

Pen. Dumb as a Dog, Sir.

Bar. Next, hark in your Ear, Sirrah.

Pen. Well, very well, excellent well; 'tis done, Sir,
Say no more to me.

Bar. Say and hold.

Pen. 'Tis done, Sir.

Bar. As thou lov'ſt butter'd Eggs, ſwear.

Pen. Let me kiſs th' Book firſt,
But here's my Hand, brave Captain.

Bar. Look ye hold, Sirrah. [*Exit.*

Pen. Oh the moſt precious vanity of this World;
When ſuch dry'd Neats-tongues muſt be ſoak'd and larded
With young fat ſupple Wenches? Oh the Devil,
What can he do? he cannot ſuck an Egg off
But his Back's looſe i' th' Hilts: Go thy ways, Captain,
Well may thy warlike Name work Miracles,
(15) But if e'er thy founder'd Courſer win match more,
Or ſtand right but one train———

(15) *But if e'er thy founder'd Courſer win much more.*] This ridiculous Reading I had alter'd for that in the Text, before I ſaw the Folio of 1647.

Enter

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Now, Signior *Shadow*,
What art thou thinking of, how to rob thy Maſter?—
Pen. Of his good Deeds? The Thief that undertakes that
Muſt have a hook will poze all Hell to hammer:
Have ye dined Gentlemen, or do you purpoſe?
2 *Gent.* Din'd, two long hours ago.
Pen. Pray take me with ye.
3 *Gent.* To Supper, doſt thou mean?
Pen. To any thing
That has the ſmell of Meat in't; tell me true, Gentlemen,
Are not you three a going to be ſinful?
(16) To jeopard a Joint, or ſo? I've found your Faces,
And ſee Whore written in your Eyes.
1 *Gent.* A parlous Raſcal,
Thou'rt much upon the matter.
Pen. Have a care Gentlemen,
'Tis a ſore Age, very ſore Age, lewd Age,
And Women now are like old Knights Adventures,
Full of inchanted Flames, and dangerous.
2 *Gent.* Where the moſt Danger is, there is moſt Honour.
Pen. I grant ye, Honour moſt conſiſts in Sufferance,
And by that rule you three ſhould be moſt honourable.
3 *Gent.* A ſubtle Rogue; but canſt thou tell, *Penurio*,
Where we may light upon——
Pen. A learned Surgeon? [Wenches.
3 *Gent.* Pox take ye Fool, I mean good wholſome
Pen. 'Faith wholſome Women will but ſpoil ye too,
For you are ſo us'd to ſnap-haunces: But take my Counſel,
Take fat old Women, fat, and five and fifty,
The Dog-days are come in.
2 *Gent.* Take fat old Women?

(16) *To* iropard *a point*,——] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Seward* read with me *jeopard*, and the oldeſt Folio retains pretty near the ſame Reading,

To jeabard *a Point.*——

But what are we to make of *I've found your Faces?* The Reader may put what Senſe he pleaſes to this Place. But I can't help thinking but we ought to read,

I've con'd *your Faces*,

i. e. *conſider'd*, *view'd*, *ſtudy'd* 'em.

Pen. The fatter and the older, ſtill the better;
You do not know the Pleaſure of an old Dame,
A fat old Dame, you do not know the knack on't:
They're like our Country Grots, as cool as *Chriſtmas*,
And ſure i' th' Keels.

1 *Gent.* Hang him ſtarv'd Fool, he mocks us.

3 *Gent.* *Penurio*, thou know'ſt all the handſome Wenches?
What ſhall I give thee for a Merchant's Wife now?

Pen. I take no Mony, Gentlemen, that's baſe,
I trade in Meat; a Merchant's Wife will coſt ye ——
A glorious Capon, a great Shoulder of Mutton,
And a Tart as big as a Conjurer's Circle.

3 *Gent.* That's cheap enough.

1 *Gent.* And what a Haberdaſher's?

Pen. Worſe Meat will ſerve for her, a great Gooſe-Pie, —
(But you muſt ſend it out o' th' Country to me,
It will not do elſe;) with a piece of Bacon,
And if you can a Pot of Butter with it.

2 *Gent.* Now do I aim at Horſe-fleſh; what a Parſon's?

Pen. A Tithe-Pig has no Fellow, if I fetch her;
(17) If ſhe be Puritane, Plumb-porridge does it,
And a fat Loin of Veal, well ſauc'd and roaſted.

2 *Gent.* We'll meet one Night, and thou ſhalt have all theſe;

(17) *If ſhe* be *Puritane*, *Plumb porridge*—] I read,
If ſhe ben't *Puritane* &c.

The Puritans have ſeveral of 'em very warmly oppos'd the Obſervance of Church-Feſtivals, and of conſequence the Feaſting upon them, which *Hudibras* has finely burleſqu'd, in Part I. Canto I.

Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd Pies, *and diſparage*
Their beſt and dearеſt Friend Plum-Porridge;
Fat Pig *and* Gooſe *itſelf oppoſe*,
And blaſpheme Cuſtard *thro' the* Noſe.

From whence it will appear that a Negative is wanting in the Line above, which I have inſerted. The Reader will obſerve that in this and another Banter on the Fanatics, our Poets have brought their Scene back to *England*; for I believe there never was any Sect of them, that held theſe Doctrines on t'other ſide the *Alps*.

Mr. Seward.

O'

O' that condition we may have the Wenches.
A dainty Rascal.
Pen. When your Stomachs serve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) I'll supply ye.
1 *Gent.* Farewel, and there's to fill thy Paunch.
Pen. Brave Gentleman——
2 *Gent.* Hold Sirrah, there.
Pen. Any young Wench i' th' Town, Sir——
3 *Gent.* It shall go round. [*Exeunt Gent.*
Pen. Most honourable Gentlemen——
All these are Courtiers, but they are meer Coxcombs,
And only for a Wench, their Purses open,
Nor have they so much Judgment left to chuse her;
If e'er they call upon me, I'll so fit 'em——
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd Mackrel Ladies,
Stink like a standing Ditch, and those dear Damsels——
But I forget my business, I thank ye Monsieurs,
I have a thousand whimsies in my Brain now. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter (to a Banquet) Dutchess, Syenna, *Lords and Attendants.*

Dutch. Your Grace shall now perceive how much we
Honour ye,
And in what dear regard we hold your Friendship:
Will you sit, Sir, and grace this homely Banquet? [cent.
Sye. Madam, to your poor Friend, you're too magnifi-
Dutch. To the Duke's Health, and all the Joys I
wish him,
Let no Man miss this Cup; have we no Musick?
Sye. Your noble Favours still you heap upon me;
But where's my virtuous Mistress? Such a Feast,
And not her sparkling Beauty here to bless it?
Methinks it should not be, it shews not fully.
Dutch. Young Ladies, Sir, are long, and curious
In putting on their Trims; forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good Morrow when they're ready:
Go some and call her, and wait on her hither,

Tell her the Duke and I desire her Company:
I warrant ye, a hundred dressings now
She has survey'd, this and that Fashion look'd on,
For Ruffs and Gowns; cast this away, these Jewels
Suited to these, and these Knots: O' my life, Sir,
She fears your curious Eye will soon discover else:
Why stand ye still, why gape y' on one another?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my Daughter?
Are ye nail'd here? Nor stir? Nor speak? Who am I,
And who are you?

1 *Lord.* Pardon me, gracious Lady,
The fear to tell you that you would not hear of,
Makes us all dumb; the Princess is gone, Madam.

Dutch. Gone? whither gone? Some wiser Fellow answer me.

2 *Lord.* We sought the Court all over, and believe't Lady,
No News of where she is, nor how convey'd hence.

Dutch. It cannot be, it must not be.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis true, Madam,
No Room in all the Court, but we search'd through it.
Her Women found her want first, and they cry'd to us.

Dutch. Gone? Stol'n away? I am abus'd, dishonour'd.

Sye. Tis I that am abus'd, 'tis I'm dishonour'd.
Is this your Welcome, this your Favour to me?
To foist a Trick upon me, this Trick too,
To cheat me of my Love? Am I not worthy?
Or since I was your Guest, am I grown odious?

Dutch. Your Grace mistakes me, as I have a life, Sir—

Sye. And I another, I will never bear this,
Never endure this dor.

Dutch. But hear me patiently.

Sye. Give me my Love.

Dutch. As soon as Care can find her,
And all Care shall be used.

Sye. And all my Care too,
To be reveng'd; I smell the Trick, 'tis too rank,
Fie, how it smells o' th' Mother.

Dutch. You wrong me, Duke.

Sye. For this Disgrace ten thousand *Florentines*
Shall pay their dearest Bloods, and dying curse ye,

And

And so I turn away your mortal Enemy. [*Exit.*

Dutch. Since ye're so high and hot Sir, ye've half arm'd us;
Be careful of the Town, of all the Castles,
And see Supplies of Soldiers every where,
And Musters for the Field when he invites us;
For he shall know, 'tis not high words can fright us.
My Daughter gone? Has she so finely cozen'd me?
This is for *Silvio*'s sake sure, Oh cunning false one!
Publish a Proclamation through the Dukedom.
That whosoe'er can bring to th' Court young *Silvio*,
Alive or dead, beside our Thanks and Favour,
Shall have two thousand Duckets for his Labour;
See it dispatch'd and sent in haste: Oh base one!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Isabella, *and* Penurio *with a Light.*

Isab. Wast thou with *Rugio?*

Pen. Yes marry was I closely.

Isab. And does he still remember his poor Mistress?
Does he desire to see me?

Pen. Yes, and presently:
Puts off all business else, lives in that Memory,
And will be here according to directions.

Isab. But where's thy Master?

Pen. Where a Coxcombe should be,
Waiting at Court with his Jewels, safe for
This Night I warrant ye. *Isab.* I am bound to thee.—

Pen. I would ye were, as close as I could tie ye.

Isab. Thou art my best, my truest Friend——

Pen. I labour,
I moil and toil for ye: I am your Hackney.

Isab. If ever I be able——

Pen. Steal the great Cheese, Mistress,
Was sent him out o' th' Country.

Isab. Any thing—— [tle Custard,

Pen. That's Meat, 'tis lawful, Mistress: where's the Cas-
He got at Court?

Isab.

Iſab. He has lock'd it in's Study.
Pen. Get a Warrant to ſearch for counterfeit Gold.
Iſab. Give me thy Candle,
I'll find a time to be thy careful Cater.
Pen. And many a time I'll find to be his Cook,
And dreſs his Calves-Head to the ſweeteſt Sauce, Miſtreſs.
Iſab. To bed *Penurio*, go, the reſt is my charge,
I'll keep th' Watch out.
Pen. Now if you ſpare him—— [*Exit.*
Iſab. Peace Fool,
I hope my *Rugio* will not fail, 'twould vex me:
Now to my ſtring; ſo, ſure he cannot miſs now,
And this end to my Finger: I'll lie down,
For on a ſudden I am wondrous heavy,
'Tis very late too; if he come and find this,
And pull it, though it be with eaſy motion
I ſhall ſoon waken, and as ſoon be with him.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Thou ſecret Friend *, how am I bound to love thee?
And how to hug thee for thy private Service?
Thou art the Star all my Suſpicions ſail by,
The fixed Point my wronged Honour turns to;
By thee I ſhall know all, find all the Subtilties
Of deviliſh Women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my Conjurer, my Spell, my Spirit——
All's huſh'd and ſtill, no ſound of any ſtirring,
No tread of living thing; the Light is in ſtill,
And there's my Wife, how prettily the Fool lies,
How ſweet, and handſomely, and in her Cloathes too,
Waiting for me upon my Life; her fondneſs
Would not admit her reſt till I came to her:
O careful Fool, why am I angry with thee?
Why do I think thou hat'ſt thy loving Husband?
I am an Aſs, an over-doting Coxcombe;
And this ſweet Soul, the Mirror of Perfection:
How admirable fair and delicate,
And how't ſtirs me, I'll ſing thy Sweets a Requiem,
But will not waken thee.

* His private Key.

SONG.

SONG.

OH fair sweet Face, oh Eyes celestial bright,
Twin Stars in Heav'n, that now adorn the Night;
Oh fruitful Lips, where Cherries ever grow,
And Damask Cheeks, where all sweet Beauties blow;
Oh thou from Head to Foot divinely fair,
Cupid's *most cunning Net's made of that Hair;*
And as he weaves himself for curious Eyes,
Oh me, Oh me, I'm caught my self, he cries:
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden Sleep,
Soft peaceful Thoughts, your hourly Watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this Sacrifice,
To Beauty sacred, and those Angel-eyes.

Now will I steal a Kiss, a dear Kiss from her,
And suck the Rosie breath of this bright Beauty;
What a De'el's this? Ty'd to her Finger too?
A string, a damned string to give Intelligence.
Oh my lov'd Key, how truly hast thou serv'd me;
I'll follow this: Soft, soft, to th' Door it goes,
And through to th' other side; a damn'd string 'tis;—
I am abus'd, topt, cuckolded, fool'd, jaded,
Ridden to death, to madness; stay, this helps not:
Stay, stay, and now Invention help me——
I'll sit down by her, take this from her easily,
And thus upon mine own: Dog, I shall catch ye,
With all your cunning, Sir: I shall light on ye——
I felt it pull sure; yes, but wondrous softly,
'Tis there again, and harder, now——have at ye,
Now and thou scap'st, the Devil's thy ghostly Father.
[*Exit.*

Isab. Sure 'twas my Husband's Voice, the string is gone too,
H'as found the trick on't, I'm undone, betray'd,
And if he meet my Friend he perishes;
What Fortune follows me, what spightful Fortune?
Hoa *Jaquenet*.

Enter

Enter Jaquenet.

Jaq. Here, Miſtreſs, do you call me?
Iſab. Didſt thou hear no Noiſe?
Jaq. I hear my Maſter mad yonder,
And ſwears, and chafes——
Iſab. Dar'ſt thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine Honour, all is loſt elſe?
Jaq. Name what you will.
Iſab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompence ſo largely———
Jaq. Name it.
Iſab. Sit here as if thou wert aſleep.
Jaq. Is that all?
Iſab. When he comes in, whate'er he do unto thee
(The worſt will be but beating) ſpeak not a word,
Not one word as thou loveſt me.
Jaq. I'll run through it.
Iſab. I'll carry away the Candle. [*Exit.*
Jaq. And I the Blows, Miſtreſs.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Have you put your Light out? I ſhall ſtumble to ye,
You Whore, you cunning Whore; I ſhall catch your Rogue too;
H'as light Legs, elſe I had ſo ferret-claw'd him——
Oh have I found ye? Do ye play at Dog-ſleep ſtill, Whore?
D' you think that can protect ye? Yes, I'll kill thee,
But firſt I'll bring thy Friends to view thy Villanies,
Thy whoriſh Villanies: And firſt I'll beat thee,
Beat thee to Pin-duſt, thou ſalt Whore, thou Varlet,
Scratch out thine Eyes; I'll ſpoil your tempting Viſage—
Are ye ſo patient? I'll put my Nails in deeper——
Is it good Whoring? Whoring, ye baſe Raſcal?
Is it good tempting Men with ſtrings to ride ye?
So, I'll fetch your Kindred, and your Friends, Whore,
And ſuch a Juſtice I will act upon thee—— [*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, is he gone?

Jaq.

Jaq. The Dev'l go with him, Miſtreſs,
H'as harrow'd me, plough'd Land was ne'er ſo harrow'd;
I'd th' moſt ado to ſave mine Eyes.
Iſab. H'as paid thee,
But I'll heal all again with good Gold, *Jaquenet*;
H'as damned Nails.
Jaq. They're ten-penny Nails I think, Miſtreſs;
I'll undertake he ſhall ſtrike 'em through an inch Board.
Iſab. Go up and waſh thy ſelf; take my *Pomatum*,
And now let me alone to end the Tragedy.
Jaq. You'd beſt beware.
Iſab. I ſhall deal ſtoutly with him,
Reach me my Book, and ſee the Door made faſt Wench,
And ſo good Night; now to the matter Politick.
[Lopez *knocks within.*
Lop. [*within.*] You ſhall ſee what ſhe is, what a ſweet Jewel. [Hour,
Iſab. Who's there, what Mad-man knocks? is this an
And in mine Husband's Abſence?
Lop. [*within.*] Will ye open?
You know my Voice, ye Whore, I am that Husband—
D' you mark her Subtilty? But I have paid her,
I have ſo ferk'd her Face; here's the Blood, Gentlemen,
Ecce ſignum; I have ſpoil'd her Goatiſh Beauty;
Obſerve her how ſhe looks now, how ſhe's painted,
(18) Oh 'tis the moſt wicked'ſt Whore, and the moſt treacherous———

Enter Lopez, Bartello, *Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen.*

Gent. Here walks my Couſin full of Meditation,
Arm'd with religious Thoughts.
Bar. Is this the Monſter?
1 *Gentlew.* Is this the ſubject of that rage you talk'd of,
That naughty Woman you had pull'd a-pieces?
Bar. Here's no ſuch thing.

(18) *Oh 'tis the* moſt wicked'ſt *Whore,*—] The putting the Sign of the ſuperlative Degree, to the ſuperlative Degree itſelf, as the comparative Sign to the comparative Degree a little above, is a Practice in which our Authors are not ſingular.

1 *Gentlew.*

1 *Gentlew.* How have ye wrong'd this Beauty?
Are not you mad my Friend? What time o' th' Moon is't?
Have not you Maggots in your Brains?
Lop. 'Tis she sure. [Garments,
Gent. Where's the scratch'd Face ye spoke of, the torn
And all the Hair pluck'd off her Head.
Bar. Believe me,
'Twere better far you'd lost your pair of Pibbles,
Than she the least Adornment of that Sweetness.
Lop. Is not this Blood?
1 *Gentlew.* This is a monstrous Folly,
A base abuse.
Isab. Thus he does ever use me,
And sticks me up a Wonder, not a Woman;
Nothing I do, but's subject to suspicion;
Nothing I can do, 's able to content him.
Bar. Lopez, You must not use this.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Twere not amiss, Sir,
To give ye sauce t' your Meat, and suddenly——
1 *Gentlew.* You that dare wrong a Woman of her Goodness;
Thou have a Wife? thou have a bear ty'd to thee,
To scratch thy jealous Itch; were all o' my Mind,
I mean all Women, we'd disburthen ye
Of that that breeds these Fits, these Dog-flaws in ye,
A Sow-guelder should trim ye.
Bar. A rare cure, Lady,
And one as fit for him as a Thief for a Halter—
You see this Youth; will you not cry him quittance?
Body 'me, I'd pine, but I would pepper him,
I'll come anon—he, hang him, poor Pompillion;
How like a Wench bepist he looks,—I'll come Lady—
Lopez, the Law must teach ye what a Wife is,
A good, a virtuous Wife——
Isab. I'll ne'er live with him.
I crave your Loves all to make known my cause,
That so a fair Divorce may pass between us;
I'm weary of my Life; in danger hourly.
Bar. You see how rude you are—I will not miss ye—
Unsufferable rude—I'll pay him soundly——

You

You ſhould be whipt in *Bedlam*—I'll reward him—
2 *Gentlew.* Whipping's too good.
Lop. I think I am alive ſtill,
And in my Wits.
Bar. I'll put a trick upon him———
And get his Goods confiſcate; you ſhall have 'em;
I will not fail at Nine——
Lop. I think I'm here too,
And once I would have ſworn I'd ta'en her napping,
I think my Name is *Lopez.*
Gent. Fie for ſhame, Sir,
You ſee you have abus'd her, fouly wrong'd her,
Hung ſcandalous and coarſe Opinions on her,
Which now you find but Children of Suſpicion;
Ask her Forgiveneſs, ſhew a Penitence;
She is my Kinſwoman, and what ſhe ſuffers
Under ſo baſe and beaſtly Jealouſies,
I will redreſs elſe, I'll ſeek Satisfaction.
Bar. Why, every Boy i'th' Town will piſs upon thee.
Lop. I'm ſorry for't—
1 *Gentlew.* Down o' your Marrow-bones.
Lop. E'en ſorry from my Heart; forgive me ſweet Wife.
Here I confeſs moſt freely I have wrong'd ye,
As freely here I beg a Pardon of ye,
From this hour no Debate, no croſs Suſpicion———
Iſab. To ſhew ye, Sir, I underſtand a Wife's part,
Thus I aſſure my Love, and ſeal your Pardon.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Tis well done, now to Bed, and there confirm it.
Gent. And ſo good Night.
Bar. Beware Relapſes, *Lopez.* [*Exeunt.*
Lop. Now, *Iſabella*, tell me truth, and ſuddenly,
And do not juggle with me, nor diſſemble,
For as I have a Life ye die then; I'm not mad,
Nor does the Devil work upon my weakneſs;
Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.
Iſab. Will then that ſatisfie ye?
Lop. If ye deal ingenuouſly.
Iſab. I'll tell ye all, and tell ye true and freely.
Bartello was the end of all this Jealouſie,

His

His often Viſitations brought by you, firſt
Bred all theſe fits, and theſe Suſpicions;
I knew your falſe Key, and accordingly
I fram'd my Plot, to have you take him finely,
Too poor a Penance for the wrong his Wife bears,
His worthy virtuous Wife; I felt it ſenſibly
When ye took off the String, and was much pleas'd in't.
Becauſe I wiſh'd his importunate Dotage paid well,
And had you ſtaid two Minutes more, y' had had him.

Lop. This ſounds like Truth.

Iſab. Becauſe this ſhall be certain,
Next time he comes, as long he cannot tarry,
Your ſelf ſhall ſee, and hear, his lewd Temptations.

Lop. Till then I'm ſatisfied, and if this prove true,
Hence-forward Miſtreſs of your ſelf I give ye,
And I to ſerve ye; For my luſty Captain,
I'll make him dance, and make him think the Devil
Claws at his Breech, and yet I will not hurt him;
Come now to Bed, and prove but conſtant this way,
I'll prove the Man you ever wiſh'd.

Iſab. You've bleſt me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. WHAT Labour and what Travel have I run through,
And through what Cities to abſolve this Riddle?
Diviners, Dreamers, School-men, deep Magicians,
All have I try'd, and all give ſeveral Meanings,
And from all hope of any future Happineſs:
To this Place am I come at length, the Country;
The People ſimple, plain, and harmleſs witty,
Whoſe honeſt labours Heav'n rewards with Plenty
Of Corn, Wine, Oil, which they again as thankful,
To their new Crops, new Paſtimes celebrate,
And crown their joyful Harveſts with new Voices;
By a rich Farmer here I'm entertain'd,

And

And rank'd among the number of his Servants,
Not gueſſing what I am, but what he'd have me?
Here may be ſo much Wit (tho' much I fear it)
T' undo this knotty Queſtion; and would to Heav'n

Enter Soto *with a Proclamation.*

My Fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as Innocent,
And never known a pitch above their Plainneſs.
Soto. That it is, that it is, what's this Word now? this
Is a plaguy Word, that it is; *r. e. a.* that it is, reaſon,
By your leave, Mr. *Soto*, by your leave, you are too quick, Sir,
There's a ſtrange parlous *T.* before the reaſon,
A very tall *T.* which makes th' word *High Treaſon.*
Sil. What Treaſon's that? does this Fellow underſtand himſelf?
Soto. Pitch will infect, I'll meddle no more with this Geer;
What a Devil ails this Fellow? This fooliſh Fellow?
Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the Maſters of the Sports proceeding,
Thus to appear before me too, unmorris'd?
D' you know me, Friend?
Sil. You are my Maſter's Son, Sir.
Soto. And do you know what Sports are now in Seaſon?
Sil. I hear there are ſome a-foot.
Soto. Where are your Bells then?
Your Rings, your Ribbons, Friend? and your clean Napkins?
Your Noſegay in your Hat, pinn'd up? an't I here
My Father's eldeſt Son? and at this time, Sir,
I would have ye know it, though ye be ten times his Servant, [Sir,
A better Man than my Father far, Lord of this Harveſt,
And ſhall a Man of my place want Attendance?
Sil. 'Twas want of Knowledge, Sir, not Duty, bred this,
I'd have made Suit elſe for your Lordſhip's Service.
Soto. In ſome ſort I'm ſatisfy'd now, mend your manners;
But thou art a melancholy Fellow, vengeance Melancholy,

And that may breed an Insurrection amongst us;
Go too, I'll lay the best part of two Pots now
Thou art in Love, and I can guess with whom too,
I saw the Wench that (19) twir'd and twinkled at thee,
The other Day; the Wench that's new come hither,
The young smug Wench.

Sil. You know more than I feel, Sir.

Soto. Go too, I'll be thy Friend, I'll speak a good word for thee,
And thou shalt have my Lordship's Count'nance to her;
May be I've had a snap my self, may be ay, may be no,
We Lords are allow'd a little more.

Sil. 'Tis fit, Sir;
I humbly thank ye, you're too tender of me;
But what, Sir, I beseech ye, was that Paper,
Your Lordship was so studiously imployed in,
When ye came out a-doors?

Soto. Thou mean'st this Paper.

Sil. That Sir, I think.

Soto. Why, 'tis a Proclamation, [Life,
A notable Piece of Villany, as ever thou heard'st in thy
By mine Honour 'tis.

Sil. How, Sir? Or what concerns it?

Soto. It comes ye from the Dutchess, a plaguy wise Woman,
To apprehend the Body of one *Silvio*,
(As arrant a Rascal as ever pist against a Post,)
And this same *Silvio*, or this foresaid Rascal, [vice
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good Ser-
The Man that brings him, has two thousand Duckets;
Is not this notable matter now?

Sil. 'Tis so indeed.
This Proclamation bears my bane about it;
Can no Rest find, no private Place secure me?
But still my Miseries like Blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young Man, which way now guides thee,

(19) *Twir'd*] So *Ben Johnson* in his *Sad Shepherd*, Act II. Scene III.

Which Maids will twire *at through their fingers.*

Guides

Guides thee from Death? the Country's laid round for thee;
Oh *Claudio*, now I feel thy Blood upon me,
Now it ſpeaks loudly here, I'm ſure againſt me,
Time now has found it out, and Truth proclaim'd it,
And Juſtice now cries out, I muſt die for it.

Soto. Haſt thou read it?

Sil. Yes.

Soto. And doſt thou know that *Silvio?*

Sil. I ne'er ſaw him, Sir.

Soto. I have, and know him too,
I know him as well as I know thee, and better,
And if I light upon him, for a Trick he plaid me once,
A certain kind of Dog-trick, I'll ſo fiddle him——
Two thouſand Duckets? I'll ſo Pepper him,
And with that Mony I'll turn Gentleman,
Worth a brown Baker's dozen of ſuch *Silvios.*

Sil. There is no ſtaying here, this Rogue will know me,
And for the Mony's ſake betray me too;
I muſt bethink me ſuddenly and ſafely.

Enter Morris-dancers.

Soto. Mine own dear Lady, have at thy Hony-comb.
Now, for the Honour of our Town, Boys, trace ſweetly,
[*Cry within of, Arm, Arm.*
What a Vengeance ails this Whobub? pox refuſe 'em,
Cannot they let's dance in our own Defence here?

Enter Farmer and Captain.

Capt. Arm, honeſt Friends, arm ſuddenly and bravely,
And with your ancient Reſolutions follow me;
Look how th' Beacons ſhow like Comets; your poor Neighbours
Run maddingly affrighted through the Villages;
Syenna's Duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his Sword makes thouſand Mothers childleſs.

Soto. What's this to our Morris-dancers?

Sil. This may ſerve my turn.

Soto. There's ne'er a Duke in *Chriſtendom* but loves a May-game.

Capt. At a Horſe you were always ceſs'd, put your Son on him,
And arm him well i'th' States Name, I command ye;
And they that dare go voluntary ſhall receive reward.
Soto. I dare go no way, Sir; this is ſtrange, Maſter Captain,
You cannot be content to ſpoil our Sport here,
(Which I don't think your Worſhip's able to anſwer,)
But you muſt ſet us together by the Ears with I know not who too?
We're for the bodily part o'th' Dance.
Capt. Arm him ſuddenly,
(This is no time to Fool,) I ſhall return ye elſe,
A Rebel to the general State, and Dutcheſs,
And how you'll anſwer then———
Far. I've no more Sons, Sir,
'Tis my only Boy; I beſeech ye Maſter Captain——
Soto. I'm a rank Coward too, to ſay the truth, Sir,
I never had good luck at Buffets neither.
Far. Here's vorty Shillings, ſpare the Child.
Capt. I cannot.
Soto. Are ye a Man? Will ye caſt away a *May*-Lord?
Shall all the Wenches in the Country curſe ye?
Sil. An't pleaſe you Captain, I'll ſupply his Perſon,
'Tis pity their old Cuſtom ſhould be frighted;
Let me have Horſe, and good Arms, I'll ſerve willingly,
And if I ſhrink a foot of Ground, Hell take me.
Capt. A promiſing Aſpect, Face full of Courage,
I'll take this Man, and thank ye too——
Far. There's for thee,
'Tis in a Clout, but good old Gold.
Sil. I thank ye, Sir.
Far. Go ſaddle my Fore-horſe, put his Feather on too,
He'll prance it bravely, Friend, he fears no Colours,
And take the Armor down, and ſee him dizen'd.
Soto. Farewel, and if thou carry'ſt thy ſelf well in this matter,
I ſay no more, but this, there muſt be more *May*-Lords,
And I know who are fit.
Sil. Dance you, I'll fight, Sir.
Capt. Away, away. *Sil.*

Sil. Farewel, I'm (20) for the Captain. [*Exeunt.*

Far. Now to this matter again my honeſt Fellows,
For if this go not forward, I foreſee Friends,
This War will fright our Neighbours out o'th' Villages;
Cheer up your Hearts, we ſhall hear better News, Boys.

(21) *Hob.* Surely I'll dance no more 'tis moſt ridiculous,
I find my Wife's Inſtructions now mere Verities,
My learned Wife's, ſhe often hath pronounc'd to me
My ſafety; *Bomby*, defie theſe Sports, thou'rt damn'd elſe.
This Beaſt of *Babylon* I will ne'er back again,
His Pace is ſure prophane, and his lewd Wi-hees,
(22) The Songs of *Hymyn* and *Gymyn*, in the Wilderneſs.

Far. Fie, Neighbour *Bomby*, (23) in your fits again,
Your Zeal-ſweats? 'tis not careful, Neighbour,
The Hobby-horſe, is a ſeemly Hobby-horſe———

Soto. And as pretty a Beaſt on's Inches, tho' I ſay it—

Hob. The Beaſt is an unſeemly, and a lewd Beaſt,
And got at *Rome* by the Pope's Coach-Horſes;
His Mother was the Mare of Ignorance.

Soto. Cobler thou ly'ſt, and thou wert a thouſand Coblers,
His Mother was an honeſt Mare, and a Mare of good Credit,
I know the Mare, and if need be, can bring Witneſs,

(20) ———*for* the *Captain.*] I have let the Text ſtand, tho', Mr. *Theobald* has plac'd in his Margin,
———*for* thee, *Captain.*

(21) Hob. *Surely I'll dance*———] As there is no ſuch Name as *Hob* in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, and as he is call'd, and calls himſelf here and through the Scene, by the Name of *Bomby*; methinks we ought to diſplace this nonſenſical *Hob*, and inſert *Bomby* in its Place.

(22) *The Sons of* Hymyn *and* Gymyn,———] Mr. *Theobald* ſaw the Folly of the Hobby-horſes Wi-hees being the Sons of *Hymyn* and *Gymyn*, and puts in his Margin
Certe Songs *of* Hymyn *&c.*
Which I verily believe might have been the original Reading.

(23) ——— *in your fits again,*
Your Zeal ſweats,———] For the want only of a ſingle Hyphen, how difficult is it to underſtand the Humour of the Farmer here? Sure we ſhould write thus,
——*your fits again,*
Your Zeal-ſweats?——

And in the way of honesty I tell thee,
Scorn'd any Coach-horse th' Pope had; thou'rt foolish,
And thy blind Zeal makes thee abuse the Beast.
Hob. I do defie thee, and thy Foot-cloth too,
And tell thee to thy Face, this prophane riding,
(I feel it in my Conscience, and dare speak it,)
This un-edified ambling, hath brought a scourge upon us,
This Hobby-horse Sincerity we liv'd in,
War, and the Sword of Slaughter: I renounce it,
And put the Beast off, thus, the Beast polluted.
And now no more shall (24) *Hope-on-high Bomby*,
Follow the painted Pipes of worldly Pleasures,
And with the wicked, dance the Devil's Measures;
Away thou pamper'd Jade of Vanity,
Stand at the Livery of lewd Delights now,
And eat the Provender of prick-ear'd Folly,
My Dance shall be to th' Pipe of Persecution.
Far. Will you dance no more, Neighbour?
Hob. Surely no;
Carry the Beast t' his Crib, I have renounc'd him
And all his Works.
Soto. Shall th' Hobby-horse be forgot then?
The hopeful Hobby-horse, shall he lye founder'd?
If thou dost this, thou'rt but a cast-away Cobler:
My Anger's up, think wisely, and think quickly,
And look upon the *quondam* Beast of Pleasure,
If thou dost this (mark me, thou serious Sowter,
Thou Bench-whistler, of the old tribe of Toe-pieces,)
If thou dost this, there shall be no more Shoe-mending,
Every Man shall have a special care of his own Soul:
And in his Pocket carry his two Confessors,

(24) —— *Hop on high* Bomby,
—— *Pipes of* high *Pleasures*,] Here we have two Blunders in two Lines. The first Folio reads as I have given the Text. I must farther observe that *Hope-on-high* ought to have been in *Italics*, as it is *Bomby*'s Christian Name. Thus in Mr. *Cowley*'s *Cutter of Coleman-street* we have *Fear-the-Lord Barebottle*, alluding to *Praise-God Barebone*, the Name of a real Enthusiast in *Cromwell*'s Time.

His

(25) His Lingel, and his Nawl; if thou doſt this——

Far. He'll dance again for certain.

Hob. I cry out on't,
'Twas the fore-running Sin brought in thoſe Tilt-ſtaves
They brandiſh 'gainſt the Church, the Dev'l calls *May*-Poles.

Soto. Take up your Horſe again, and girth him to ye,
And girth him handſomely, good Neighbour *Bomby.*

Hob. I ſpit at him.

Soto. Spit in the Horſe face, Cobler? [nomy?
Thou out of tune, *Pſalm*-ſinging Slave; ſpit in his Viſ-

Hob. I ſpit again, and thus I riſe againſt him,
Againſt this Beaſt, that (26) ſignify'd Deſtruction,
Fore-ſhew'd falls of Monarchies.

Soto. I'th' Face of him?
Spit ſuch another Spit, by this Hand Cobler
I'll make ye ſet a new piece o' your Noſe there;
Take't up I ſay, and dance without more bidding,
And dance as you were wont; you have been excellent,
And art ſtill, but for this new Nicety,
And your Wife's learned Lectures; take up th' Hobby-Horſe:
Come, 'tis a thing thou'ſt lov'd with all thy Heart, *Bomby,*
And would'ſt do ſtill but for the round-breech'd Brothers:
You were not thus i'th' Morning; take't up I ſay,
Do not delay but do't: You know I'm Officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all theſe good Fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous Porridge;
Chuſe whether you will dance, or have me execute:

(25) *His* Yugel, *and his Nawl;*——] The whole Tribe of Toe-piecers would be puzzled to find ſuch a thing as a *Yugel,* among all the Inſtruments of the Gentle-Craft. Our Authors have ſuffer'd here by the Error of their Editors, and undoubtedly gave the Line ſo,

His Lingel, *and his Nawl.*

(26) —— *ſignify'd Deſtruction,*
Fore-ſhew'd i'th' *falls of Monarchies,*
Soto. *I'th' Face of him?*] The *i'th'* in the ſecond Line is evidently crept in from the third, and ſpoils both Senſe and Meaſure, for the third Line completes the ſecond Verſe. *Hudibraſs* took ſeveral Hints from this Paſſage. Mr. *Seward.*

I'll clap your Neck i'th' Stocks, and there I'll make ye
Dance a whole Day, and dance with theſe at Night too.
You mend old Shoes well, mend your old Manners better,
And ſuddenly ſee you leave off this ſincereneſs,
(27) This new hot Batch, borrowed from ſome brown Baker,
Some learned Brother, or I'll ſo bait ye for't ——
Take't quickly up.
Hob. I take my Perſecution,
And thus I'm forc'd, a by-word to my Brethren.
Soto. Strike up, ſtrike up, ſtrike merrily.
Far. To't roundly,
Now to the harveſt Feaſt, then ſport again Boys.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Silvio, *arm'd.*

Sil. What ſhall I do? Live thus unknown, and baſe ſtill?
(28) Or thruſt my ſelf into the head o'th' Battel?
And there like that I am, a Gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of Danger,
(So in her angry Eyes ſhe carried Honour)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

Song within.

SIlvio *go on, and raiſe thy noble Mind*
To noble Ends; fling coarſe baſe Thoughts behind:
Silvio, *thou Son of everlaſting Fame,*
Now aim at Virtue, and a noble Name.

(27) *This new hot Batch, borrowed from ſome brown Baker,*
—— *or I'll ſo* bait *ye for't*——] I don't diſcard the Word *bait*, but to preſerve that playing upon the Words here, which the poet ſeems to have deſign'd, I ſuſpect we ought to read
—— *or* I'll *ſo* bake *you for't.*
'Tis ſcarce worth obſerving, that the *Browniſts* are the People, againſt whom the Satire here was principally levell'd.
(28) *Or thruſt* thy *ſelf* ——] So the Octavo, the Edition of the ancienteſt Date, gives the Text.

Silvio

Silvio *consider*, *Honour is not won*,
Nor Virtue reach'd, till some brave thing be done:
Thy Country calls thee now, she burns, and bleeds;
Now raise thy self, young Man, to noble Deeds.
Into the Battel Silvio, *there seek forth*
Danger, and Blood, by them stands sacred Worth.

What Heav'nly Voice is this that follows me?
This is the second time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the Battel;
It names me often, steels my Heart with Courage,

Enter Belvidere *deformed.*

And in a thousand sweet Notes comforts me.
What Beldam's this? How old she is, and ugly,
Why does she follow me?

Bel. Be not dismaid, Son,
I wait upon thee for thy Good, and Honour;
'Twas I that now sung to thee, stirr'd thy Mind up,
And rais'd thy Spirits to the pitch of Nobleness.

Sil. Though she be old, and of a crooked Carcass,
Her Voice is like the harmony of Angels.

Bel. Thou art my Darling, all my Love dwells on thee
The Son of Virtue, therefore I attend thee;
Enquire not what I am, I come to serve thee,
For if thou beest inquisitive, thou'st lost me:
A thousand long Miles hence my dwelling is,
Deep in a Cave, where but mine own, no Foot treads;
There by mine Art, I found what danger, *Silvio*,
And deep distress of Heart, thou wert grown into;
A thousand Leagues I've cut through empty Air,
Far swifter than the sailing Rack that gallops
Upon the Wings of angry Winds, to seek thee.
Sometimes o'er a swelling Tide,
On a Dolphin's back I ride,
Sometimes pass the Earth below,
And through th' unmov'd Center go;
Sometimes in a flame of Fire,
Like a Meteor I aspire,

Sometimes

Sometimes in mine own Shape, thus,
When I help the virtuous;
Men of honourable Minds,
Command my Art in all his kinds;
Purſue the noble thought of War,
From thy Guard I'll not be far.
Get thee worſhip on thy Foe,
Laſting Fame is gotten ſo.
Single *Syenna*'s Duke alone,
Hear thy Friends, thy Country groan,
And with thy manly Arm ſtrike ſure,
Then thou'ſt wrought thine own free Cure.

Sil. Some *Sybil* ſure, ſome Soul Heav'n loves, and favours,
And lends her their free Powers, to work their Wonders!
How ſhe incites my Courage?

Bel. Silvio,
I knew thee many days ago,
Foreſaw thy Love to *Belvidere*,
The Dutcheſs' Daughter, and her Heir;
Knew ſhe lov'd thee, and know what paſt,
When you were found i'th' Caſtle faſt
In one anothers Arms; foreſaw
The taking of ye, and the Law,
And ſo thy innocence I lov'd,
The deepeſt of my skill I prov'd;
Be rul'd by me, for to this hour,
I've dwelt about thee with my Power.

Sil. I will, and in the courſe of all obſerve thee,
For thou art ſure an Angel (29) good ſent to me.

Bel. Get thee gone then to the Fight,
Longer ſtay but robs thy right;
When thou grow'ſt weary I'll be near,
Then think on beauteous *Belvidere*.
For every precious Thought of her,
(30) I'll lend thine Honour a new Spur;

(29) All the Copies omit *good* but that of 1647.

(30) *I'll lend thine Honour a new Spur*;] 'Tis poſſible *I'll* has loſt its initial Letter, and was once wrote,

For every precious Thought of her,
Will *lend &c.*

When

When all is done, meet here at Night;
Go and be happy in the fight. [*Exit.*
Sil. I certainly believe I shall do nobly,
And that I'll bravely reach at too, or die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III.

Enter Claudio, *and* Penurio.

Cla. Is she so loving still?
Pen. She's mad with Love,
As mad as ever unworm'd Dog was, Signior,
And does so weep, and curse, for your prevention,
Your crosses in your Love—— it frets me too,
I'm fall'n away to nothing, to a Spindle,
Grown a meer Man of Mat, no Soul within me;
Pox o' my Master, Sir, will that content ye?
Cla. This Rogue but cozens me, and she neglects me,
Upon my Life there are some other Gamesters,
Nearer the Wind than I, and that prevents me.
Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?
(Prithee be true, be honest, do not mock me,
Thou know'st her Heart,) no former Interest
Sh'as vow'd a favour to? And cannot handsomely
Go off, but by regaining such a Friendship?
There are a thousand handsome Men, young, wealthy,
That will not stick at any rate, nor danger,
To gain so sweet a Prize; nor can I blame her,
If where she finds a comfort, she deal cunningly,
I am a Stranger yet.
Pen. Ye're all she looks for,
And if there be any other, she neglects all,
And all for you: I would you saw how grievously
And with what hourly Lamentations——
Cla. I know thou flatter'st me, tell me but truth.
Look here, look well, the best Meat in the Dukedom,
The rarest, and the choicest of all Diets;
(31) This will I give thee, but to satisfie me,

(31) This *will I give*——] So the first Folio. The rest drop *This.*

(That

(That is, not to diſſemble;) this rare Lobſter,
This Pheaſant of the Sea, this diſh for Princeſs,
And all this thou ſhalt enjoy, eat all thy ſelf;
Have good *Greek* Wine, or any thing belongs to't,
A Wench, if it deſire one.

Pen. All this, Signior?

Cla. All, and a greater far than this.

Pen. A greater?

Cla. If thou deſerve by telling truth.

Pen. A Wench too?

Cla. Or any thing; but if you play the Knave now,
The cozening Knave—beſides the loſs of this,
(In which thou'ſt parted with a Paradiſe,)
I ne'er will give thee Meat more, not a Morſel,
No ſmell of Meat by my means ſhall come near thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nouriſhing,
But to thy old part, *Tantalus*, again
Thou ſhalt return, and there ſnap at a Shadow.

Pen. Upon this Point, had I intended Treaſon,
Or any thing might call my Life in Queſtion,
(Follow'd with all the Tortures time could think on,
Give me but time to eat this lovely Lobſter,
This Alderman o'th' Sea, and give me Wine to him,)
I'd reveal all, and if that all were too little,
More than I knew; *Bartello* holds in with her,
The Captain of the Cittadel, but you need not fear him,
His Tongue's the ſtiffeſt Weapon that he carries.
He's old and out of uſe; there are ſome other,
Men, young enough, handſome, and bold enough,
Could they come to make their Game once, but they want, Sir,
They want the *unde quare*, they're laid by then.

Enter Bartello.

You only are the Man ſhall knock the Nail in——

Bar. How now, *Penurio?*

Pen. Your Worſhip's fairly met, Sir.
You ſhall hear further from me, ſteal aſide, Sir.

Cla. Remember your Maſter for thoſe Chains.

[*Exit* Claudio.

Pen.

Pen. They're ready, Sir.
Bar. What young thing's this? B' his Habit he's a Merchant;
I fear he trades my way too: you dried Dog-fiſh
What bait was that?
Pen. Who, Sir? the thing went hence now?
A notable young Whelp——
Bar. To what end, Sirrah?
Pen. Came to buy Chains and Rings, is to be married,
An Aſs, a Coxcombe, h'as nothing in's Houſe, Sir.
I warrant, you think he came to ſee my Miſtreſs?
Bar. I doubt it ſhrewdly.
Pen. Away, away, 'tis fooliſh;
H'as not the Face to look upon a Gentlewoman,
A poor skim'd thing, his Mother's Maids are fain, Sir,
To teach him how to Kiſs, and 'gainſt he's married,
To ſhew him on which ſide the Stirrop ſtands.
Bar. That's a fine Youth.
Pen. Thou wouldſt hang thy ſelf, that thou hadſt half his Power,
Thou empty Potgun.
Bar. Am I come fit, *Penurio?*
Pen. As fit as a Fiddle,
My Maſter's now abroad about his buſineſs.
Bar. When thou cam'ſt to me home to Day, I half ſuſpected
My Wife was Jealous, that ſhe whiſper'd to thee.
Pen. You deſerve well the whilſt, there's no ſuch matter,
She talk'd about ſome Toys my Maſter muſt bring to her,
You muſt not know of.
Bar. I'll take no Note, *Penurio.*
Pen. No, nor you ſhall not, till you have it ſoundly.
This is the braveſt *Capitano Pompo*;

Enter Iſabella.

But I ſhall pump ye anon, Sir.
Iſab. Oh my *Bartello.*
Bar. Ye pretty Rogue, you little Rogue, you ſweet Rogue,
Away *Penurio*, go and walk i'th' Horſe-Fair.

Iſab.

Iſab. You don't love me?
Bar. Thou lieſt, thou little Raſcal;
There Sirrah, to your Centry.
Pen. How th' Colt itches?
I'll help ye to a Curry-comb ſhall claw ye. [*Exit.*
Iſab. And how much doſt thou love me?
Bar. Let's go in quickly,——
I'll tell thee preſently, I'll meaſure't to thee.
Iſab. No buſſes firſt? Sit o' my Knee, my brave Boy,
My valiant Boy; don't look ſo fiercely on me,
Thou'lt fright me with thy Face; come buſs again Chick,
Smile in my Face you mad thing.
Bar. I'm mad indeed, Wench,
'Precious! I'm all o' Fire.
Iſab. I'll warm thee better.
Bar. I'll warm thee too, or I'll blow out my Bellows;
Ha, ye ſweet Rogue, you loving Rogue! a Boy now,
A Soldier I will get, ſhall prove a Fellow.

Enter Jaquenet *and* Penurio.

Jaq. Miſtreſs, look to your ſelf, my Maſter's coming.
Bar. The Devil come, and go with him.
Pen. The Devil's come indeed, he brings your Wife, Sir.
Iſab. We are undone, undone then.
Bar. My Wife with him?
Why this is a diſmal Day.
Pen. They're hard by too, Sir.
Bar. I muſt not, dare not ſee her.
Iſab. Nor my Husband,
For twenty thouſand Pound.
Bar. That I were a Cat now,
Or any thing could run into a Bench-hole;
Saint *Anthonies* Fire upon the Rogue has brought her;
Where ſhall I be? juſt i'the nick o'th' matter?———
When I had her at my Mercy?—think for Heav'n's ſake;
My Wife? all the wild Furies Hell has———
Pen. Up the Chimney.
Bar. They'll ſmoke me out there preſently.
Iſab. There, there, it muſt be there,

We're

We're all undone elſe; it muſt be up th' Chimney.
Bar. Give me a Ladder.
Iſab. You muſt uſe your Art, Sir.
Alas, we have no Ladders.
Bar. Pox o' thy Husband,
Does he ne'er mend his Houſe?
Pen. No, nor himſelf neither;
Up nimbly, Sir, up nimbly.
Bar. Thou know'ſt I am fat,
Thou mercileſs lean Rogue.
Pen. Will ye be kill'd?
For if he take ye——
Bar. Lend me thy Shoulder.
Pen. Soft, Sir,
You'll tread my Shoulder-bones into my ſides elſe:
Have ye faſt hold o'th' Bars?
Bar. A Vengeance bar 'em.
Iſab. Patience good Captain, Patience; quickly, quickly.
Bar. D' you think I'm made of Smoke?
Pen. Now he talks of Smoke,
What if my Maſter ſhould call for Fire?——
Bar. Will ye Martyr me?
Iſab. He muſt needs have it.
Bar. Will ye make me Bacon?
Iſab. We'll do the beſt we can; are all things ready?
Pen. All, all, I have 'em all.
(32) *Iſab.* Go let 'em in then,
Not a Word now on your Life.
Bar. I hang like a Meteor.

Enter Lopez *and* Rodope.

Lop. You're Welcome, Lady.
Rod. You are too too courteous,
But I ſhall make amends; fair *Iſabella*——
Iſab. Welcome my worthy Friend, moſt kindly Welcome.
Rod. I heard on't, and I'll fit him for his Foolery.

(32) Bar. *Go let 'em in* &c.] The Change of the Speakers here is from Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin. The Reader will eaſily ſee the Neceſſity of it.

Lop.

Lop. Some Sweet-meats Wife; ſome Sweet-meats preſently.

Bar. Oh my ſowre Sauce.

Lop. Away quick, *Iſabella.* [*Exit* Iſab.
Did y' hear him?

Rod. Yes, yes, perfectly; proceed, Sir.

Lop. Speak loud enough; dare ye at length but pity me?

Rod. 'Faith, Sir, you've us'd ſo many Reaſons to me,
And thoſe ſo powerfully——

Lop. Keep this Kiſs for me.

Bar. And do I ſtand and hear this?

Rod. This for me, Sir;
This is ſome Comfort now: Alas my Husband——
But why do I think of ſo poor a Fellow,
So wretched, ſo debauch'd?

Bar. That's I, I'm bound to hear it.

Rod. I dare n't lye with him, he's ſo rank a Whore-maſter——

Lop. And that's a dangerous Point.

Rod. Upon my Conſcience, Sir,
He'd ſtick a thouſand baſe Diſeaſes on me.

Bar. And now muſt I ſay nothing.

Lop. I'm ſound, Lady.

Rod. That's it that makes me love ye.

Lop. Let's kiſs again then.

Rod. Do, do.

Bar. Do, the Devil
And the grand Pox do with ye.

Lop. Do ye hear him? well——

Enter Penurio *and* Iſabella.

Now, what's the News with you?

Pen. The ſound of War, Sir,
Comes ſtill along; the Duke will charge the City,
We've loſt, they ſay.

Lop. What ſhall become of me then,
And my poor Wealth?

Bar. Even hang'd, I hope.

Rod. Remove your Jewels preſently,
And what you have of Wealth into the Cittadel,

There

There all's ſecure.

Lop. I humbly thank ye, Lady;
Pënurio, get me ſome can climb the Chimney,
For there my Jewels are, my beſt, my richeſt,
I hid 'em, fearing ſuch a Blow.

Pen. Moſt happily
I have two Boys, that uſe to ſweep foul Chimneys;
Truly I brought 'em, Sir, to mock your Worſhip,
For the great Fires ye keep, and the full Diet.

Lop. I forgive thee, Knave, where are they?

Pen. Here, Sir, here;
Monſieur *Black*, will your ſmall Worſhip mount?

Enter two Boys.

1 *Boy.* Madam è be com to creep up into your Chimney, and make you [*Boy Sings.*
Cleane, as any Lady in de World: Ma litla, litla frera, and è,
Chanta, frere, chanta.

Pen. Comè Monſieur, mountè, mountè, mount Monſieur Muſtard-pot. [*Boy Sings.*

2 *Boy.* Monſieur è have dis for votra barba, ple ta vou Monſieur.

Pen. Mountè Monſieur, mountè dere be ſome fine tings——.

1 *Boy.* Me will creep like de Ferret Monſieur.

Pen. Dere in de Chimney. [*The Boy above ſinging.*

2 *Boy.* Here be de ſheilde due ſhauſon, Madam.
[*Boy goes in behind the Arras.*

Pen. There's a Bird's-neſt, I'd have ye climb it, Monſieur,
Up my fine ſinging, Monſieur; that's a fine Monſieur.

Lop. Watch him, he do not ſteal.

Pen. I warrant ye, Sir.

Lop. Theſe Boys are Knaviſh.

[*Boy within, Madam, here be de Rat, de Rat, Madam.*

Pen. I'll look to him tightly.

Enter Bartello, *with the Boy ſinging on his Shoulder.*

Lop. Lord! what comes here,

A walking Apparition?
Iſab. Saint *Chriſtopher!*
Rod. Mercy o' me, what is it?
How like my Husband it looks?
Bar. Get ye down Devil,
I'll break your Neck elſe; was e'er Man thus chimnied?
Lop. Go pay the Boys well; ſee them ſatisfied.
Pen. Come, Monſieur Devils, come my Black-Berries
I'll butter ye o' both ſides. [*Boy Exit.*
Iſab. Nay, even look, Sir, are you cool'd now, Captain?
Bar. I am cuckolded, and fool'd to boot too;
Fool'd fearfully, fool'd ſhamefully.
Lop. You're welcome, Sir.
I'm glad I've any thing within theſe Doors, Sir,
To make ye merry; you love my Wife, I thank ye.
You've ſhew'd your Love.
Bar. Wife, am I this? This odd matter,
This monſtrous thing?
Rod. You ought, but yet you are not;
I've been bold with you, Sir, but yet not baſely;
As I have Faith I have not.
Lop. Sir, believe it,
'Twas all meant but to make you feel your Treſpaſs;
We knew your Hour, and all this faſhion'd for it.
Bar. Were you o'th' Plot too?
Iſab. Yes by my troth, ſweet Captain.
Bar. You will forgive me, Wife?
Rod. You will deſerve it.?
Bar. Put that to th' venture.
Rod. Thus I'm Friends again then,
And as you ne'er had gone aſtray, thus kiſs ye.
Bar. And I'll kiſs you, and you too ask Forgiveneſs,
Kiſs my Wife, *Lopez*, 'tis but in jeſt remember;
And now all Friends together to my Caſtle,
Where we'll all dine, and there diſcourſe theſe Stories,
And let him be Chimney-ſwept, in's Luſt that glories.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Silvio *and* Belvidere *severally.*

Sil. Hail reverend Dame, Heav'n wait upon thy Studies.
Bel. (33) You are well met, Son; what, 's the Battel ended?
Sil. Mother, 'tis done.
Bel. How has thy Honour prosper'd?
Sil. The Dutchess has the Day, *Syenna*'s Prisoner;
Arm'd with thy powerful Art, this Arm dismounted him,
Receiv'd him then on Foot, (34) and in fair Valour
Forc'd him mine own; this Jewel I took from him,
It hung upon his Cask, the Victor's Triumph;
And to the Dutchess now a Prisoner
I've render'd him; Come off again unknown, Mother.
Bel. 'Tis well done, let me see the Jewel, Son;
'Tis a rich one, curious set,
Fit for (35) a Prince's Burgonet;
This rich Token late was sent
By the Dutchess, with intent,
The Marriage next Day to begin;
Dost thou know what's hid within?
Wipe thine Eyes, and then come near,
See the beauteous *Belvidere*;
Now behold it.
Sil. Oh, my Saint.
Bel. Wear it nobly, do not faint.
Sil. How blest am I in this rich Spoil, this Picture?
For ever will I keep it here, here, Mother,
For ever honour it; how oft, how chastly
Have I embrac'd the Life of this, and kist it?

(33) *You are* all *well met, Son;* ——] So the Edition of 1711. *All* is not to be found in the Copy of 1647.

(34) —— *and* in *fair Valour*] The oldest Copy thus. The rest omit the Particle *in*.

(35) —— *a Princess' Burgonet;*] As a Burgonet is an Head-dress only fit for an *Amazon*, I imagine we should read thus,

—— *a Prince's Burgonet.*

Bel. The Day draws on that thou must home return,
And make thy Answer to the Dutchess' Question,
I know it troubles thee, for if thou fail in't——
Sil. Oh, I must die.
Bel. Fear not, fear not, I'll be nigh,
Cast thy trouble on my Back,
Art nor Cunning shall not lack,
To preserve thee, still to keep,
What thy envious foemen seek;
Go boldly home, and let thy Mind,
No distrustful crosses find;
All shall happen for the best;
Souls walk through sorrows that are blest.
Sil. Then I go confident.
Bel. But first my Son,
A thankful Service must be done,
The good old Woman for her pain,
When every thing stands fair again,
Must ask a poor Boon, (36) and that granting,
There's nothing to thy Journey wanting.
Sil. Except the Trial of my Soul to Mischief,
And as I am a Knight, and love mine Honour,
I grant it whatsoever——
Bel. Thy pure Soul
Shall never sink for me, nor howl.
Sil. Then any thing.
Bel. When I shall ask, remember.
Sil. If I forget, Heav'n's Goodness forget me.
Bel. On thy Journey then awhile,
To the next cross-way and stile
I'll conduct thee, keep thee true,
To thy Mistress and thy Vow,
And let all their Envies fall,
I'll be with thee, and quench all. [*Exeunt.*

(36) ——and *that granting,*] All the Editions but that of 1647, omit the Particle *and.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Dutchess, Syenna, *and Lords.*

Syen. LADY, the stubborn War's more mild than you are,
That allows Ransom, and the Prisoner taken——

Dutch. We must not be too hasty: Sir, Remember,
The wrong and violence you've offer'd us;
Burnt up our frontier Towns, made prey before ye
Both of our Beasts, and Corn; slain our dear Subjects,
Open'd the fountain Eyes of thousand Widows,
That daily fling their Curses on your Fury;
What ord'nary Satisfaction can salve this?
What hasty thought-on Ransome give a remedy?
You must excuse us yet, we'll take more Counsel:
In the mean time, not as a Prisoner,
But as a noble Prince we entertain ye.

Syen. I'm at your Mercy, Lady, 'tis my Fortune,
My stubborn Fate; the Day is yours, you have me,
The valour of one single Man has cross'd me,
Crost me and all my hope; for when the Battels
Were at the hotteſt game of all their Furies,
(And Conqueſt ready then to crown me Victor)
One single Man broke in, one Sword, one Virtue,
(And by his great example thousands follow'd:)
Oh how I shame to think on't, how it shakes me!
Nor could our strongeſt Head then stop his Fury,
But like a Tempeſt bore the Field before him,
Till he arriv'd at me; with me he buck'led,
A while I held him play; at length his Violence
Beat me from my Saddle, then on Foot pursu'd me,
There triumph'd once again, then took me Prisoner:
When I was gone, a fear poſſeſt my People.

Dutch. One single Arm, in a just cause, Heav'n prospers——
Is not this stranger Knight as yet discover'd,
That we may give his Virtue a due Honour?

Lord. Not yet that we hear, Madam, but to that purpose
Two Days ago we publish'd Proclamations.

Enter Soto *with a Trumpet, and* Silvio.

Soto. Oh dainty Dutchess, here I bring that Knight
Before thy fragrant Face, that warlike Wight,
He that *Syenna*'s Duke, and all his Louts
Beat, as the Proverb seemly says, to Clouts;
He that unhors'd the Man o' fame to boot,
And bootless taught his Grace to walk afoot;
He that your Writings pack'd to every Pillar,
Promis'd Promotion to, and store of Siller,
That very Man I set before thy Grace,
And once again pronounce, this Man it was.

Dutch. A pretty foolish Squire, what must the Knight be?

Syen. Some Jugler or some Mad-man.

Sil. I was not so,
When thy faint Troops in Flocks I beat before me,
When, through the thickest of thy warlike Horse,
I shot my self e'en to thy Standard, Duke,
And there found thee, there singled thee, there shew'd thee
The temper of my Sword. 'Tis true, thou stood'st me,
And like a noble Soldier bidst me welcome;
And this I'll say, (37) more Honour in that Arm
I found and tryed, than all thy Army carried;
What follows, thy Imprisonment can tell thee.

Syen. His fair Relation carries Truth and Virtue,
And by those Arms I see, for such were his,
(So old, so rusty) this may be he that forc'd me.

(37) ——*more* honour *in that arm*] To find *Honour* in an Arm is a strange Phrase, I read, tho' the Change is pretty great,

——— *more* Valour *in that arm.*

So at the End of the former Act, *Silvio* says,

—this arm dismounted him (Syenna)
Receiv'd him then on foot, and in fair Valour
Forced him mine own.

Sil.

Sil. D' you know this Jewel? from your Cask I rent it,
E'en as I clos'd, and forced ye from your Saddle;
D' you now remember me?
Syen. This is the Valour,
Madam, for certain he, it must be he,
That Day I wore this Jewel, you remember it.
Dutch. Yes, very well; not long before I sent it.
Syen. That Day I lost this Jew'l, in fight I lost it,
I felt his strokes, and felt him take it from me;
I wore it in my Cask: Take it again, Sir,
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of Honour.
Soto. My Father and my self are made for ever.
Dutch. Kneel down, brave Sir; thus my Knight first I raise ye——
Gird on a Sword; next, Gen'ral of my Army——
Give him a Staff; last, one in Counsel near me.
Now, make us happy with your sight. How! *Silvio!*
[*Discovers himself.*
Have I on thee bestow'd this Love, this Honour?
The Treasons thou hast wrought set off with Favours?
Unarm him presently: O thou foul Traitor,
Traitor to me, mine Honour, and my Country,
Thou kindler of these Wars——
Sil. Mistake not, Madam.
Dutch. Away with him to Prison,
See him safe kept; the Law shall shortly, Sirrah,
(38) Find fitter Titles for ye, than I gave ye.
Soto. This is the Youth that kill'd me, I'll be quit with him.
What a blind Rogue was I, I could ne'er know him?
And 't please your Grace, I claim the Benefit
O' th' Proclamation that proclaim'd him Traitor,
I brought him in.
Dutch. Thou shalt have thy reward for't.
Soto. Let him be hang'd, or drown'd then.
Dutch. Away with him.
Sil. Madam, I crave your Promise first; you're tyed to it,

(38) *Find* better *Titles*——] So the Octavo, but the 1647 Copy, *Find* fitter——

You've pafs'd your Princely Word.
Dutch. Prove it, and take it.
Sil. This is the Day appointed,
Appointed by your Grace for my Appearance,
To anfwer to the Queftion.
Dutch. I remember it.
Sil. I claim it then.
Dutch. If you perform it not,
The Penalty you claim too.
Sil. I not repent it;
If I abfolve the Words?
Dutch. Your Life is free then;
You've drawn a fpeedy Courfe above my Wifhes,
To my Revenge, be fure ye hit it right,
Or I'll be fure you fhall not fcape the danger.
Sil. My reft is up now, Madam.
Dutch. Then play't cunningly.
Sil. Now, where's the Hag? Where now are all her Promifes
She would be with me, ftrengthen me, inform me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous.
She was wont ftill to be near, to feel my Miferies,
And with her Art: I fee her no where now;
What have I undertaken? Now fhe fails me;
No comfort now I find, how my Soul ftaggers?
Till this hour never fear nor doubt poffeft me:
She cannot come, fhe will not come, fh'as fool'd me;
(Sure fhe's the Devil,) has drawn me on to Ruin,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger.
Sye. He ftands diftracted, and his Colour changes.
Dutch. I've given him that will make his Blood forfake him;
Shortly his Life.
Sye. His Hands and Contemplation
Have motion ftill, the reft is Earth already.
Dutch. Come, will ye fpeak or pray? Your time grows out, Sir;
How ev'ry where he looks? He's at laft caft.

Enter

Enter Belvidere, *and secretly gives him a Paper, and* Exit.

Sye. His Colour comes again fresh.
Dutch. 'Tis a flash, Sir,
Before the flame burns out; can ye yet answer?
Sil. Yes Madam, now I can.
Dutch. I fear you'll fail in't.
Sil. And do not think my Silence a Presage,
Or *Omen* to my end, you shall not find it;
I'm bred a Soldier, not an Orator.
Madam, peruse this Scrowl, let that speak for me,
And as you're Royal, wrong not the Construction.
Dutch. By Heav'n you shall have fair play.
Sil. I shall look for't.

Question.

TELL me what is that only thing,
For which all Women long;
Yet having what they most desire,
To have it do's them wrong.

Answer.

'TIS not to be chaste, nor fair,
(Such Gifts Malice may impair;)
Richly trimm'd, to walk or ride,
Or to wanton unespy'd;
To preserve an honest Name,
And so to give it up to Fame;
These are Toys. In good or ill
They desire to have their Will;
Yet when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it.

Dutch. You've answer'd right, and gain'd your Life, I give it.
Sil. Oh happy Hag! But my most gracious Madam,
Your Promise ty'd a nobler Favour to me.
Dutch. 'Tis true, my Daughter too.
Sil. I hope you'll keep it.

Dutch.

Dutch. 'Tis not in my power now, she's long since wander'd,
Stollen from Court, and me; and what I have not
I cannot give: No Man can tell me of her,
Nor no search find her out; and if not *Silvio*,
Which strongly I believe——
Sil. Mock me not Lady,
For as I am a Servant to her Virtue,
Since my first Hour of Exile, I ne'er saw her.
Lord. That she is gone, 'tis too too true, and lamentable,
Our last hope was in you.
Sil. What do I here then,
And wherefore have I Life bestow'd and Honour?
To what end do I walk? For Men to wonder at?
And fight, and fool? pray ye take your Honours from me,
(My sorrows are not fit Companions for 'em)
And when ye please, my Life. Art thou gone Mistress,
And wander'st Heav'n knows where? this Vow I make thee,
That till I find thee out, and see those fair Eyes,
Those Eyes that shed their Lights, and Life into me,
Never to know a Friend, to seek a Kindred,
To rest where Pleasure dwells, and painted Glory,
But through the World, the wide World, thus to wander,
The wretched World, alone, no Comfort with me,
But the meer Meditations of thy Goodness;
Honour and Greatness, thus Adieu.

Enter Belvidere.

Bel. Stay *Silvio*,
And Lady sit again, I come for Justice.
Sil. What would she now?
Bel. To claim thy Promise, *Silvio*,
The Boon thou swor'st to give me.
Syen. What may this be,
A Woman or a Devil?
Dutch. 'Tis a Witch sure,
And by her means he came t' untwist this Riddle.

Sil.

Sil. That I'm bound to her for my Life, mine Honour,
And many other thousand ways for Comfort,
I here confess; confess a Promise too,
That what she'd ask me to requite these Favours,
Within th' endeavour of my Life to grant,
I would, and here I stand my words full Master.
Bel. I wish no more; great Lady, witness with me;
The Boon I crave for all my Service to thee,
Is now to be thy Wife, to grant me Marriage.
Sil. How? For to marry thee? Ask again Woman,
Thou wilful Woman, ask again.
Bel. No more, Sir.
Sil. Ask Land, and Life.
Bel. I ask thee for a Husband.
Soto. Marry her, and beat her into Gun-powder,
She'd make rare Crackers.
Sil. Ask a better Fortune,
Thou art too old to marry: I'm a Soldier,
And always married to my Sword.
Bel. Thy word, Fool,
Break that, and I'll break all thy Fortunes yet.
Dutch. He shall not,
I'm witness to his Faith, and I'll compel it.
Syen. 'Tis fit ye hold your word, Sir.
Sil. Oh most wretched!
Dutch. This was a Fortune now beyond my Wishes,
For now my Daughter's free, if e'er I find her.
Syen. But not from me.
Dutch. You're sharer in this Happiness,
My self will wait upon this Mrriage,
And do th' old Woman all the honour possible.
Syen. I'll lead the Knight, and what there wants in Dalliance,
We'll take it out in Drink.
Sil. O wretched *Silvio!* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez *and* Isabella.

Lop. Hast thou sent for him?
Isab. Yes.
Lop. A young Man, say'st thou?
Isab. Yes, very young, and very amorous.
Lop. And handsome?
Isab. As the Town affords.
Lop. And dar'st thou
Be so far good, and Mistress of thine Honour,
To slight these?
Isab. For my Husband's sake to curse 'em.
And, since you've made me Mistress of my Fortune,
Never to point at any Joy, but Husband,
I could have cozen'd ye, but so much I love ye,
And now so much I weigh the Estimation
Of an unspotted Wife——
Lop. I dare believe thee,
And never more shall Doubt torment my Spirit.

Enter Penurio.

Isab. How now *Penurio?*
Pen. The thing's coming, Mistress.
Lop. I'll take my standing.
Pen. Do, and I'll take mine. [*Exit* Lopez.
Isab. Where didst thou leave him?
Pen. I left him in a Cellar,
Where he has paid me tightly, paid me home Mistress;
We'd an hundred and fifty Healths to you, sweet Mistress,
And threescore and ten Damnations to my Master;
Mistress, shall I speak a foolish word to ye?
Isab. What's that, *Penurio?*
The Fellow's Drunk.
Pen. I would fain know your Body.
Isab. How's that? How's that prithee?
Pen. I would know it carnally,
I would conglutinate.
Isab. The Reason, Sirrah?

Pen.

Pen. Lobſter, ſweet Miſtreſs, Lobſter.
Iſab. Thy Maſter hears.
Pen. Lobſter, ſweet Maſter, Lobſter.
Iſab. Thou art the moſt precious Rogue.

Enter Claudio.

Pen. Moſt precious Lobſter.
Iſab. D' you ſee who's here? Go ſleep, ye drunken Raſcal.
Pen. Remember you refuſe me arm'd in Lobſter.
[*Exit.*
Iſab. Oh my loſt *Rugio*, welcome, welcome, welcome,
A thouſand welcomes here I'll ſeal.
Cla. Pray ſtay, Lady,
D' you love me ever at this rate? Or is th' fit now,
By reaſon of ſome wrong done by your Husband,
More fervent on ye?
Iſab. Can I chuſe but love thee?
Thou art my Martyr, thou haſt (39) ſuffered for me,
My ſweet, ſweet *Rugio*.
Cla. Do you do this ſeriouſly?
'Tis true, I would be entertained thus.
Iſab. Theſe are nothing,
No Kiſſes, no Embraces, no Endearments,
To thoſe———
Cla. Do what you will.
Iſab. Thoſe that ſhall follow,
Thoſe I will crown our Love withal; why ſigh ye?
Why look ye ſad, my dear one?
Cla. Nay, faith nothing,
But methinks ſo ſweet a Beauty, as yours ſhews to me,
And ſuch an Innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer Siege.
Iſab. Ha? you ſpeak Truth, Sir.
Cla. I would not have it ſo.

(39) ——————— *ſuffered for me,*
My ſweet, ſweet Rugio.] The laſt Words are omitted by all the Copies but that of 1647.

Iſab.

Isab. And now methinks,
Now I consider truly what becomes me,
I have been cozen'd, fearfully abus'd,
My Reason blinded——
Cla. Nay, I did but jest with ye.
Isab. I'll take ye at your word, and thank ye for't, Sir;
And now I see no Sweetness in that Person,
Nothing to stir me to abuse a Husband,
To ruin my fair Fame——
Cla. Good *Isabella!*
Isab. No handsome Man, nor any thing to doat on;
No Face, no Tongue to catch me, poor at all Points,
And I an Ass.
Cla. Why do ye wrong me, Lady?
If I were thus, and had no Youth upon me;
My Service of so mean a way to win ye;
(Which you your self are conscious must deserve ye,
If y' had thrice the Beauty you possess, must reach ye,)
If in my Tongue your Fame lay wrack'd, and ruin'd
With every Cup I drink; if in Opinion
I were a lost, defam'd Man—but 'tis common,
Where we love most, where most we stake our Fortunes,
There least and basest we're rewarded; fare ye well,
Know now I hate you too as much, contemn ye,
And weigh my Credit at as high a value——
Isab. May be I did but jest.
Cla. You are a Woman,
And now I see your Wants, and mine own Follies,
And task my self with Indiscretion,
For doating on a Face so poor.
Isab. Say ye so, Sir?
(I must not lose my end) I did but jest with you,
Only fool'd thus to try your Faith; my *Rugio*,
D' you think I could forget?
Cla. Nay, 'tis no matter.
Isab. Is't possible I should forsake a Constancy,
So strong, so good, so sweet?
Cla. A subtle Woman.
Isab. You shall forgive me, 'twas a Trick to try ye,

And

And were I ſure ye lov'd me——
Cla. Do you doubt now?
Iſab. I do not doubt, but he that would profeſs this,
And bear that full Affection you make ſhew of,
Should do——
Cla. What ſhould I do?
Iſab. I cannot ſhew ye.
Cla. I'll try thee, damned'ſt Devil; hark ye, Lady.
No Man ſhall dare do more, no Service top me,
I'll marry ye.
Iſab. How, Sir?
Cla. Your Husband's ſentenc'd,
And he ſhall die——
Iſab. Die?
Cla. Die for ever to ye,
The Danger is mine own.
Iſab. Die, did ye tell me?
Cla. He ſhall die, I have caſt the way.
Iſab. Oh foul Man,
Malicious, bloody Man!

Enter Lopez.

Lop. When ſhall he die, Sir,
By whom, and how?
Cla. Haſt thou betraid me, Woman?
Iſab. Baſe Man, thou would'ſt have ruin'd me, my Name too,
And like a Toad, poiſon'd my virtuous Memory;
Further than all this, doſt thou ſee this Friend here,
This only Friend? (ſhame take thy Luſt and thee,
And ſhake thy Soul,) his Life, the Life I love thus,
My Life in him, my only Life thou aim'ſt at.
Cla. Am I catcht thus?
Lop. The Law ſhall catch ye better.
Iſab. You make a Trade of betraying Women's Honours,
And think it (40) noble in you to be luſtful,
Report of me hereafter——

(40) —*noble in to be luſtful,*] *You* is from the ancienteſt Edition.

Cla.

Cla. Fool'd thus finely?
Lop. I muſt intreat ye walk, Sir, to the Juſtice,
Where if he'll bid ye kill me——
Cla. Pray ſtay a while, Sir;
I muſt uſe a Player's ſhift; do you know me now, Lady?
Lop. Your Brother *Claudio* ſure.
Iſab. Oh me, 'tis he, Sir,
Oh my beſt Brother.
Cla. My beſt Siſter now too;
I've tryed ye, found ye ſo, and now I love ye,
Love ye ſo truly, nobly——
Lop. Sir, I thank ye,
You've made me a moſt happy Man.
Cla. Thank her, Sir,
And from this Hour preſerve that Happineſs,
Be no more fool'd with Jealouſie——
Lop. I've loſt it,
And take me now new born again; new natur'd.
Iſab. I do, and to that Promiſe tye this Faith,
Never to have a falſe Thought tempt my Virtue.
Lop. Enough, enough, I muſt deſire your Preſence,
My Couſin *Rodope* has ſent in all haſte for us,
I'm ſure you will be welcome.
Cla. I'll wait on ye.
Lop. What th' Project is——
Iſab. We ſhall know when we're there, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Dutcheſs, Syenna, *Lords, and* Silvio.

Dutch. Joy to you, *Silvio*, and your young fair Bride;
You've ſtol'n a Day upon's; you cannot wooe, Sir.
Sil. The joys of Hell hang over me, oh Miſchief!
To what a Fortune has the Devil driv'n me?
Am I reſerv'd for this?
Syen. Beſhrew me, Sir,
But you have gotten you a right fair Bedfellow,
Let you alone to chuſe.

Sil.

Sil. I beſeech your Grace ——
'Tis Miſery enough t' have met the Devil,
Not Mens Reproaches too.
Syen. How old is ſhe?
Dutch. A very Girl, her Eye delivers it.
Syen. Her Teeth are ſcarce come yet.
Lord. What goodly Children
Will they two have now? ſhe's rarely made to breed on,
What a ſweet timber'd Body?
Dutch. Knotty i'th' Back,
But will hold out the ſtronger; what a Noſe?
Syen. Ay marry, ſuch a Noſe, ſo rarely mounted,
Upon my Conſcience, 'twas the part he doted on.
Dutch. And that fine little Eye to't, like an Elephant's.
Lord. Yes, if her Feet were round, and her Ears Sachels.
Syen. For any thing we know ——
Sil. Have ye no Mercy?
No Pity in your Bloods, to uſe a Wretch thus?
You Princes, in whoſe Hearts the beſt Compaſſions,
Neareſt to thoſe in Heav'n, ſhould find fit Places,
Why d' you mock at Miſery? fling ſcorns and baſeneſs
Upon his broken Back, that ſinks with Sorrows?
Heav'n may reward you too, and an Hour come,
(41) When all your great Deſigns ſhall ſhew ridiculous,
And your Hearts pinch'd like mine ——
[*Muſick in divers Places.*
Dutch. Fie, Sir, ſo angry
Upon your Wedding-day? go ſmug your ſelf,
The Maid will come anon; what Muſick's this?
Syen. I warrant you ſome noble Preparation.
Dutch. Let's take our Places then.
Sil. More of theſe Devil's dumps?
Muſt I be ever haunted with theſe Witchcrafts?

(41) *When all* her ——] *Your*, which is the true Lection, is only to be found in the firſt Folio.

Enter a Masquerado of several Shapes, and Dances, after which, Enter Belvidere *and dispersers them; before the Maskers, Enter two Presenters, among which are* Bartello, Lopez, Claudio, Isabella, Rodope, Soto, Penurio, *and* Jaquenet.

1 *Pre.* Room, room for merry Spirits, room,
Hither on command we come,
From the good old Beldam sent,
Cares and Sorrows to prevent.
2 *Pre.* Look up *Silvio*, smile, and sing,
After Winter comes a Spring.
1 *Pre.* Fear not, faint Fool, what may follow,
Eyes that now are sunk and hollow,
By her Art may quick return
To their Flames again, and burn.
2 *Pre.* Art commands all Youth and Blood,
Strength and Beauty it makes good.
1 *Pre.* Fear not then, despair not, sing,
Round about as we do Spring;
Cares and Sorrows cast away,
This is th' old Wives Holy-day.
[*Dance here, then enter* Belvidere.
Dutch. Who's this?
Syen. The shape of *Belvidere.*
Bel. Now *Silvio*,
How dost thou like me now?
Sil. Thus I kneel to thee.
Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer, mark me well too,
For if thou troublest me, I vanish instantly;
Now chuse wisely, or chuse never,
One thou must enjoy for ever.
Dost thou love me thus?
Sil. Most dearly.
Bel. Take heed, Fool, it concerns thee nearly.
If thou'lt have me young and bright,
Pleasing to thine Eye and Sight,
Courtly, and admir'd of all,
Take heed lest thy Fame do fall;

I ſhall then be full of ſcorn,
Wanton, proud, (beware the Horn)
Hating what I lov'd before,
Flattery apt to fall before,
All conſuming, nothing getting,
Thus thy fair Name comes to ſetting.
But if old, and free from theſe,
Thou ſhalt chuſe me, I ſhall pleaſe;
I ſhall then maintain thee ſtill,
With my Virtue and my Skill,
Still increaſe and build thy Name,
Chuſe now, *Silvio*, here I am.

Sil. I know not what to ſay, which way to turn me,
Into thy ſovereign Will I put my Anſwer.

Bel. I thank ye, Sir, and my will thus rewards ye,
Take your old Love, your beſt, your deareſt, *Silvio*;
No more Spells now, nor further Shapes to alter me,
I am thy *Belvidere* indeed. Dear Mother,
There is no altering this; Heav'n's Hand is with it;
And now you ought to give me, he has fairly won me.

Sil. But why that Hag?

Bel. In that Shape moſt ſecure ſtill,
I follow'd all your Fortunes, ſerv'd, and counſell'd ye.
I met ye at the Farmer's firſt, a Country-wench,
Where fearing to be known, I took that Habit,
And to make ye laughing-ſport at this mad Marriage,
By ſecret aid of my Friend *Rodope*
We got this Mask.

Sil. And am I ſure I have ye?

Bel. For ever now, for ever.

Dutch. You ſee it muſt be,
The Wheel of Deſtiny hath turn'd it round ſo.

Syen. It muſt, it is, and curs'd be he that breaks it.

Dutch. I'll put a Choice to you, Sir; y' are my Priſoner——

Syen. I am ſo, and I muſt be ſo, till't pleaſe you——

Dutch. Chuſe one of theſe, either to pay a Ranſom,
At what rate I ſhall ſet it, which ſhall be high enough,
And ſo return a Free-man, and a Batchelor;
Or give me leave to give you a fit Wife,

In honour ev'ry way your Grace's Equal,
And ſo your Ranſom's paid.

Syen. You ſay moſt nobly,
Silvio's Example's mine, pray chuſe you for me.

Dutch. I thank ye, Sir, I've got the maſt'ry too,
And here I give your Grace a Husband's freedom:
Give me your Hand, my Husband.

Syen You much honour me,
And I ſhall ever ſerve you for this Favour.

Bar. Come, *Lopez*, let's give our Wives th' Breeches too,
For they will have 'em.

Lop. Whilſt they rule with Virtue
I'll give 'em Skin and all.

Iſab. We'll ſcratch it off elſe.

Sil. [*Turning to* Claudio.] I'm glad ye live, more glad ye live to honour,
And from this Hour a ſtronger Love dwell with us:
Pray take your Man again.

Cla. He knows my Houſe, Sir.

Dutch. 'Tis Sin to keep you longer from your Loves,
We'll lead the way; and you young Men that know not
How to preſerve a Wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their Sovereign Wills, and pleas'd they are.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR, THE LITTLE THIEF. A COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TOM Lurcher.
Jack Wildbrain.
Gentlemen.
Justice Algripe.
Frank Heartlove.
Toby.
Servants.
Sexton.
Bell-Ringers.
Boy.
A Lady, Mother to Maria.
Maria.
Nurse.
Mistress Newlove.
Women.
Mistress.

THE

THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR, THE LITTLE THIEF.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Tom Lurcher, *and* Jack Wildbrain.

LURCHER.

JACK.

Wild. What Wind brought thee hither? (1) In what hollow Tree, or old rotten Wall Haſt thou been like a Swallow all this Winter? Where haſt thou been, Man?

Lur. Following the Plow.

Wild. What Plow? Thou haſt no Land, Stealing is thy own Purchaſe.

Lur. The beſt Inheritance.

Wild.

(1) *In what hollow Tree, or rotten Wall*] The Addition I have made to this Line is from the Quarto of 1640. Mr. *Theobald*, who has beſtow'd much Pains in collating this Play, with the above-mention'd Quarto, has, by I don't know what Overſight, miſs'd this Lection. The Reader will find that the Slips this Gentleman has made, with relation to his Collating, will appear but as a Gleaning to the Harveſt. And as I would not clog the Page, nor tire the Reader with the Repe-

 tition

Wild. Not in my Opinion,
Thou hadſt five hundred Pound a Year.
Lur. 'Tis gone,
Prithee no more on't; have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, Nature made all Men equal,
Her diſtribution to each Child alike;
'Till Labour came and thruſt a new Will in,
Which I allow not; 'till Men won a Privilege
(2) By that they call Endeavour, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful Couſenage,
An allow'd way to cheat? why ſhould my Neighbour,
That hath no more Soul than his Horſe-keeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a Broom-man,
Have fourty thouſand Pounds, and I four Groats?
Why ſhould he keep it?
Wild. Thy old Opinion ſtill.
Lur. Why ſhould that Scriv'ner,
That ne'er writ Reaſon in his Life, nor any thing
That Time e'er glory'd in; that never knew
How to keep any Courteſie conceal'd,
But *Noverint univerſi* muſt proclaim it,
Purchaſe perpetually, and I a Raſcal?
Conſider this, why ſhould that mouldy Cobler
Marry his Daughter to a wealthy Merchant,
And give five thouſand Pounds? Is this good Juſtice?
Becauſe he has a tougher Conſtitution,
Can feed upon old Songs, and ſave his Mony,
Therefore muſt I go beg?
Wild. What's this to thee?
(3) Thou canſt not mend it, if thou be'ſt determin'd
To rob all like a Tyrant, yet take heed
A keener Juſtice do not overtake thee,
And catch you in a Nooſe.

tition of Mr. *Theobald*'s Name, and *thus reads the old Quarto*, ſo I beg him to take notice, that where the preſent Text is read differently from the other Copies, 'tis from Mr. *Theobald*'s Collation, tho' I name him not. What I have obſerv'd, which he has overlook'd, will be ſufficiently diſtinguiſh'd by the Note ſubjoined.

(2) But *that they call*

(3) *Thou canſt not mend,*

Lur.

Lur. I am no Wood-cock:
He that ſhall ſit down frighted with that foolery
Is not worth Pity, let me alone to ſhuffle:
Thou art for Wenching.
Wild. For Beauty I, a ſafe Courſe,
(4) No halter hangs in my way, I defie it.
Lur. But a worſe Fate, a wilful Poverty.
For where thou gain'ſt by one that indeed loves thee,
A thouſand will draw from thee, 'tis thy Deſtiny;
One is a kind of weeping Croſs, *Jack*,
A gentle Purgatory, do not fling at all,
You'll pay the Box ſo often, 'till you periſh.
Wild. Take you no care for that, Sir, 'tis my Pleaſure;
I will imploy my Wits a great deal faſter
Than you ſhall do your Fingers; and my Loves,
If I miſtake not, ſhall prove riper Harveſt
And handſomer, (5) and come within leſs Danger.
Where's thy young Siſter?
Lur. I know not where ſhe is, ſhe's not worth caring for,
She has no Wit. Oh you'd be nibling with her?
She's far enough I hope, I know not where,
She's not worth caring for, a ſullen thing,
She wou'd not take my Counſel, *Jack*, and ſo
I parted from her.
Wild. Leave her to her Wants?
Lur. I gave her a little Money, what I could ſpare;
She had a Mind to th' Country, ſhe is turn'd,
By this, (6) ſome Farmer's dairy Maid, I may meet her
Riding from Market one Day, 'twixt her Dorſers,
If I do, by this Hand I wo'not ſpare
Her Butter Pence.
Wild. Thou wilt not rob thy Siſter.
Lur. She ſhall account me for her Eggs and Cheeſes.

(4) *No halter hangs in* the *way*,
(5) ——— *and come* within *leſs Danger.*] The more natural Reading ſhould ſeem to be this,
——— *and come* in with *leſs Danger.*
(6) ———*ſome* Farrier's *dairy Maid*,———] That this is Senſe, and may be true, I won't diſpute; but I can't yet help thinking that the better Reading is,
——— *a* Farmer's *dairy Maid*,———

Wild.

Wild. A pretty Girl; did not old *Algripe* love her?
A very pretty Girl she was.
Lur. Some such thing,
But he was too wise to fasten; let her pass.
Wild. Then where's thy Mistress?
Lur. Where you sha' not find her,
Nor know what Stuff she is made on, no indeed, Sir,
(7) I chose her not for your use.
Wild. Sure she's handsome.
Lur. Yes indeed is she, she is very handsome,
But that's all one.
Wild. You'll come to th' Marriage? *Lur.* Is it
To Day? *Wild.* Now, now, they are come from Church now.
Lur. Any great Preparation,
Does Justice *Algripe* shew his Power? *Wild.* Very glorious,
And glorious People there. *Lur.* I may meet with him
Yet e'er I die, as cunning as he is.
Wild. You may do good, *Tom*, (8) at the Marriage,
We've Plate and dainty things.
Lur. Do you no harm, Sir;
For yet methinks the Marriage should be marr'd
If thou may'st have thy Will, farewel, say nothing. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Wild. You are welcome, noble Friends.
1 *Gent.* I thank you Sir.
Nephew to the old Lady, his Name's *Wildbrain*,
And wild his best Condition. 2 *Gent.* I have heard of him.
I pray ye tell me, Sir, is young *Maria* merry
After her Marriage Rites? Does she look lively?
How does she like her Man? *Wild.* Very scurvily,
And as untowardly she prepares her self,
But it is mine Aunt's will, that this dull Metal
Must be mixt with her, to allay her Handsomeness.
1 *Gent.* Had *Heartlove* no fast Friends?
Wild. His Means are little,
And where those Littles are, as little Comforts

(7) *I* choose *her*
(8) —— *at the* Carriage,

Ever

Ever keep Company: I know she loves him,
His Memory beyond the Hopes of———
Beyond the *Indies* in his mouldy Cabinets,
But 'tis her unhandsome Fate——

Enter Frank Heartlove.

1 *Gent.* I'm sorry for't.
Here comes poor *Frank*; nay we are Friends, start not, Sir,
We see your Willow, and are sorry for't,
And though it be a Wedding, we're half Mourners.
Frank. Good Gentlemen, remember not my Fortunes,
They are not to be help'd by Words.
Wild. Look up Man,
A proper sensible Fellow, and shrink for a Wench?
Are there no more? Or is she all the Handsomeness?
Frank. Prithee leave fooling.
Wild. Prithee leave thou whining;
Have Maids forgot to love?
Frank. You are injurious.
Wild. Let 'em alone a while, they'll follow thee.
1 *Gent.* Come, good *Frank*,
Forget now, since there is no Remedy,
And shew a merry Face, as wise Men would do.
2 *Gent.* Be a free Guest, and think not of those Passages.
Wild. Think how to nick him home, thou know'st she doats on thee,
(9) Graffe me a dainty Medlar on his Crabstock;
Pay me the dreaming Puppy.
Frank. Well, make your Mirth, the whilst I bear my Misery:
Honest Minds would have better Thoughts.
Wild. I am her Kinsman,
And love her well, am tender of her Youth,
Yet honest *Frank*, before I'd have that Stinkard,
That walking rotten Tomb, enjoy her Maidenhead——
Frank. Prithee leave mocking.
Wild. Prithee *Frank* believe me;
Go to, consider, hark, they knock to dinner, [*Knock within.*

(9) Graf *me*—

Come

Come, wo't thou go?
2 *Gent.* I prithee *Frank* go with us,
And laugh and dance as we do.
Frank. You're light, Gentlemen,
Nothing to weigh your Hearts, pray give me leave,
I'll come and ſee, and take my Leave.
Wild. We'll look for you, [when
Do not deſpair, I have a Trick yet. [*Exit.*] *Frank.* (10) Yes,
I'm miſchievous I will believe your Projects?
She's gone, for ever gone, I cannot help it,
My Hopes and all my Happineſs gone with her,
Gone like a pleaſing Dream: What Mirth and Jollity
Reigns round about this Houſe? How every Office
Sweats with new Joys? Can ſhe be merry too?
Is all this Pleaſure ſet by her Appointment?
Sure ſh'as a falſe Heart then; ſtill they grow louder——
The old Man's God, his Gold, has won upon her,
(Light-hearted Cordial Gold) and all my Services
That offer'd naked Truth, are clean forgotten:
Yet if ſhe were compell'd——but it can't be.
If I could but imagine her Will mine,
Although he had her Body——

Enter Lady and Wildbrain.

Lady. He ſhall come in.
Walk without Doors o'this Day? though an Enemy,
It muſt not be.
Wild. You muſt compel him, Madam.
Lady. No, ſhe ſhall fetch him in, Nephew 't ſhall be ſo.
Wild. It will be fitteſt. [*Exit.*
Frank. Can fair *Maria* look again upon me?
Can there be ſo much Impudence in Sweetneſs?

Enter Maria.

Or has ſhe got a ſtrong Heart to defie me?
She comes her ſelf; how rich ſhe is in Jewels!
Methinks they ſhow like frozen Iſicles,
Cold Winter had hung on her; how the Roſes,

(10) Frank. *When I am miſchievous*

That

That kept continual ſpring within her Cheeks,
Are wither'd with the old Man's dull Embraces?
She would ſpeak to me. I can ſigh too, Lady,
But from a ſounder Heart: Yes, and can weep too,
But 'tis for you, that ever I believ'd you,
Tears of more pious Value than your Marriage;
(11) You would encaſe your ſelf, and I muſt credit you,
So much my old Obedience compels from me;
Go, and forget me, and my Poverty——
I need not bid you, you're too perfect that way:
But ſtill remember that I lov'd *Maria*,
Lov'd with a loyal Love; nay turn not from me,
I will not ask a Tear more, you are bountiful,
Go and rejoice, and I will wait upon you
That little of my Life left.

Mar. Good Sir, hear me:
What has been done, was th' Act of my Obedience
And not my Will, forc'd from me by my Parents:
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handſomely,
And if there can be more Society,
Without Diſhonour to my Tie of Marriage,
Or Place for noble Love, I ſhall love you ſtill,
You had the firſt, the laſt, had my Will proſper'd.
You talk of little time of Life, dear *Frank*,
Certain I am not marry'd for Eternity:
The Joy my Marriage brings, tells me I'm mortal,
And ſhorter liv'd than you, elſe I were miſerable;
Nor can the Gold and Eaſe his Age hath brought me
Add what I coveted, Content. Go with me,
They ſeek a Day of Joy, prithee let's ſhow it,
Though it be forc'd, and by this Kiſs believe me,
However, I muſt live at his command now,
I'll die at yours.

Frank. I have enough, I'll honour ye. [*Exeunt.*

(11) *You would* encaſe *your ſelf,*——] There is a Difficulty in this Word *encaſe*, which renders the Line obſcure, to ſay no more. The Reader is left to underſtand it if he can: But I rather ſuppoſe, that *excuſe*, though receding a good deal from the Trace of the Letters, bids faireſt for the genuine Lection.

Enter

Enter Lurcher.

Lur. Here are my Trinkets, and this luſty Marriage
I mean to viſit, I have Shifts of all Sorts,
And here are 'thouſand Wheels to ſet 'em working;
I'm very merry, for I know this Wedding
Will yield me luſty Pillage: If mad *Wildgooſe*,
That debauch'd Rogue, keep but his ancient Revels,
And breed a Hubbub in the Houſe, I'm happy.

Enter Boy.

Now what are you?

Boy. A poor diſtreſſed Boy, Sir,
Friendleſs and comfortleſs, that would intreat
Some Charity and Kindneſs from your Worſhip;
I would fain ſerve, Sir, and as fain endeavour
With duteous Labour to deſerve the Love
Of that good Gentleman ſhould entertain me.

Lur. A pretty Boy, but of too mild a Breeding,
Too tender, and too baſhful a Behaviour:
What canſt thou do?

Boy. I can learn any thing
That's good and honeſt, and ſhall pleaſe a Maſter.

Lur. He bluſhes as he ſpeaks, and that I like not,
I love a bold and ſecure Confidence,
An Impudence that one may truſt: This Boy now,
Had I inſtructed him, had been a Jewel,
A Treaſure for my Uſe: Thou can'ſt not lye?

Boy. I would not willingly.

Lur. (12) Nor thou'ſt no Wit
To diſſemble neatly?

Boy. Do you love ſuch Boys, Sir?

Lur. Oh mainly, mainly, I'd have my Boy impudent,
Out-face all Truth, yet do it piouſly;
Like *Proteus*, caſt himſelf into all Forms,
As ſudden and as nimble as his Thoughts;
(13) Blench at no Danger, though it be the Gallows,
Nor make no Conſcience of a Coſenage,

(12) *Nor thou haſt* not *Wit*
(13) Blanch *at no Danger,*

Though't

Though't be i'th' Church. Your ſoft, demure, ſtill Children---
Are good for nothing, but to get long Graces——
And ſing Songs to dull Tunes; I would keep thee
And cheriſh thee, hadſt thou any active Quality,
And be a tender Maſter to thy Knavery,
But thou'rt not for my uſe.
Boy. Do you ſpeak this ſeriouſly?
Lur. Yes indeed do I.
Boy. Would you have your Boy, Sir,
Read in theſe moral Miſchiefs?
Lur. Now thou mov'ſt me.
Boy. And be a well-train'd Youth in all Activities?
Lur. By any means.
Boy. Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a proneneſs?
Lur. I ſpeak this to make thee.
Boy. Then take me, Sir, and cheriſh me, and love me,
You have me what you would: believe me, Sir,
I can do any thing for your advantage.
I gueſs at what you mean; I can lie naturally,
As eaſily as I can ſleep, Sir, and ſecurely;
As naturally I can ſteal too——
Lur. That I'm glad on,
Right heart'ly glad on, hold thee there, thou'rt excellent.
Boy. Steal any thing from any Body living.
Lur. Not from thy Maſter,
Boy. That is mine own Body,
And muſt not be.
Lur. The Boy mends mightily.
Boy. A rich Man, that like Snow heaps up his Monies,
I have a kind of pious Zeal to meet ſtill;
A Fool that not deſerves 'em, I take pity on,
For fear he ſhould run mad, and ſo I eaſe him.
Lur. Excellent Boy, and able to inſtruct me,
Of mine own Nature juſt.
Boy. I ſcorn all hazard,
And on the edge of Danger I do beſt, Sir.
I have a thouſand Faces to deceive,
And to thoſe, twice ſo many Tongues to flatter,

An

An Impudence, no Braſs was ever tougher,
And for my Conſcience ———
Lur. Peace, I've found a Jewel,
A Jewel all the *Indies* cannot match,
And thou ſha't feel ——
Boy. This tittle, and I've done, Sir;
I never can confeſs, I've that Spell on me;
And ſuch rare Modeſties before a Magiſtrate,
Such Innocence to catch a Judge, ſuch Ignorance —
Lur. I'll learn of thee, thou art mine own, come Boy,
I'll give thee action preſently.
Boy. Have at you.
Lur. What muſt I call thee?
Boy. Snap, Sir.
Lur. 'Tis moſt natural,
A Name born to thee, ſure thou art a Fairy;
Shew but thy Skill, and I ſhall make thee happy.

Enter Lady, Nurſe, Miſtreſs Newlove *and* Toby.

Lady. Where be theſe Knaves? who ſtrews up all the Liveries?
Is the Bride's Bed made?
Toby. Yes, Madam, and a Bell
Hung under 't artificially.
Lady. Out, Knave, out,
Muſt we (14) have larums now?
Toby. A little warning [Madam;
That we (15) may know when to begin our Healths,
The Juſtice is a kind of old Jade, Madam,
That will go merrieſt with a Bell.
Lady. All the Houſe drunk?
Toby. This is a Houſe of Jubilee.
Lady. Are the beſt Hangings up? and th' Plate ſet out?
Who makes the Poſſet, Nurſe?
Nurſe. The Dairy Maid,
And ſhe will put that in, will make him caper:
Well, Madam, well, you might ha' choſe another,

(14) —— *have* 'larms *now?*
(15) —— *may know to begin.*

A

(16) A handſomer for your Years.
Lady. Peace, he is rich, Nurſe,
He is rich, and that's Beauty.
Nurſe. I am ſure he is rotten, [*magant.*
Would he had been hang'd (17) when he firſt ſaw her. *Ter-*
Lady. What an angry Quean is this, where, who looks to him?
Toby. He's very merry, Madam, Maſter *Wildbrain*
Has him in Hand, i'th' bottom o' the Cellar,
He ſighs and tipples——
Nurſe. Alas, good Gentleman,
My Heart's ſore for thee.
Lady. Sorrow muſt have his Courſe, Sirrah,
Give him ſome Sack to dry up his remembrance.
How does the Bridegroom? I was afraid of him. [him.
Nurſe. He's a trim Youth to be tender of, Hemp take
Muſt my ſweet new blown Roſe find ſuch a Winter
Before her Spring be near?
Lady. Peace, peace, thou 'rt fooliſh. [hobbles.
(18) *Nurſe.* And dances like a Town-Top, and reels and
Lady. Alas, good Gentleman, give him not much Wine.
Toby. He ſhall ha'none by my Conſent.
Lady. Are th' Women comforting my Daughter?

(16) *A handſomer for your Years.*] As the Lady is the chuſing Perſon, and her Neice ſhe, for whom the Choice was made, poſſibly we ſhould read

——— *for* her *Years.*

(17) ——— *when he firſt ſaw her.* Termagant.] This Word ſeems to have no right to be put in the Nurſe's Mouth, but poſſibly might have been in the Lady's; and I ſuppoſe the Miſtake to have proceeded from the Author's own Copy, who deſign'd *Termagant* to ſtand in the place of *Angry Quean*, and put it over the Words *angry Quean* without daſhing them out, thus,

Termagant
Angry Quean.

which the Editor not conſidering, took the Liberty to make *Termagant* the Concluſion of the Nurſe's Speech, and ſuffer'd *angry Quean* ſtill to ſtand in the Lady's.

(18) Nurſe. *And dances like a Town-Top,*] The putting this Line in the Nurſe's Mouth is againſt all Senſe and Reaſon, and confounds the Diſcourſe: I ſuſpect theſe Words belong to *Toby*, whoſe Speech at *Sighs and Tipples* being interrupted by the Lady and the Nurſe, is here reſum'd and finiſhed.

New. Yes, yes, Madam,
And reading to her a Pattern of true Patience,
They read and pray for her too.
Nurſe. They had need,
Ye had better marry her to her Grave a great deal:
There will be Peace and Reſt; alas poor Gentlewoman!
Muſt ſhe become a Nurſe now in her Tenderneſs?
Well Madam, well, my Heart bleeds.
Lady. Thou 'rt a Fool ſtill——
Nurſe. Pray Heav'n I be.
Lady. And an old Fool to be vext thus.
'Tis late, ſhe muſt to Bed, go, Knave, be merry,
Drink for a Boy; away to all your Charges. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain, *and* Frank Heartlove.

Wild. Do as thou wo't; but if thou doſt refuſe it
Thou art the ſtupid'ſt Aſs—there's no long arguing,
Time is too precious, *Frank.*
Frank. I'm hot with Wine,
And apt now to believe; but if thou doſt this
Out of a Villany, to make me wrong her,
As thou art prone enough ——
Wild. Does ſhe not love thee?
Did ſhe not cry down-right, e'en now, to part with thee?
Had ſhe not ſwooned if I had not caught her?
Canſt thou have more?
Frank. I muſt confeſs all this.
Wild. Do not ſtand prating, and miſdoubting, caſting,
If ſhe go from thee now, ſhe's loſt for ever;
Now, now ſhe's going, ſhe that loves thee going,
She whom thou lov'ſt——
Frank. Pray let me think a little. [her.
Wild. There is no leiſure; think when thou'ſt embraced
Can ſhe imagine thou didſt ever honour her?
Ever believe thy Oaths, that tamely ſuffer'ſt
An old dry Ham of Horſe-fleſh to enjoy her?
Enjoy her Maiden-head? take but that from her,
That we may tell Poſterity a Man had it,
A handſom Man, a Gentleman, a young Man,
To ſave the Honour of our Houſe, the Credit:

'Tis

'Tis no great matter I desire. *Frank.* I hear you.
Wild. Free us both from the fear of breeding Fools
And Ophs, got by this Shadow: (19) we talk too long.
Frank. (20) She's going now to Bed, among the Women,
What opportunity can I have to meet her?
Wild. Let me alone, hast thou a Will? speak soundly,
Speak discreetly, speak home and handsomly,
Is't not Pity, nay Misery, nay Infamy, to leave
So rare a Pie to be cut up by a Rascal?
(21) *Frank.* I will go presently; now, now, I stay thee.
Wild. Such a dainty Doe to be taken
By one that knows not Neck-beef from a Pheasant,
(22) Nor cannot relish Braggat from Ambrosia.

(19) ——— *we* walk *too long.*

(20) *She is going to Bed.*

(21) Frank. *I will go presently; now, now, I stay thee.*] The latter half of this Line certainly belongs to *Wildbrain*, who thinking *Frank*'s *presently*, too cool an Expression for a thing so suddenly to be executed, as the cuckolding of the Justice, says, *Now, now.* But what then is or can be the Meaning of, *I stay thee?* It might possibly be

—— *presently.* Wildbrain. *Now, now, I say.*

And then he continues his former Speech,

Such a dainty Doe.

(22) *Nor cannot relish* Braggat *from* Ambrosia.] Our Authors in this place have receded from the common Acceptation of *Ambrosia*, making that the Liquor here, which the general Run of the Classics call the Meat of the Gods. But they are not destitute of good Authority for so doing. Thus in *Athenæus*, B. II. C. 2. *Anaxandrides* introduces one Saying, that he *eats* Nectar and *drinks* Ambrosia, *&c.* And *Sappho* too to the same purpose, a little lower, says in one of her Poems,

A Bowl Ambrosial was mixed.

Apuleius, B. VI. among the Latins takes the same liberty, when *Psyche* is to be made immortal, *Mercury* holds out a Cup of *Ambrosia* to her, and bids her drink of it, *&c.*

After I had wrote this, I found the same Observation had been made by *Le Clerc*, in his Notes upon *Hesiod*'s *Theogony*, ver. 640. Neither are our Authors the only *English* Poets who make *Ambrosia* the Gods *Drink: Taylor*, the Water-Poet, has done the same in his *Pennyless Pilgrimage*,

And I intreat you take these Words for No-lyes;
I had good Aqua-Vitæ, *Rosa So-lies,*
With sweet Ambrosia *(the Gods own Drink)*
Most excellent geere for Mortals as I think.

But how this Person came by the Knowledge of such a Thing, I have neither Will nor Leisure to examine at present.

Is it not Conſcience?

Frank. Yes, yes, now I feel it.

Wild. A meritorious thing?

Frank. Good Father *Wildgooſe*,
I do confeſs it.

Wild. Come then follow me,
And pluck a Man's Heart up; I'll lock thee privately,
Where ſhe alone ſhall preſently paſs by,
None near to interrupt thee; but be ſure ——

Frank. I ſhall be ſure enough, lead on, and crown me.

Wild. No wringings in your Mind now as you love me.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lady, Maria, *Juſtice*, *Gentlemen*, *Nurſe*, Newlove.

Lady. 'Tis time you were a-bed.

Juſt. I prithee, Sweetheart,
Conſider my Neceſſity, why art ſad?
I muſt tell you a Tale in your Ear anon ——

Nurſe. Of *Tom Thumb*;
I believe that will prove your ſtiffeſt Story.

New. I pity the young Wench.

1 *Gent.* And ſo do I too.

2 *Gent.* Come, old Sticks take fire.

1 *Gent.* But the Plague is, he'll burn out inſtantly;
Give him another Cup.

2 *Gent.* Thoſe are but flaſhes,
A Tun of Sack won't ſet him high enough.
Will ye to Bed? *Mar.* I muſt.

1 *Gent.* Come, have a good Heart,
(23) And win him like a Bowl to lye cloſe to you;
Make your beſt uſe.

Juſt. Nay prithee, Duck, go inſtantly,
I'll dance a Jig or two to warm my Body.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wild. 'Tis almoſt Midnight.

Lady. Prithee to Bed, *Maria*.

(23) *And* win *him like a Bowl*] A ſingle Letter ſeems wanting here,

And wind *him like a Bowl.*

Wild.

Wild. Go you afore, and let the Ladies follow,
And leave her to her Thoughts awhile, there muſt be
A time of taking leave of theſe ſame fooleries,
(24) Bewailing o' their Maiden-heads.
Lady. Come then,
We'll wait i'th' next Room. *Juſt.* Do not tarry; for if
Thou doſt, by my troth I ſhall fall aſleep, *Mall.* [*Ex.*
Wild. Do, do, and dream of Doterels, get you to Bed quickly,
And let us ha' no more ſtir, come, no crying,
'Tis too late now, (25) carry your ſelf diſcreetly:
The old Thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit;
For the reſt you muſt make your own play; nay not that way,
They'll pull ye all to pieces for your Whim-whams,
Your Garters and your Gloves, go modeſtly,
And privately ſteal to Bed, 'tis very late, *Mall,*
For if you go by them ſuch a new larum ———
Mar. I know not which way to avoid 'em.
Wild. This way,
This through the Cloyſters, and ſo ſteal to Bed;
When you are there once, all will ſeparate
And give ye reſt; I came out of my Pity
To ſhew you this.
Mar. I thank you. *Wild.* Here's the Keys,
Go preſently and lock the Doors faſt after ye,
That none ſhall follow.
Mar. Good Night.
Wild. Good Night, ſweet Couſin.
A good and ſweet Night, or I'll curſe thee, *Frank.* [*Ex.*

Enter Frank Heartlove.

Frank. She ſtays long, ſure young *Wildgooſe* has abus'd me,
H'as made ſport wi'me, I may yet get out again,

(24) *Bewailing* others *Maiden-heads.*] I have made no ſcruple to recede from the old Text; as Mr. *Theobald* concurr'd in the ſame Alteration.
(25) ——— *carry* your ſelves.

And I may see his Face once more; I ha' foul Intentions,
But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

Enter Maria.

Hark, hark, it was the Door,
Something comes this way, wondrous still and stealing,
May be some walking Spirit to affright me.
Mar. Oh Heav'n my Fortune.
Frank. 'Tis her Voice, stay.
Mar. Save me,
Bless me, you better Powers.
Frank. I am no Devil.
Mar. Y'are little better to disturb me now.
Frank. My Name is *Heartlove.*
Mar. Fie, fie, worthy Friend.
Fie, noble Sir.
Frank. I must talk farther with ye,
You know my fair Affection ———
Mar. So preserve it;
You know I am married now, for shame be civiler,
Not all the Earth shall make me ———
Frank. Pray walk this way,
And if you ever lov'd me ———
Mar. Take heed, *Frank,*
How you divert that Love to Hate, go home prithee.
Frank. Shall he enjoy that Sweet?
Mar. Nay pray unhand me.
Frank. He that never felt what Love was? *Mar.* Then I charge you
Stand farther off. *Frank.* I'm tame, but let me walk wi'ye,
Talk but a Minute.
Mar. So your Talk be honest,
And my untainted Honour suffer not,
I'll walk a turn or two.
Frank. Give me your Hand then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain, *Justice, Lady, Nurse, Gentlemen, Women,* Newlove.

Just. She is not in her Chamber.
Lady. She's not here.

Wild.

Wild. And I'll tell you what I dream'd——
Juſt. Give me a Torch.
1 *Gent.* Be not too haſty, Sir.
Wild. Nay let him go:
For if my Dream be true he muſt be ſpeedy,
He will be (26) trickt, and blaz'd elſe.
Nurſe. As I am a Woman
I cannot blame her if ſhe take her liberty;
Would ſhe would make thee Cuckold, thou old Bully,
A notorious Cuckold, for tormenting her.
Lady. I'll hang her then.
Nurſe. I'll bleſs her then, ſhe does Juſtice;
Is this old ſtinking Dogs-fleſh for her Diet?
Wild. Honeſt Nurſe prithee do not fret too much,
For fear I dream you'll hang yourſelf too.
Juſt. Th' Cloiſter? [Wild. *whiſpers the Juſtice.*
Wild. Such was my fancy, I don't ſay 'tis true,
Nor do I bid you be too confident.
Juſt. Where are the Keys, the Keys, I ſay? *Wild.* I dream'd ſhe
Had 'em to lock herſelf in. *Nurſe.* What a Devil
Mean you?

Enter Servant.

Wild. No harm, good Nurſe, be patient.
Ser. They are not in the Window, where they uſe to be.
Wild. What fooliſh Dreams are theſe?
Juſt. I'm mad.
Wild. I hope ſo,
If you ben't mad, I'll do my beſt to make ye.
1 *Gent.* This is ſome Trick.
2 *Gent.* I ſmell the Wildgooſe.
Juſt. Come, Gentlemen, come quickly, I beſeech you,
Quick as you can, this may be your Caſe, Gentlemen;
And bring ſome Lights, ſome Lights. [*Exit.*
Wild. Move faſter, faſter, you'll come too late elſe.

(26) ——— *trickt, and blaz'd.*] *Tricking* is drawing any Perſon's Arms, with Pen and Ink; *Blazoning* them is to ſet them forth in their proper Colours.

I'll ſtay behind and pray for ye, I had rather ſhe were diſho-
Than thou ſhouldſt have her. [neſt

Enter Maria *and* Frank.

Mar. Y'are moſt unmanly; yet I have ſome Breath left,
And this Steel to defend me; come not near me,
For if you offer but another Violence,
As I have Life I'll kill you; if I miſs that,
Upon my own Heart will I execute,
And let that fair Belief out, I had of you. [Follies:

Frank. Moſt virtuous Maid, I've done, forgive my
Pardon, O pardon, I now ſee my Wickedneſs,
And what a monſtrous Shape it puts upon me,
On your fair Hand I ſeal.

Enter Juſtice.

Juſt. Down with the Door.

Mar. We are betray'd; Oh *Frank*, *Frank!*

Frank. I'll die for ye.

Rather than you ſhall ſuffer, I'll—— [*Enter all.*

Juſt. Now enter,
Enter, ſweet Gentlemen; mine Eyes, mine Eyes,
O how my Head akes. 1 *Gent.* Is it poſſible?

2 *Gent.* Hold her, ſhe ſinks. *Mar.* A Plot upon my Honour
To poiſon my fair Name, a ſtudy'd Villany:
Farewel, as I have hope of Peace, I'm honeſt.

Juſt. My Brains, my Brains, my monſtrous Brains, they bud ſure.

Nurſe. She is gone, ſhe is gone.

Juſt. A handſome riddance of her.
Would I could as eas'ly loſe her Memory.

Nurſe. Is this the Sweet of Marriage, have I bred thee
For this Reward?

1 *Gent.* Hold, hold, he's deſperate too.

Juſt. Be ſure ye hold him faſt, we'll bind him over
To the next Seſſions, and if I can, I'll hang him.

Frank. Nay then I'll live to be a Terror to thee.
Sweet Virgin Roſe farewel; Heav'n has thy Beauty,
That's only fit for Heav'n. I'll live a little

To

To find the Villain out that wrought this Injury,
And then moſt bleſſed Soul I'll climb up to thee.
Farewel, I feel my ſelf another Creature. [*Exit.*
Lady. Oh Miſery of Miſeries
Nurſe. I told ye, Madam.
Lady. Carry her in, you will pay back her Portion?
Juſt. No not a Penny, pay me back my Credit,
And I'll condition wi'ye.
Lady. A ſad Wedding!
Her Grave muſt be her Bridal-Bed; oh *Mall*,
Would I had wed thee to thy own Content,
Then I had had thee ſtill.
Juſt. I'm mad, farewel,
Another wanton Wife will prove a Hell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Tom Lurcher, *and his Boy.*

Lur. WHAT haſt thou done?
Boy. I've walked through all the Lodgings.
A Silence, as if Death dwelt there, inhabits.
Lur. What haſt thou ſeen?
Boy. Nought but a ſad Confuſion,
Every thing left in ſuch a looſe Diſorder,
That were there twenty Thieves, they would be laden.
Lur. 'Tis very well, I like thy Care, but 'tis ſtrange
A wedding Night ſhould be ſo ſolitary. [Sickneſs
Boy. Certainly there's ſome Cauſe, ſome Death or
Is fallen ſuddenly upon ſome Friend,
Or ſome ſtrange News is come.
Lur. Are they all a-bed?
Boy. I think ſo, and ſound aſleep, unleſs it be
Some Women that keep watch in a low Parlor,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.
Lur. Where's all the Plate?
Boy. Why lockt up in that Room:
I ſaw th' old Lady, e'er ſhe went to Bed,
Put up her Plate, and ſome of the rich Hangings

In

In a small long Chest; Chains and Rings are there too;
It stands close by the Table on a Form.
Lur. 'Twas a good notice, didst thou see the Men?
Boy. I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves,
But what they said I was too far to hear, Sir.
Lur. 'Tis daintily discover'd, we shall certainly
Have a most prosp'rous Night; which way?
Boy. A close one,
A Back-Door, that the Women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch Necessaries,
Close on the Garden side.
Lur. I love diligence:
Wert thou not fearful?
Boy. Fearful? I'll be hang'd first.
Lur. Say they had spied thee.
Boy. I was then determin'd [pany,
T' have cry'd downright too, and have kept 'em Com-
As one that had an Interest in their Sadness;
Or made an Errand to I know not whom, Sir.
Lur. My dainty Boy, let us discharge; that Plate
Makes a perpetual Motion in my Fingers
'Till I have fast hold of it.
Boy. Pray be wise, Sir, do't handsomly, ben't greedy,
Let's handle it with such an Excellence
As if we would bring thieving into Honour:
We must disguise, to fright these reverend Watches.
Lur. Still my blest Boy.
Boy. And clear the Room of drunken Jealousies;
The Chest is of some weight, and we may make
Such noise i'the carriage we may be snap'd.
Lur. Come open, here's a Devil's Face.
Boy. No, no, Sir, we'll have no shape so terrible,
We will not do the Devil so much pleasure
To have him face our Plot.
Lur. A winding Sheet then.
Boy. That's too cold a Shift,
I would not wear the Reward of my Wickedness;
I wonder you're an old Thief, and no cunninger,
Where's the long Cloak?
Lur. Here, here.
Boy. Give me the Turbant And

And the false Beard: I hear some coming this way;
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your Shoulders,
And now as I direct—stay, let them enter,
And when I touch move forward, make no Noise.

Enter Nurse and Toby.

Nurse. Oh 'tis a sad time, (27) all the burnt Wine's drank, *Nick.*

Toby. We may thank your dry Chaps for't, th' Canary's gone too,
No Substance for a sorrowful Mind to work upon;
I cannot mourn in Beer: if she should walk now,
As discontented Sprites are wont to do——

Nurse. And meet us in the Cellar.

Toby. What fence have we with single Beer against her?
What Heart can we defie the Devil with?

Nurse. The *March* Beer's open.

Toby. A Fortification of *March* Beer will do well,
I must confess 'tis a most mighty Armour,
For I presume I cannot pray.

Nurse. Why, *Nicholas?* [Prayers

Toby. We Coachmen have such tumbling Faiths, no Can go an even Pace.

Nurse. Hold up your Candle.

Toby. Verily Nurse, I have cry'd so much
For my young Mistress that is mortify'd,
That if I have not more Sack to support me,
I shall e'en sleep; Hey ho, for another Flaggon;
These Burials and Christnings are the mournfulst Matters,
And they ask more Drink.

Nurse. Drink to a sad Heart's needful.

Toby. Mine's ever sad, for I am ever dry, Nurse.

Nurse. Methinks the Light burns blue, I prithee snuff it,
There's a Thief in't, I think.

Toby. There may be one near it.

Nurse. What's that that moves there, i'th' Name of—*Nicholas?*
That thing that walks.

Toby. Would I had a Ladder to behold it;

(27) —— *All the burnt Wine is* burnt.

Mercy

Mercy upon me, the Ghoſt of one o'th' Guard ſure,
'Tis the Devil by his Claws, he ſmells of Brimſtone,
Sure he farts Fire, what an Earthquake I have in me;
Out with thy Prayer-Book, Nurſe.

Nurſe. It fell i'th' frying Pan, (28) and the Cats eat it.

Toby. I have no Power to pray; it grows ſtill longer,
'Tis Steeple high now, and it ſails away Nurſe.
Let's call the Butler up, for he ſpeaks *Latin*,
And that will daunt the Devil: I am blaſted,
My Belly's grown to nothing.

Nurſe. (29) Flie, flie, *Toby.* [*Exit.*

Boy. So let them go, and whilſt they are aſtoniſh'd,
Let's preſently upon the reſt now, ſuddenly.

Lur. Off, off, and up again when we're near th' Parlor;
Art ſure thou know'ſt the Cheſt?

Boy. Though't were i'th' dark, Sir,
I can go to it.

Lur. On then, and be happy. [*Exit.*

Enter Toby.

Toby. How my Haunches quake, is the thing here ſtill?
Now can I out-do any Button-maker at his own Trade,
I have fifteen Fits of an Ague---Nurſe---'tis gone I hope:
The hard-hearted Woman has left me alone. Nurſe ——
And ſhe knows too I ha' but a lean Conſcience to keep me Company. [*Noiſe within.*
The Devil's among 'em in the Parlour ſure,
The Ghoſt three Stories high, he has the Nurſe ſure,
He's boiling of her Bones now, hark how ſhe whiſtles:
There's Gentlewomen within too, how will they do?
I'll to the Cook, for he was drunk laſt Night,
And now he's valiant, he's a-kin to th' Devil too,
And fears no Fire.

Enter Lurcher *and Boy.*

Lur. No Light?

Boy. None left, Sir,
They're gone, and carried all the Candles with 'em,
Their fright is infinite, let's make good uſe on't,

(28) —— *and the* Cat's *eat it.*
(29) *Fie, fie,* Toby.

We

We must be quick, Sir, quick, or th' House will rise else.
Lur. Was this the Chest?
Boy. Yes, yes.
Lur. There was two of 'em,
Or I mistake.
Boy. I know the right, no stay, Sir,
Nor no Discourse, but to our labour lustily,
Put to your strength and make as little noise ——
Then presently out at the back Door.
Lur. Come, Boy;
Come happy Child, and let me hug thy Excellence. [*Exe.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wild. What thousand noises pass thro' all the Rooms?
What cries and hurries? Sure the Devil's drunk,
And tumbles through the House; my Villanies,
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or Fear, a little now molest me;
My Cousin's Death, sits heavy o' my Conscience,
Would I'd been half-hang'd when I hammer'd it.
I aim'd at a living Divorce, not a Burial,
That *Frank* might have had some hope; hark still,
In every Room Confusion, they're all mad,
Most certain all stark mad within the House,
A Punishment inflicted for my lewdness,
That I might have the more Sense of my Mischief,
And run the more mad too; my Aunt is hang'd sure,
Sure hang'd herself, or else the Fiend has fetch'd her.
I heard a hundred cries, the Devil, the Devil,
Then roaring, and then tumbling; all the Chambers
Are a mere *Babel*, or another *Bedlam*.
What should I think? I shake myself too: Can the
Devil find no time, but when we are merry?
Here's something comes.

Enter Newlove.

New. Oh that I had some Company,
I care not what they were, to ease my Misery,
To comfort me.
Wild. Who's that?

New.

New. Again? nay then receive ——
Wild. Hold, hold, I am no Fury.
The Merchant's Wife. [*Aside.*
New. Are ye a Man? Pray Heav'n ye be.
Wild. I am.
New. Alas I have met, Sir,
The ſtrangeſt things to Night.
Wild. Why do you ſtare?
New. Pray comfort me, and put your Candle out,
For if I ſee the Spirit again I die for't.
And hold me faſt, or I ſhall ſhake to Pieces.
Wild. I'll warrant you, I'll hold ye,
Hold ye as tenderly; I've put the Light out,
Retire into my Chamber, there I'll watch wi'ye,
I'll keep you from all Frights.
New. And will ye keep me?
Wild. Keep you as ſecure, Lady —— [us.
New. You muſt not wrong me then, the Devil will have
Wild. No, no, I'll love you, then the Devil will fear us.
For he fears all that love; pray come in quickly,
For this is (30) the malicious Hour he walks in,
The Hour he blaſts ſweet Faces, lames the Limbs in,
Depraves the Senſes; now within this half Hour
He will have Power to turn all Citizens Wives
Into ſtrange Creatures, Owls, and long Tail'd Monkies,
Jays, Pies, and Parrots; quickly, I ſmell his Brimſtone.
New. It comes again, I'm gone, ſhift for yourſelf, Sir.
[*Exit.*
Wild. Sure this whole Night is nothing but Illuſion.
Here's nothing comes, all they are mad; damn'd Devil
To drive her back again, 't had been thy Policy
To have let us alone, we might have done ſome fine thing
To have made thy hel-hood laugh; 'tis a dainty Wench,
If I'd her again, not all your fellow Goblins,
Nor all their Claws ſhould ſcratch her hence; I'll ſtay ſtill,
May be her Fright will bring her back again,
Yet I will hope.

(30) —— *the malicious* Houſe] I am inclinable to think that, *Houſe* is a Corruption for *Hour*, and if the Reader conſiders the Paſſage coolly, I make no doubt but he will be of my Opinion.

Enter

Enter Toby.

Toby. I can find no Bed, no Body, nor no Chamber,
Sure they are all i'th' Cellar, and I cannot find that neither,
I am led up and down like a tame Aſs, my Light's out,
And I grope up and down like blind Man buffe,
And break my Face, and break my Pate.

Wild. It comes again, ſure
I ſee the Shadow, I'll have faſter Hold now,
Sure ſhe's mad, I long to lye with a mad Woman,
She muſt needs have rare new Tricks.

Toby. I hear one whiſper,
If it be the Devil now to allure me into his Clutches,
For Devils have a kind of Tone like Crickets——

(31) *Wild.* I've a Glimpſe of her Guiſe, (32) 'tis ſhe; ſhe would ſteal by me,
But I'll ſtand ſure.

Toby. I've but a Dram of Wit left,
And that's even ready to run; oh for my Bed now.

Wild. She nam'd a Bed, I like that, ſhe repents ſure,
Where is ſhe now? *Toby.* Who's that? *Wild.* Are you there: In, in,
In preſently.

Toby. I feel his Tallons through me,
'Tis an old haggard Devil, what will he do with me?

Wild. Let me kiſs thee firſt, quick, quick.

Toby. A leach'rous Devil.

Wild. What a hairy Whore 'tis, ſure ſhe has a Muffler.

Toby. If I ſhould have a young Satan by him, for I dare not deny him.
In what Caſe were I? Who durſt deliver me?

Wild. 'Tis but my Fancy, ſhe's the ſame, in quickly, gently my ſweet Girl.

Toby. Sweet De'ell, be good to me. [*Exeunt.*

(31) *I have a Glimpſe of her.*] The dropping of Speakers, as well as the wrong naming of them, is a Fault very common among the Editors of our Author's Works. The former, I ſuppoſe, with Mr. *Theobald*, is the Caſe here, as the latter is afterwards in this very Play, *&c. Wildbrain* ought to be fixed before

I have a Glimpſe of her, &c.

(32) ——— *'tis ſhe would ſteal me.*

Enter

Enter Tom Lurcher *and Boy.*

Lur. Where's my Love? Boy.
Boy. She's coming with a Candle,
To ſee our happy Prize.
Lur. I'm cruel weary.
Boy. I cannot blame ye, Plate is very heavy
To carry without Light or Help.
Lur. The fear too
At every ſtumble to be diſcover'd, Boy,
At every Cough to raiſe a Conſtable;
Well, we'll be merry now.
Boy. We have ſome reaſon;
Things compaſs'd without fear or eminent danger,
(33) Are too luxurious, Sir, to live upon.
Mony and Wealth got thus, are as full venture,
And carry in their Nature as much Merit
As his, that digs 'em out o'th' Mine, (34) they taſt too
Seaſon'd with Doubts and Dangers moſt deliciouſly;
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our Appetites.
Lur. A moſt learn'd Child!

Enter Miſtreſs.

Miſt. You're welcome, where have you left it?
Lur. In the next Room, hard by.
Miſt. Is it Plate all?
Lur. All, all, and Jewels: I am monſtrous weary,
Prithee let's go to Bed.
Miſt. Prithee let's ſee't firſt.

(33) *Are too* luxurious *to live upon.*] The meaning of *luxurious* ſeems here to be that of *ſweet, cloying*, &c. a Senſe I never remember to have found it uſed in: If the Line is to be alter'd, I would do it thus,

Are too too luſcious *to live upon.*

(34) ——— *they* laſt *too*] Where Corruptions come neareſt to Senſe they are the moſt nonſenſical, like the tuning of Inſtruments, the nearer the Strings come to Uniſons the more harſh and diſcordant they are; ſo here, *laſt*, which is but one Letter below Senſe, makes yet the moſt terrible Nonſenſe, and ought to be wrote thus,

——— ——— *they taſt too*
Seaſon'd with Doubts and Dangers, moſt deliciouſly.

Then the Metaphor is continued, and the Poets ſpeak fine Senſe.

Lur.

Lur. To Morrow's a new Day, Sweet.
Miſt. Yes, to melt it;
But let's agree to Night, how't ſhall be handled.
I'll have a new Gown ——
Lur. (35) 'Sha't have any thing.
Miſt. And ſuch a riding Suit as Miſtreſs *Newlove*'s:
What though I be no Gentlewoman born,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.
Lur. Thou ſay'ſt right.
Miſt. You promis'd me a Horſe too, and a Lackquey.
Lur. Thou ſhalt have Horſes ſix, and a Poſtilion.
Miſt. That will be ſtately, Sweet-heart; a Poſtilion.
Lur. Nay, we'll be in faſhion; he ſhall ride before us
In Winter, with as much Dirt would damp a Musket;
The inſide of our Coach ſhall be of Scarlet.
Miſt. That will be dear.
Lur. There is a Dye projecting [thing
Will make it cheap, Wench; come, thou ſhalt have any
Miſt. Where is this Cheſt? I long, Sweet, to behold
Our *Indies*.
Boy. Miſtreſs, let's melt it firſt, and then 'tis fit
You ſhould diſpoſe it, then 'tis ſafe from danger.
Miſt. I'll be a loving Miſtreſs to my Boy too.
Now fetch it in, and let's rejoice upon't.
Boy. Hold your Light, Miſtreſs, we may ſee to enter.
Miſt. Ha, what's here? call you this a Cheſt?
Boy. We ha' miſs'd, Sir;
Our haſte and want of light made us miſtake.
Miſt. A very Coffin.
Lur. How! a Coffin? Boy, 'tis very like one.
Boy. The Devil ow'd us a ſhame, and now h'as paid us.
Miſt. Is this your Treaſure?
Boy. Bury me alive in't.
Lur. It may be there is no room.
Miſt. Nay, I will ſearch it:
I'll ſee what Wealth's within,——A Woman's Face,
And a fair Woman's.
Boy. I cannot tell, Sir,
Belike this was the Sadneſs that poſſeſs'd 'em;

(35) That *have any thing*.

The Plate ſtood next, I'm ſure.
Lur. I ſhake, I ſhake, Boy, what a cold Sweat?——
Boy. This may work, what will become on's, Sir?
Miſt. She's cold, dead cold; d'ye find your Conſcience?
D'ye bring your Gillians hither? — nay, ſhe's puniſh'd,
Your conceal'd Love's cas'd up. *Lur.* It is *Maria*,
The very ſame, the Bride, new horror!
Miſt. Theſe are fine tricks, you hope ſhe's in a Swoon,
But I'll take order ſhe ſhall ne'er recover
To bore my Noſe; come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or I'll cry out; take her up inſtantly.
Lur. Be not ſo haſty, Fool, that may undo us;
We may be in for Murder ſo; be patient,
Thou ſeeſt ſhe's dead, and cannot injure thee.
Miſt. I'm ſure ſhe ſhall not.
Boy. Be not, Sir, dejected
Too much: a ſtrange miſtake! this had not been elſe,
It makes me almoſt weep to think upon't.
Lur. What an unlucky Thief am I?
Miſt. I'll no conſid'ring, either beſtir your ſelf, or——
Lur. Hold.
Miſt. Let it not ſtay, to ſmell then, I will not
Indure the ſtink of a Rival.
Lur. Would 'twere there again.
Boy. We muſt bury her.
Lur. But where o'th' ſudden, or with what Providence,
That no Eyes watch us.
Miſt. Take a Spade and follow me,
The next fair ground we meet, make the Church-yard;
As I live, I'll ſee her lodg'd. [*Exit.*
Lur. It muſt be ſo,
How heavy my Heart is, I ha' no life left.
Boy. I am paſt thinking too; no underſtanding?
That I ſhould miſs the right Cheſt.
Lur. The happy Cheſt.
Boy. That which I ſaw and mark'd too.
Lur. Well, Paſſion wo'not help us,
Had I twenty falls for this?

Boy.

(36) *Boy.* 'Twas my Fault, Sir.
Lur. And twenty thousand fears for this? o'th' Devil!
Now could I curse: well, we have her now,
And must dispose her.

Enter Mistress.

Mist. Hang both for two blind Buzzards, here's a Spade,
Quickly, or I'll call the Neighbours.
(37) There's no remedy,
Would the poor hungry Prisoners had this Pasty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Justice, and a Servant with a Light.

Ser. 'Twas a strange mischance, Sir.
Just. Mischance, say'st? No, 'twas Happiness to me,
There is so much Charge sav'd, I have her Portion,
I'll marry twenty more on such conditions.
Ser. Did it not trouble you, Sir, to see her dead?
Just. Not much, I thank my Conscience;
I was tormented 'till that happen'd; Furies
Were in my Brain to think my self a Cuckold
At that time of the Night.
When I come home, I charge you shut my Doors,
Locks, Bolts, and Bars, are little enough to secure me.
Ser. Why, an it please you?
Just. Fool, to ask that question;
To keep out Women. I expect her Mother
Will visit me with her Clamours; oh I hate
Their noise, and do abhor the whole Sex heartily;
They are all walking Devils, Harpyes: I will study
A Week together how to rail sufficiently
Upon 'em all, and that I may be furnish'd,

(36) Boy. *'Twas my Fault, Sir.*
And twenty thousand fears &c.] The smallest Attention will make it plain, that the second Line here, and so on to *Enter Mistress*, must belong to *Lurcher.*
Had I (says he) *twenty falls for this?*
Boy. *'Twas my fault, Sir.*
Lur. *And twenty thousand fears* &c. Thus all runs roundly off, and the Sense is clear.
(37) *There's no remedy,*] This I imagine again to belong to *Lurcher.*

Thou shalt buy all the railing Books and Ballads,
That Malice hath invented against Women,
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,
'Till I grow fat with Curses.
Ser. If you'll go
To th' Charge, let me alone to find you Books.
Just. They come near us.
Ser. What's that?
Just. Where? hold up the Torch, Knave.
Ser. Did you hear nothing, 'tis a——
Just. Why dost make a stand?
Ser. What's that?
Just. Where, where, dost see any thing?
We are hard by th' Church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in such irksome places;
They say Ghosts walk sometimes, hark, dy'e hear nothing?

Enter Lurcher, *Boy and Mistress.*

Mist. No farther, dig here, and lay her in quickly.
Lur. What Light is that, Boy? we shall be discover'd?
Set the Coffin up an end, and get behind me,
There's no avoiding. *Boy.* Oh! *Just.* Where is that Groan?
I begin to be afraid. *Ser.* What shall we do, Sir?
Just. We are almost at home now, thou must go forward,
Perhaps 'twas my Imagination.
Lur. 'Tis he?
Boy. I know him too, let me alone. *Ser.* Oh, Sir,
A Ghost, the very Ghost of Mistress Bride,
I have no power to run away.
Just. Curs'd Ghost——bless me! preserve me!
I do command thee, what so-e'er thou art,
I do conjure thee leave me; do not fright me.
If thou be'st a Devil vex me not so soon,
If thou be'st— the Spirit of my Wife. *Boy.* Thy Wife.
Just. Shall be tormented. *Boy.* Thy abused Wife,
That cannot peaceably enjoy her Death;
Thou hast an evil Conscience. *Just.* I know it.
Boy. Among thy other Sins, which black thy Soul,
Call to thy Mind thy Vow made to another,

Whom

Whom thou haſt wrong'd, and make her Satisfaction
Now I am dead, thou perjur'd Man; or elſe
A thouſand black Tormentors ſhall purſue thee,
Until thou leap into eternal Flames;
Where Gold which thou adoreſt here on Earth
Melted, the Fiends ſhall pour into thy Throat;
For this time paſs, go home and think upon me.

Lur. Away.

Ser. There are more Sprites.

Juſt. Thank you dear Wife,
I'll beſtow twenty Nobles on a Tomb for thee,
Thou ſhalt not walk and catch Cold after Death.
[*They go backward in.*

Lur. So, ſo, they're gone, 'twas my ingenious Raſcal:
But how doſt know he made Vows to another?

Boy. I over-heard (38) the Women talk to Night on't;
But now let's loſe no time, Sir, pray let's bury
This Gentlewoman. Where's my Miſtreſs?

Enter Miſtreſs.

Miſt. Here, I durſt not tarry.

Lur. We ha' ſo cozen'd the old forty i'th' hundred,
And the Devil hinder him not, he'll go a Pilgrimage;
But come, about our Buſineſs, ſet her down again.

Mar. Oh!

Lur. She groans, ha.

Mar. Oh!

Lur. Again, ſhe ſtirs.

Miſt. Let's fly, or elſe we ſhall be torn in pieces.

Lur. And you be good at that, bury your ſelf,
Or let the Sexton take ye for his Fee.
Away, Boy. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. I am very cold, dead cold;
Where am I? What's this? a Coffin? where have I been?
Mercy defend me: Ha? I do remember
I was betray'd, and ſwounded; my Heart akes,
I'm wondrous hungry too, dead Bodies eat not;
Sure I was meant for burial, I am frozen;

(38) *the* Woman

Death, like a cake of Ice, dwells round about me;
Darkneſs ſpreads o'er the World too; where? what Path?
Beſt Providence direct me. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lady, Wildbrain, *Women, and* Toby.

Lady. THou art the moſt unfortunate Fellow— *Wild.* Why, Aunt,
What have I done? *Lady.* The moſt malicious Varlet—
Thy wicked Head never at reſt, but hammering
And hatching helliſh things, and to no purpoſe,
So thou mayſt have thy baſe Will.

Wild. Why do you rail thus?
Cannot a ſcurvy accident fall out,
But I muſt be at one end on't?

Lady. Thou art at both ends.

Wild. Cannot young ſullen Wenches play the Fools,
And marry, and die, but I muſt be the Agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury,
Let the World judge it) was but to perſwade her,
And, as I take it, I was bound to't too,
To make the reverend Coxcomb her Husband Cuckold:
What elſe could I adviſe her? was there harm i' this!
You are of Years, and have run through Experience,
Would you be content, if you were young again,
T' have a continual Cough grow to your Pillow?
A Rottenneſs, that Vaults are Perfumes to,
Hang in your Roof, and like a Fog infect you?
Anointed Hams, to keep his Hinges turning,
Reek ever in your Noſe, and twenty Night-Caps,
With twenty ſeveral Sweats?

Toby. Some Jew, ſome Juſtice,
A thouſand Heathen ſmells to ſay truth, Madam;
And would you mellow my young pretty Miſtreſs
In ſuch a miſ-ken?

Lady. Sirrah,
Where is the Body of my Girl?

Wild.

Wild. I know not,
I am no Conjurer, you may look the Body:
I was like to be ſtol'n away my ſelf, the Spirit
Had like to ha' ſurpriz'd me in the ſhape of a Woman,
Of a young Woman, and you know thoſe are dangerous.

Toby. So had I, Madam, ſimply though I ſtand here,
I had been raviſh'd too: I had twenty Spirits,
In every corner of the Houſe a Fiend met me.

Lady. You lye like Raſcals,
Was Miſtreſs *Newlove* ſuch a Spirit, Sir,
To fright your Worſhip?
Well, I diſcharge you, Sir, you're now at liberty,
Live where you pleaſe, and do what pranks you fancy,
You know your Subſtance: though you are my Nephew,
I am no way bound, Sir, to protect your miſchief:
So fare you well.

Wild. Farewel, good Aunt, I thank you,
Adieu honeſt *Nick*; the Devil, if h'as Power,
Will perſecute your old Bones for this Marriage.
Farewel, Miſtreſs *Win.*

Toby. And ſhall we part with dry Lips?
Shall we that have been Fellow Devils together
Flinch for an old Woman's Fart?

Wild. 'Tis a fine time o' Night too, but we muſt part, *Nick.*

Toby. Shall we never ring again? ne'er toſs the Tenor,
And roul the Changes (39) in a Cup of Claret?
You ſhall not want; what e'er I lay my Hands on
(As ſure as I'm *Automedon* the Coachman,)
Shall be diſtributed; bear up, I ſay, hang Sorrow,
Give me that Bird abroad that lives at Pleaſure.
(40) *Sam* the Butler's true, the Cook a reverend *Trojan*,
The Faulkner ſhall ſell his Hawks, and ſwear they were rotten;
There be ſome wandring Spoons, that may be met with;
(41) I'll pawn a Coach Horſe, peace, utter no Sentences.
The

(39) into *a Cup*
(40) Sam *the*
(41) *I'll pawn a Coach Horſe, peace, utter no Sentences.*] The latter Part of this Line might originally belong to *Wildbrain.*

(42) The Harneſs ſhall be us'd in our Wars alſo;
Or ſhall I drive her (tell me but your will now,
Say but the Word) over ſome rotten Bridge,
Or by a Marl-Pit ſide? ſhe may ſlip in daintily,
Let me alone for my ſelf.

Wild. No, no, farewel *Toby*,
Farewel ſpiny *Nicholas*, no ſuch thing,
There be ways i'th' World, if you ſee me
A day or two hence, may be we'll crack a Quart yet,
And pull a Bell, commend me to the Houſhold;
Nay, cry not *Toby*, 'twill make thy Head giddy.

Toby. Sweet Maſter *Wildbrain!* *Wild.* No more, *Toby*, go,
The Times may alter——
But where's the Coarſe of my dead Couſin,
(If ſhe be dead) I hop'd 'thad but diſſembled,
That ſits here heavy: *Toby*, honeſt *Toby*,
Lend me thy Lanthorn, I forgot 'twas dark,
I had need look to my ways now.

Toby. Take a Lodging with me to Night in the Stable,
And ride away to Morrow with one of the Horſes,
Next your Heart, pray do. *Wild.* No,
Good Night good Neighbour *Toby*, I will wander;
I ſcorn to ſubmit my ſelf, e'er I have rambled——
But whither, or with what? that's more material;
No matter, and the worſt come, 'tis but ſtealing,
And my Aunt won't ſee me hang'd for her own Credit,
And farewel in a Halter coſts me nothing. [*Exit.*

Enter Frank Heartlove.

Frank. The Night, and all the Evil the Night covers,
The Goblins, Haggs, and the black Spawn of Darkneſs,
Cannot fright me; no, Death, I dare thy Cruelty.
For I am weary both of Life and Light too;

I'll pawn a Coach-Horſe——
Wild. *Peace, utter no Sentences*——
But *Toby*, not minding this Advice, puſhes forward his Talk till he has finiſh'd what he intended to do for his Friend.
The Harneſs ſhall &c.

(42) *The* Harſhneſs

Keep

Keep my Wits, Heav'n, they ſay Spirits appear
To melancholy Minds, and the Graves open.
I would fain ſee the fair *Maria*'s Shadow,
But ſpeak unto her Spirit e'er I dy'd,
But ask upon my Knees a Mercy from her.
I was a Villain, but her wretched Kinſman,
That ſet this Plot, ſhall with his Heart Blood ſatisfie
Her injur'd Life and Honour. What Light's this?

Enter Wildbrain *with a Lanthorn.*

Wild. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The Tavern Doors are baracado'd too,
Where I might drink 'till Morn, in Expectation;
I cannot meet the Watch neither; nothing in
The Likeneſs of a Conſtable, whom I might,
In my Diſtreſs, abuſe, and ſo be carry'd,
For want of other Lodging, to the Counter.

Frank. 'Tis his Voice, Fate I thank thee.

Wild. Ha, who is that? and thou be'ſt a Man ſpeak:
Frank Heartlove, then I bear my Deſtinies;
Thou art the Man of all the World I wiſh'd for;
My Aunt has turn'd me out a-doors, ſhe has,
At this unchriſtian Hour, and I do walk
Methinks like *Guido Faux* with my dark Lanthorn,
Stealing to ſet the Town afire; i'th' Country
I ſhould be ta'en for *William* o'the Wiſpe,
Or *Robin Good-Fellow*. And how doſt *Frank*?

Frank. The worſe for you.

Wild. Come thou'rt a Fool; art going to thy Lodging?
I'll lye with thee to Night, and tell thee Stories,
How many Devils we ha' met withal;
Our Houſe is haunted, *Frank*, whole Legions——
Fifty I ſaw for my Share.

Frank. Didſt not fright 'em?

Wild. How fright 'em? No, they frighted me ſufficiently.

Frank. Thou hadſt Wickedneſs enough to make them ſtare,
And be afraid o'thee, malicious Devil;
Come, draw thy Sword, for by *Maria*'s Soul,

I will not let thee ſcape to do more Miſchief.
Wild. Thou art mad, what doſt mean?
Frank. To kill thee, nothing elſe will eaſe my Anger:
The Injury is freſh, I bleed withal,
Nor can that Word expreſs it, there's no Peace in't,
Nor muſt it be forgiven, but in Death;
Therefore call up thy Valour, if thou'ſt any,
And ſummon up thy Spirits to defend thee;
Thy Heart muſt ſuffer for thy damned Practices
Againſt thy noble Couſin, and my Innocence.
Wild. Hold, hear a Word; did I do any thing
But for your good? and that you might have her,
That in that deſp'rate time I might redeem her,
Although with ſhew of Loſs.
Frank. Out, ugly Villain,
Fling on her the moſt hated Name of Whore
To the World's Eye, and face it out in Courteſie?
Bring him to ſee't, and make me drunk t' attempt it?

Enter Maria.

Mar. I hear ſome Voices this way.
Frank. No more, if you can pray, do't as you fight.
Mar. What new Frights oppoſe me? I've heard that Tongue.
Wild. 'Tis my Fortune.
You could not take me in a better time, Sir,
I've nothing to loſe, but the Love I lent thee,
My Life my Sword protect.
Mar. I know 'em both, but to prevent their Ruins,
Muſt not diſcover——Stay, moſt deſp'rate Men;
The Miſchief you are forward to commit,
Will keep me from my Grave, and tie my Spirit
To endleſs Troubles elſe.
Wild. Ha, 'tis her Ghoſt.
Frank. Maria?
Mar. Hear me both, each Wound you make
Runs through my Soul, and is a new Death to me,
Each threatning Danger will affright my Reſt;
Look on me *Heartlove*, and my Kinſman view me;
Was I not late, in my unhappy Marriage,

Sufficient

Sufficient miſerable? Full of all Misfortunes?
But you muſt add, (43) with your moſt impious Angers,
Unto my ſleeping Duſt this Inſolence?
Would you teach Time to ſpeak eternally
Of my Diſgraces; make Records to keep 'em,
Keep them in Braſs? Fight then, and kill my Honour;
Fight deadly both, and let your bloody Swords,
Through my reviv'd and reeking Infamy,
(That never ſhall be purg'd) find your own Ruins.
Heartlove, I lov'd thee once, and hop'd again
In a more bleſſed Love to meet thy Spirit:
If thou kill'ſt him, thou art (44) a Murtherer,
And Murther ſhall never inherit Heav'n:
My time is come, my conceal'd Grave expects me,
Farewel, and follow not, your Feet are bloody,
And will pollute my Peace. I hope they are melted,
This is my way ſure. [*Exit.*

Frank. Stay, bleſs'd Soul. *Wild.* Would ſhe had
Come ſooner, and ha' ſav'd ſome Blood. *Frank.* Doſt bleed?

Wild. Yes, certainly, I can both ſee and feel it.

Frank. Now I well hope it is not dangerous;
Give me thy Hand, (45) as farre as Honour guides me,
I will know thee again. [*Exit.*

Wild. I thank thee heartily;
I know not where to get a Surgeon;
This Viſion troubles me, ſure ſhe is living,
And I was fooliſh blind, I could not find it;
I bleed apace ſtill, and my Heart grows heavy,
If I go far I faint, I'll knock at this Houſe,
They may be charitable, would 'twere perfect Day.

(43) *with* you

(44) ——— ——— *a Murtherer,*
And Murther ſhall never inherit Heav'n:] Mr. *Theobald* reads this Place thus,
And Murtherers *ſhall* ne'er *inherit Heaven.*
I had corrected it before I ſaw his Conjecture,
——— ——— *a Murtherer,*
And a Murtherer *ſhall* ne'er *inherit* &c.

(45) ——— *as Honour guides me,*
I'll know thee again.

Enter

Enter Miſtreſs.

Miſt. 'Tis not he: What would you, Sir?
Wild. I would crave a little Reſt, Lady,
And for my Hurts ſome Surgery; I am
A Gentleman that Fortune of a Fight——
Miſt. A handſome Gentleman,
Alas he bleeds, a very handſome Gentleman.
Wild. A ſweet young Wench, beſhrew my Heart a fair one;
Fortune has made me now ſome Recompence.
Miſt. Pray, Sir, come in, the Air is hurtful for you,
Pray let me lead you, I'll have a Bed for you preſently,
I'll be your Surgeon too, alas ſweet Gentleman!
Wild. I feel no hurts, the Morning comes too faſt now.
Miſt. Softly, I beſeech you. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady and Toby.

Toby. He is not up yet, Madam, what meant you
To come forth ſo early?
Lady. You Blockhead;
Your Eyes are ſow'd up ſtill, they cannot ſee
When it is Day: Oh my poor *Maria!*
Where be the Women?
Toby. They ſaid they would follow us.
Lady. He ſhall not laugh thus at my Miſery,
And kill my Child, and ſteal away her Body,
And keep her Portion too.
Toby. Let him be hang'd for't,
You have my Voice.
Lady. Theſe Women not come yet?
A Son-in-law! I'll keep a Conjurer,
But I'll find out his Knavery.
Toby. Do, and I'll help him.
And if he were here, this Whip ſhould conjure him;
Here's a *Capias*, and it catch hold on's Breech,
I'd make him ſoon believe the Devil were there.
Lady. An old Uſurer.
Toby. He marry'd th' Mony, that is all he look'd for;
For your Daughter, let her ſink or ſwim.

Lady.

Lady. I'll ſwim him;
This is his Houſe, I wonder they ſtay thus,
That we might rail him out on's Wits.
Toby. They'll come,
Fear you not, Madam, and bring Clappers with 'em,
Or ſome have loſt their old wont; I have heard,
No Diſparagement to your Ladyſhip, ſome o'their Tongues
Like *Tom-a-Lincoln*, three Miles off.
Lady. Oh fie,
How tedious are they?
Toby. What and we loſt no time,
You and I ſhall make a ſhift to begin with him,
And tune our Inſtruments 'till th' Conſort come
To make up the full Noiſe, I'll knock.
Juſt. Who is (46) that raps ſo ſaucily? [Juſtice *above.*]
Toby. 'Tis I
Toby, come down, or elſe we'll fetch you down;
'Las, (47) this is but the Saunce-Bell, here's a Gentlewoman
Will ring y' another Peal; come down, I ſay.
Juſt. Some new Fortifications, look to my Doors,
Put double Barrs, I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her Tribe, they come to terrifie me:
Keep out her Tongue too, if you can.
Lady. I hear you,
And I will ſend my Tongue up to your Worſhip,
The Eccho of it ſhall flye o'er the Street;
(48) My Daughter that thou kill'dſt with Kindneſs, *Jew*,
That thou betray'dſt to Death, thou double *Jew*,
And after ſtoll'ſt her Body.
Toby. *Jew*'s, too good for him.
Juſt. I defie you both;
Thy Daughter plaid the Villain, and betray'd me,
Betray'd my Honour.

(46) *that* rapt
(47) *this is but the* Saints-Bell,
(48) *My Daughter that thou kill'dſt*——] As the old Lady is come to expoſtulate the Caſe with the *Juſtice*, wou'd not it be more agreeable to make her interrogate him,
Where's my Daughter &c.
'Tis what ſhe does a little lower,
Where's my Daughter's Body &c.

Lady.

Lady. Honour? Raſcal,
And let that bear an Action, I'll try't with thee.
Honour?
Toby. Oh Reprobate!
Lady. Thou muſty Juſtice,
Buy an honourable Halter and hang thy ſelf.
Toby. A worſhipful Rope's end is too good for him.
Lady. Get Honour that way, (49) thou wot die a Dog elſe.
Toby. Come and be whipt firſt. *Lady.* Where's her Portion?

Enter Nurſe and Women.

Juſt. Where I'll keep it ſafely. *Nurſe.* Traitor, thou ſha'n't keep it.
Juſt. More of the Kennel? Put more Bolts to th' Doors there,
And arm your ſelves, Hell is broke looſe upon us.
Toby. I am glad y'are come, we'll blow the Houſe down.
Lady. Oh, Nurſe, I have ſuch Cauſe— *Wom.* Villain, Viper;
Although you had no Cauſe, we're bound to help.
Nurſe. Yes, and believe, we come not here t' examine,
And if you pleaſe we'll fire the Houſe.
Juſt. Call the Conſtable.
Toby. A charitable Motion, Fire is comfortable.
Lady. No, no, we'll only let him know our Minds,
We will commit no Outrage, he's a Lawyer.
Juſt. Give me my Musket.
Lady. Where's my Daughter's Body,
That I may bury it?
Wom. Speak, or we'll bury thee.
Nurſe. Alive, we'll bury thee, ſpeak, old Iniquity.
Toby. Bury him alive by all Means for a Teſtimony.
Juſt. Their Voices make my Houſe reel, oh for Officers:
I'm in a Dream, thy Daughter's Spirit walks
A Nights, and troubles all the Neighbours: Go
Hire a Conjurer, I'll ſay no more.
Lady. The Law ſhall ſay more.

(49) thou'lt *die*

Wom.

Wom. Nurſe. We are Witneſſes,
And if thou be'ſt not hang'd———

Enter Lurcher *and Boy.*

Lur. Buy a Book of good Manners,
A ſhort Book of good Manners.
Boy. Buy a Ballad, a Ballad of the Maid was got with Child.
Toby. That might ha' been my Caſe laſt Night, I'll ha't, What e'er it coſt me.
Boy. A Ballad of the Witches hang'd at *Ludlow.*
Toby. I'll have that too;
There was an Aunt of mine, I think, among'ſt 'em,
I would be glad to hear her Teſtament.
Lur. A new Book of Women.
Juſt. The Thunder's laid, how they ſtare at him.
Lur. A new Book of Fools, a ſtrange Book,
Very ſtrange Fools.
Juſt. I'll owe thee a good Turn, what-e'er thou art.
Lur. A Book of walking Spirits.
Juſt. That I like not.
Toby. Nor I, they walk'd me the Fools Morris.
Lur. A Book of wicked Women.
Juſt. That's well thought on.
Lur. Of rude, malicious Women, of proud Women,
Of ſcolding Women. We ſhall ne'er get in.
Boy. A Ballad of wrong'd Maids.
Lady. I'll buy that.
Lur. A little, very little Book,
Of good and godly Women, a very little one,
So little you may put it in a Nutſhel.
Toby. With a ſmall Print that no Body can read it.
Nurſe. Peace, Sirrah, or I'll tear your Books.
Juſt. Open the Door and let him in, I love him.
Lur. A Book of evil Magiſtrates. *Lady.* Ay, marry,
D'ye hear that, Juſtice? *Lur.* And their eviller Wives,
That wear their Places in their Petticoats.
Juſt. D'ye hear that, Lady?
Boy. A Book new printed againſt playing, dancing,
Masking, *May*-Poles; a zealous Brother's Book,

And

And full of Fables.

Lur. Another Book of Women, of mad Women, Women that were born in *March.* [*Exit.*

Lady. Are you got in?
We would ha' pull'd your Knave's Hide elſe; this Fellow
Was ſent t' abuſe us, but we ſhall have time
To talk more with this Juſtice. *Juſt.* Farewel, Madam,
As you like this, come viſit me again,
You and your treble Strings, now ſcold your Hearts out—

Wom. Shall he carry't thus away? *Nurſe.* Go to the Judge
And what you'll have us ſwear— *Lady.* I thank ye heartily,
I'll keep that for the laſt; I will go home,
And leave him to his Conſcience for a while,
If it ſleep long, I'll wake it with a Vengeance. [*Exit.*

Enter Servants.

1 *Ser.* What Book has he given thee?

2 *Ser.* A dainty Book, a Book of the great Navy,
Of fifteen hundred Ships of Cannon Proof,
Built upon Whales to keep their Keels from ſinking,
And Dragons in 'em, that ſpit Fire ten Mile,
And Elephants that carry goodly Caſtles.

1 *Ser.* Doſt thou believe it?

(50) 2 *Ser.* Shall we not believe Books in Print?

1 *Ser.* I have *John Taylor*'s Book of Hempſeed too,
Which for two Lines I hapned on by Chance,
I reverence.

2 *Ser.* I prithee what are they?

1 *Ser.* They are ſo pat upon the Time, as if
He ſtudy'd to anſwer the late Hiſtriomaſtix,
Talking of Change and Transformations,

(50) 2 Ser. *Shall we not believe Books in Print?*
1 Ser. *I have* John Taylor's *Book*———
2 Ser. *I prithee what*———
1 Ser. *They are ſo pat*——] The Servants Names are ſeemingly here wrong plac'd. I would reform them thus,
2 Ser. *Shall we not believe Books in Print?*
I have John Taylor's &c.
1 Ser. *I pray thee*———
2 Ser. *They are ſo pat*———

That

That wittily, and learnedly he bangs him,
(51) So may a Puritan's Ruff, though ſtarch'd, in Print,
Be turn'd to Paper, and a Play writ in't,
And confute *Horace* with a Water Poet:
A Play in a Puritan's Ruff? I'll buy his Works for't.
What haſt there, a Ballad too?

2 *Ser.* (52) This? This is a Piece of Poetry indeed;
[*He ſings*; *Juſtice cries within.*
What Noiſe is that?

1 *Ser.* Some Cry i'th' Streets; prithee ſing on.
[*Sing again.*

2 *Ser.* Again, doſt not hear; 'tis i'th' Houſe certainly.

1 *Ser.* 'Tis a ſtrange Noiſe? and has a tang o'th' Juſtice.

2 *Ser.* Let's ſee? [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Servants bringing in their Maſter bound and gagg'd.

1 *Ser.* Untie his Feet, pull out his Gag,
He will choak elſe; what deſp'rate Rogues were theſe.

2 *Ser.* Give him freſh Air.

Juſt. I'll never ſtudy Books more:
I am undone, theſe Villains have undone me,
Rifled my Desk, they have undone me, learnedly!
A Fire take all their Books, I'll burn my Study:
Where were you Raſcals when the Villains bound me,
You could not hear?

1 *Ser.* He gave us Books, Sir, dainty Books to buſie us;
And we were reading, in that which was the Brew-houſe;

(50) *So* many *a Puritan's Ruff*, &c.] Our Poets, here, wrote by Memory, without having recourſe to *Taylor*'s Book, where the Lines run thus,

Thus may a Browniſt's zealous *Ruff*, *in Print*,
Be turn'd to Paper, and a Play writ in't.

But this is not the only Fault; the two Lines that follow ſeem to have ſuffer'd a Change of Places, as well as undergone the loſs of a Speaker; for 'tis plain, *And confute* Horace *&c.* has no Connection with the preceding Lines of *Taylor*. To ſet the Place right, I ſuppoſe the 2*d. Servant*'s Speech to end full with the Water-Poet's Lines, which ſtrikes the 1*ſt. Servant* ſo ſmartly, that he cries out,

1 *Ser. A Play in a Puritan's Ruff? I'll buy his Works for't.*
And confute Horace *with a Water Poet.*

(52) *This is a Piece*

A great way off, we were ſinging Ballads too,
And could not hear.

Juſt. This was a precious Thief,
A ſubtle Trick to keep my Servants ſafe.

2 *Ser.* What ha' you loſt, Sir?

Juſt. They ranſack'd all before my Face, and threatned
To kill me if I cough'd; they have a Chain,
My Rings, my Box of caſting Gold, my purſe too.
They robb'd me miſerably; but that which moſt grieves me,
They took away ſome Writings; 'twas a Rogue
That knew me, and was ſet on by th' old Lady;
I will indite her for't.

1 *Ser.* Shall we purſue 'em?

Juſt. Run, run, curſed Raſcals!
I am out of my Wits, let not a Creature in,
No not with Neceſſaries.

2 *Ser.* We ſhall be ſtarv'd.

Juſt. I'll buy my Meat at Window as they paſs by;
I wonot truſt my Scriv'ner, he has Books too:
And Bread I'll ha' flung up; I charge ye all
Burn all the Books i'th' Houſe.

1 *Ser.* Your little Prayer Book?

Juſt. I'll never Pray again. I'll have my Doors
Made up, nothing but Walls, and thick ones too;
No Sound ſhall tempt me again, remember I
Have forſwore Books.

2 *Ser.* If you ſhould be call'd to take your Oath?

Juſt. I will forſwear all Oaths, rather than ſee
A thing but in the likeneſs of a Book:
And I were condemn'd, I'll rather chuſe to hang,
Than read again; come in, and ſearch all Places,
They may b' about the Houſe; were the Doors lock'd?

1 *Ser.* But the Keys in 'em, and if they be gone,
They could not want the wit to lock us in, Sir.

Juſt. Never was a Man ſo miſerably undone,
I'd loſe a Limb, to ſee their Rogueſhips totter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady and Nurſe.

Lady. Thy Brother's Daughter ſaiſt, and born in *Wales?*

Nurſe. I have long time deſired to ſee her, and I hope
Your

Your Ladyſhip won't be offended.

Lady. No, no.

Nurſe. I ſhould be happy, if ſhe might be ſerviceable To you, Madam.

Lady. Beſhrew me, but at firſt, ſhe took me much. (53) Is ſhe not like *Maria?* ſetting aſide Her Language, very like her, and I love her The better for't, I prithee call her hither, She ſpeaks feat *Engliſh.*

Nurſe. Why *Guennith, Guennith, du hummah Guenith.* She is coarſe, Madam, after her Country guiſe, And were ſhe in fine Cloaths——

Lady. I'll have her handſome:

Enter Maria.

What part of *Wales* were you born in?

Mar. In *Abehundis*, Madam.

Nurſe. She ſpeaks that Name in *Welſh*, which we call *Brecknock.*

Lady. What can you do?

Mar. Her was toe many tings in *Walls*, know not the faſhion in *Londons?* her was Milk the Cows, make Seeze and Butters, and ſpin very well the *Welſh* freeze, her was Cooke to te Mountain Cots, and ſing very fine prittiſh Tunes, was mage good Ales and Breds, and her know to Dance on *Sundays*, marge you now, Madams.

Lady. A pretty innocence, I do like her infinitely, *Nurſe.* And if I live——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here's Mr. *Heartlove*, Madam, come to ſee you.

Lady. Alas, poor Gentleman, prithee admit him.

Enter Frank Heartlove *and Gentlemen.*

Frank. Madam, I'm come to take my laſt leave.

Lady. How, Sir?

(53) *Is ſhe not like* Maria?] I wou'd propoſe putting the Words that follow theſe, in the *Nurſe*'s Mouth, otherwiſe the Lady will ask the Queſtion and give herſelf the Anſwer.

Frank. Of all my home Affections, and my Friends:
For th' Intereſt you had once in *Maria*,
I would acquaint you when I leave the Kingdom.

Lady. Would there were any thing in my poor power
That might divert your Will, and make you happy;
I'm ſure I've wrong'd her too, but let your pardon
Aſſure me you are charitable; ſhe's dead,
Which makes us both ſad: What do you look on?

(54) 1 *Gent.* The likeſt Face——

Mar. Pleſs us awle, why does that Sentilman make ſuch Unders and Mazements at her, I know her not.

Frank. Be not offended, Maid. *Lady.* How the Wench bluſhes,
She repreſents *Maria*'s loſs to him.

Mar. Will the Sentilman hurt her? pray you be her defences, was have mad Phiſnomies, is her troubled with Lunaticks in her Prain Pans, bleſs us awle.

Frank. Where had you this Face?

Mar. Her Faces be our none, I warrant her.

Frank. I wonot hurt you, all the Lineaments
That built *Maria* up; all thoſe ſpringing Beauties
Dwell on this thing, change but her Tongue I know her:
Let me ſee your hand.

Mar. Guennith was never Thieves and Robberies; here is no ſindge in her Hands warrant her.

Frank. Truſt me, the ſelf-ſame white,
And ſoftneſs, prithee ſpeak our *Engliſh* Dialect.

Mar. Ha leggs? what does her ſpeage hard urds to her, to make poor *Guennith* ridicles, was no mannerly Sentilman to abuſe her.

Frank. By the love,
That everlaſting love I bear *Maria*——

Mar. Maria, her Name was *Guennith*, and good Names, was poor elſe, oman Maid, her have no fine

(54) *The likeſt Face*——] This, as it here ſtands, is the End of the Lady's Speech; but ſure it can't be ſo, as the leaſt Attention will make evident. I ſuſpect with Mr. *Theobald*, that *Frank Heartlove*'s Name ought to be prefix'd here, or elſe write with the oldeſt Quarto, which Mr. *Theobald* overlook'd, thus,

1 Gent. *The likeſt Face.*

kanags,

kanags, to mage her tricſie, (55) yet, in her own Cuntries was held a fine enſe her can tells her, and honeſt enſe too, marge you dat now, her can keep her little Legs cloſe enough, warrant her.

Lady. How prettily this anger ſhews.

1 *Gent.* She gabbles innocently.

Frank. Madam, farewel, and all good Fortune dwell we'e,
With me my own Affections; farewel, Maid,
Fair gentle Maid.

2 *Gent.* She ſighs.

Mar. Du cat a whee.

Frank. I cannot go, there's ſomewhat calls me back.

Mar. Poor *Frank*,
How gladly would I entertain thy Love,
And meet thy worthy Flame, but ſhame forbids me:
If pleaſe her Ladyſhip dwell here with *Guennith*, and learn to ſpin and card Ull, to mage Flannels, and Linſeyes Ulſeis, ſal tawge cood urds to her Ladyſhips urſhips for her. [*The Tears flow from him.*
The Tears of true Affection, woe is me.
Oh curſed Love that glories in Maids miſeries,
And true Mens broken Hearts. *Lady.* Alas, I pity him,
The Wench is rude, and knows you not, forgive her.

Mar. Wipe your nyes pray you, though was porn in *Walls* 'mong craggy Rocks, and Mountains, yet heart is ſoft, look you hur can weep too, when hur ſee Men mage prinie Tears and Lamentations.

Frank. How hard ſhe holds me?
Juſt as *Maria* did, weeps the ſame drops:
Now as I have a living Soul, (56) her Sigh too;
What ſhall I think, is not your Name *Maria?*
If it be not, delude me with ſo much Charity
To ſay it is.

Mar. Upon her life, you was mighty deal in Love with ſome podies, your pale Seekes and hollow Nyes, and pantings upon her Poſom, know very well, becauſe look

(55) *in her own Cuntries*
(56) *her* ſight

you, her think her honeſt Sentilman, you ſall call her *Maria*.

Frank. Good Madam, think not ill I am thus ſaucy.

Lady. Oh no, Sir, ben't you angry with the Wench.

Frank. I am moſt pleas'd.

1 *Gent.* Let's interrupt him, he'll be mad outright elſe.

2 *Gent.* Obſerve a little more.

Frank. Would I could in your Language beg a Kiſs.

Mar. If her have neceſſities of a Kiſs, look you, dere is one (57) in ſarities.

Frank. Let me ſuffer death,
If in my apprehenſion two twinn'd Cherries
Be more a kin, than her Lips to *Maria*'s:
And if this harſh illuſion would but leave her,
She were the ſame. Good Madam, ſhall I have
Your conſent now? *Lady.* To what? *Frank.* To give this Virgin
To me. *Lady.* She is not mine, this is her Kinſwoman,
And has more power to diſpoſe; alas, I pity him.
Pray, Gentlemen, prevail with him to go;
More that I wiſh his Comfort than his Abſence.

Frank. You have been always kind to me, will you
Deny me your fair Couſin?

Nurſe. 'Twere fit you firſt obtain'd her own Conſent.

Frank. (58) He is no Friend that wiſhes my departure, I do not trouble you.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis not *Maria*.

Frank. Her Shadow is enough, I'll dwell with that,
Purſue your own ways; ſhall we live together?

Mar. If her will come to Morrow and tauge to her, her will tell her more of her meanings, and then if her be melancholy, her will ſing her a *Welch* Song too, to make her merries, but *Guennith* was very honeſt; her was never love but one Sentilman, and he was bear her great teal of good-ills too, was marry one day St. *Davy*, her give her five pair of white Gloves, if her will Dance at her Weddings.

Frank. All I am worth,
And all my hopes this ſtrange Voice would forſake her,

(57) *in* ſarieties, *i. e. in charity.*
(58) She *is*

For

For then she should be——Prithee stay a little,
Hark in thine Ear, dissemble not, but tell me,
And save my life; I know you are *Maria:*
Speak but as I do, ten words to confirm me;
You have an *English* Soul, do not disguise it
From me with these strange Accents—— She pinch'd hard
Again, and sigh'd.

Lady. What ails the Wench? [*Exit.*

Nurse. Why, *Guennith.*

Frank. She is gone.

2 *Gent.* Come leave this dream.

Frank. A Dream? I think so too,
But 'twas a pleasing one: now I'll obey,
And forget all these wonders; lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Wildbrain *and* Toby.

Wild. HOnest *Toby?* [met w'ye.

Toby. Sweet Mr. *Wildbrain*,----I'm glad I ha'

Wild. Why, did my Aunt send for me?

Toby. Your Aunt's a Mortal, and thinks not on you,
For ought I can perceive.

Wild. Is my Cousin alive again?

Toby. Neither, and yet we do not hear
That she's buried.

Wild. What should make thee glad then?

Toby. What should make me glad? have I not cause?
To see your Princely Body well, and walk thus,
Look blithe and bonny, and your Wardrobe whole still.

Wild. The case is clear, and I ha' found a Mine,
A perfect *Indie*, since my Aunt cashier'd me;
What think'st of this?

Toby. Oh delicate Bells.

Wild. Thou putteſt me in mind,
We are to ring anon, I mean to send for thee;
Meet me at the old Parish Church.

Toby. Say no more.

Wild. When thy Lady is a-bed, we ha' conſpir'd
A midnight Peal for joy.
Toby. If I fail, hang me i'th' Bell-ropes.
Wild. And how? and how does my Aunt?
Toby. She's up to th' Ears in Law;
I do ſo whirl her to the Counſellors Chambers,
And back again, and bounce her for more Mony,
And too again—I know not what they do with her,
But ſhe's the merrieſt thing among theſe Law-drivers;
And's in their Studies half a day together;
If they do get her with *Magna Charta*, ſhe ſwears,
By all th' Ability of her old Body,
She will ſo claw the Juſtice—ſhe will ſell
The Tiles of th' Houſe ſhe vows, and Sack out o'th' Cellar,
(That ſhe worſhips to Idolatry) but ſhe'll hang him.
Wild. I would ſhe could: but hark thee honeſt *Toby*,
If a Man have a Miſtreſs, may we not,
Without my Aunt's leave, borrow now and then
A Coach to tumble in, towards th' Exchange,
And ſo forth?
Toby. A Miſtreſs?
Wild. She may be thine when we are married.
Toby. Command, I'll carry ye both in Pomp;
And let my Lady go a-foot a Law-catching,
And exerciſe her Corns: Where is ſhe, Maſter *John?*
Wild. 'Shat ſee her.
Toby. Shall we ring for her?
Wild. Ay, and drink her health.
Toby. Drink ſtifly for five hours?
Wild. We'll drink fifteen.
Toby. To Night? we will ha' twenty Torches then,
And through the Streets drive on triumphantly,
Triumphantly we'll drive; by my Lady's Door,
As I'm a Chriſtian Coachman, I will rattle you,
And Urine in her Porch, and ſhe ſhall fear me:
If you ſay more, I ſhall run mad outright——
I will drink Sack, and ſurfeit inſtantly;
I know not where I am now. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lurcher.

Wild. Hold for thy buttons ſake, the Knave's tranſported.
Lur. Jack Wildbrain?
Wild. Honeſt *Tom*, how thrives the fellonious World with thee now?
Lur. You look and talk as you were much exalted.
Wild. Thou art i'th' right, *Tom.* I will tell thee, firſt,
I ha' ſhook off my Aunt, and yet I live ſtill,
And drink, and ſing; her Houſe had like t' ha' ſpoil'd me;
I keep no hours now; Nor need a falſe Key
To the old Woman's Cabinets; I ha' Mony
Upon my word, and pawn no Oaths to th' Butler.
No Matrimonial Proteſtations
For Sack-poſſets, to the Chambermaid.
I praiſe my Fate, there be more ways to th' Wood, *Tom.*
Lur. Prithee releaſe my wonder.
Wild. I'll increaſe it, wipe thine Eyes,
Here is a Chain worth Mony, and ſome Man had it,
A fooliſh Diamond, and other Trifles——
Lur. The very ſame. Oh Gipſey! Infidel!
All that I ſweat, and ventur'd my Neck for,
H'as got already; who would truſt a Strumpet?
Wild. This? this is nothing to what I poſſeſs
At home.
Lur. What home?
Wild. A Houſe that ſhall be nameleſs;
The Miſtreſs of it mine too, ſuch a piece
For Fleſh and Blood, added to that ſo loving——
Lur. Is ſhe married?
Wild. I know not, nor I care not:
But ſuch a prize, ſo mounting, ſo delicious——
Thou wilt run mad; I'll tell thee more hereafter.
Lur. Nay, prithee a word more.
Wild. I took no pains to find out all this Paradiſe,
My Deſtiny threw me upon't i'th' dark, I found it,
Wanting a Lodging too.
Lur. No old Acquaintance?
Wild. Never, never ſaw her;
But theſe things happen not in ev'ry Age:

I cannot ſtay, If thou wilt meet anon
At my own Rendezvous, thou knoweſt the Tavern,
We'll ſup together, after that a Company
Of merry Lads have made a match to ring.
Lur. You keep your Exerciſe i'th' old Church?
Wild. No other,
There is no Muſick to the Bells; we wou'd
Have Bonfires if we durſt; and thou wou'd come
'T ſhall coſt thee nothing, *Tom*; hang pilfering,
And keep me Company, in time I may
Shew thee my Wench too.
Lur. I cannot promiſe; but you will be there?
Wild. We'll toſs the Bells, and make the Steeple roar, Boy;
But come to Supper then.
Lur. My Hand, expect me:
Yes, I will come or ſend, and to ſome purpoſe.
Art come, Boy?

Enter Boy with Gown, Beard, and Conſtable's Staff.

Excellent Knave, how didſt thou purchaſe theſe?
Boy. The Staff I ſtole laſt Night from a ſleeping Conſtable;
The reſt I borrow'd by my Acquaintance with
The Players Boys; you were beſt to loſe no time, Sir.
Lur. So, ſo, help Boy, 'tis very well; don't I look
Like one that breaks the King's Peace with Authority?
You know your Charge, prepare things handſomly,
My diligent Boy, and leave me to my Office.
Boy. There wants (59) nothing, already; but I fly, Sir. [*Exit.*
Lur. Now Fortune prove no Slut, and I'll adore thee. [*Knocks.*
Within Ser. Who's there?
Lur. A Friend wou'd ſpeak with Maſter Juſtice.
Ser. Who are you?
Lur. I'm the Conſtable.
Ser. My Maſter's not at leiſure to hear buſineſs.

(59) —*nothing already*;] A Letter or ſo ſeems wanting here. I ſuppoſe, —*all's ready* might be the genuine Reading.

Lur.

Lur. How? Not at Leiſure to do the King Service?
Take heed what you ſay, Sir; I know his Worſhip,
If he knew my Buſineſs, would no Excuſe.
Ser. You muſt go to another Juſtice, I'll aſſure you
My Maſter is not well in Health.
Lur. I know not,
But if your Worſhipful be not at Leiſure
To do himſelf a Benefit——I am gone, Sir——
An infinite Benefit, and the State ſhall thank him for't;
Thank him, and think on him too: I am an Officer,
And know my Place, but I do love the Juſtice;
I honour any Authority above me:
Beſide, he is my Neighbour, and I worſhip him.
Ser. You have no Books, nor Ballads, Mr. Conſtable,
About you?
Lur. What ſhould I do with Books? does it become
A Man of my Place to underſtand ſuch Matters?
Pray call your Maſter, if he pleaſe to follow me,
I ſhall diſcover to him ſuch a Plot,
Shall get him everlaſting Fame, I'll be hang'd for't,
And he be not knighted inſtantly, and for Reward
Have ſome of the Malefactors Lands, I'll bring him to,
But I can't (60) dally time.
Juſt. [*within.*] Who's that?
Ser. A Conſtable, Sir, would ſpeak about ſome Buſineſs,
He ſays will bring you Fame, and mighty Profit.
Lur. Pleaſe your Worſhip come down, I'll make you happy;
The notableſt Piece of Villany I've in hand, Sir,
And you ſhall find it out; I ha' made Choice
To bring your Worſhip to the firſt Knowledge, and
Thank me, as you find the good on't afterwards.
Juſt. What is it? Treaſon?
Lur. 'Tis little better, I can tell you I've lodg'd
A Crew of the moſt rank and deſperate Villains:
They talk of Robberies, and Ways they did 'em,
And how they left Men bound in their Studies.
Juſt. With Books and Ballads?

(60) delay *time.*

Lur.

Lur. That, Sir, that, and Murders,
And thouſand Knaveries more; they're very rich, Sir,
In Mony, Jewels, Chains, and a hundred more
Devices.

Juſt. Happy, happy Conſtable, I'll meet ye
At the Back door; get ready, Knaves.

Lur. Not a Man I beſeech you,
I've privately appointed Strength about me;
They cannot ſtart; your Men would breed Suſpicion;
All my Deſire is, you would come alone,
That you might have the Hope o'th' Enterprize,
That you might hear 'em firſt, and then proceed, Sir.

Juſt. I come, I come.

Lur. 'Tis very well.

Juſt. Keep all my Doors faſt, it is ſomething late.

Lur. So, ſo, and pleaſe your Worſhip (61) I'll direct you.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Maſter ſtays, I doubt his Lime-Twigs catch not,
If they do, all's provided; but I all
This while forget my own State; fair *Maria*
Is certainly alive, I met her in
Another Habit, with her Nurſe, 'twas ſhe;
There is ſome Trick in't, but when this is over
I'll find it out; this Project for the Uſurer
May have good Effect; however, 'twill be Sport
To mortifie him a little.

Enter Lurcher.

He's come without him:
Have you fail'd, Sir?

Lur. Proſper'd: My little Ingineer, away,
He is i'th' next Room, be not you ſeen, Sirrah. [*Exit.*

Boy. The Pit-fall's ready, never Juſtice
Was caught in ſuch a Nooſe: E'er he get out,
He ſhall run through a ſcouring Purgatory,
Shall purge him to the quick, 'tis Night already.

(61) I *direct you.*

Enter

Enter Algripe *and* Lurcher.

Lur. Come ſoftly, yet Sir, ſoftly, ar'n't you weary?
Juſt. Thou'ſt brought me into a melancholy Place, I ſee no Creature.
Lur. This is, Sir, their Den
Where they ſuppoſe themſelves ſecure: I'm faint
(62) With making haſte, but I muſt be thus troubled,
And therefore never go without a Cordial;
Without this I ſhould die: [*Seems to drink.*
How it refreſhes me
Already! Will't pleaſe your Worſhip? I might have had
The Manners to ha' let you drink before me;
Now I am luſty. (63) *Juſt.* 'Twas a good Taſte.
Lur. Taſte?
How d'ye find the Virtue, nay, Sir, ſpare not:
My Wife has the Receipt; does it not ſtir
Your Worſhip's Body? When you come t' examine,
'Twill make you ſpeak like Thunder.
Juſt. Hoy he! [*He yawns.*
Lur. It works already.
Juſt. Is there ne'er a Chair, I was wearier than I thought;
But who ſhall we have to take 'em, Mr. Conſtable?
Lur. Let me alone, when I but give the Watch-word,
We will have Men enough to ſurprize an Army.
Juſt. I begin to be ſleepy; what, haſt a Chair?

(62) *With making haſte but* I muſt be thus *troubled,*] But why muſt he be *thus troubled?* The Reader ſees undoubtedly the Oddneſs of the Place, and perhaps may think with me, that the Text might have been wrote originally ſo,

——————*but* I'm us'd *to be thus troubled.*

The ſmall Difference betwixt *I muſt* and *I'm us'd*, makes it very probable that this is the true reading.

(63) Juſt. *'Twas a good Taſte.*] But this does not anſwer the meaning of what the Juſtice ſhould ſay, for it is not the Quantity, but the Quality of the Liquor that he here ſhou'd be ſpeaking of, and therefore I'm for reading,

Juſt. 'Thas *a good Taſte.*

Enter

Enter another with a Chair.

Lur. (64) They do not dream of us: 'tis early rising,
Care, Care, and early rising; Common-wealth's Men
Are ever subject to the Nods; sit down, Sir,
A short Nap is not much amiss; so, he's fast,
Fast as a Fish i' th' Net; he has winking Powder
Shall work upon him to our Wish, remove him:
Nay, we may cut him into Collops now,
And he ne'er feel; have you prepar'd the Vault, Sirrah?

Boy. Yes, yes, Sir, ev'ry thing's in's Place.

Lur. When (65) we have plac'd him, you, and I Boy must
About another Project hard by, his Potion
Will bind him sure enough 'till we return;
This Villany weighs mainly, but we'll purge ye. [*Exeunt.*

[*Bells ring.*

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Now for mine Ears, mine Ears be constant to me;
They ring a Wager, and I must deal justly,
Ha Boys.

Enter Lurcher *and Boy.*

Lur. Dost hear 'em, hark, these be the Ringers?

Boy. Are you sure the same?

Lur. Or my Directions fail;
The Coast is clear:
How the Bells go? How daintily they tumble?
And methinks seem to say, fine Fools I'll fit you.

Sex. Excellent again, good Boys—oh that was nought.

Lur. Who's that?

Boy. Be you conceal'd by any means yet, hark,
They stop, I hope they'll to't again; close, Sir.

(64) *They do not dream of us, 'tis early rising;*
Care, Care, and early rising, Common-wealths Men,
Are ever subject to the Nods;——] This is curious pointing, which confounds the Sense as well as destroys the Humour of the Place.

(65) you *have*

Enter

Enter Wildbrain, Toby *and Ringers.*

Wild. A palpable Knock.
Ring. 'Twas none.
Toby. Be judg'd by th' Sexton then,
If I have Ears.
Sex. A Knock, a Knock, a groſs one.
Toby. Carman, your Gallon of Wine, you ring moſt impiouſly;
Art thou o' th' worſhipful Company of the Knights o'th' Weſt,
And handle a Bell with no more Dexterity?
You think you are in *Thames-ſtreet*
Juſtling the Carts; oh a clean Hand's a Jewel.
Boy. Good Speed to your good Exerciſe.
Toby. Y'are welcome.
Boy. I come, Sir, from a Gentleman, and Neighbour hard by,
One that loves your Muſick well——
Toby. He may have more on't——
Handle a Bell, as you were haling Timber?
Groſs, groſs, and baſe, abſurd.
Ring. I'll mend it next Peal.
Boy. T' intreat a Knowledge of you, whether 't be
By th' Ear you ring thus cunningly, or by th' Eye;
For to be plain, he has laid ten Pounds upon't.
Wild. But which way has he laid?
Boy. That your Ear guides you,
And not your Eye. *Toby.* H'as won, h'as won, the Ear's
Our only Inſtrument. *Boy.* But how ſhall we
Be ſure on't? *Toby.* Put all the Lights out, to what end
Serve our Eyes then? *Wild.* A plain Caſe. *Boy.* You ſay true,
'Tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th' Ear ſure:
And can you ring i' th' dark ſo?
Wild. All Night long, Boy.
Boy. 'Tis wonderful, let this be certain, Gentlemen,
And half his Wager he allows among ye;
Is't poſſible that you ſhould ring ſo? *Toby.* Poſſible?
Thou art a Child, I'll ring when I'm dead drunk.

Out

Out with the Lights, (66) no twinkling of a Candle,
I know my Rope too, as I know my Nose,
And can bang it soundly in the dark, I warrant you.
Wild. Come let's confirm him straight, and win the Wager. [*Exeunt.*
Boy. Let me hear to strengthen me, and when y' have rung,
I'll bring the Mony to you.
Lur. So, so, follow 'em;
They shall have a cool Reward; one hath Gold of mine,
Good store's in's Pocket, [*Ring.*
But this will be reveng'd in a short Warning.
They're at it lust'ly; hey, how wantonly
They ring away their Cloaths, how it delights me!

Enter Boy with Cloaths.

Boy. Here, here, Sir.
Lur. Hast *Wildbrain*'s?
Boy. His whole Case, Sir, I felt it out; and by the Guards
This should be the Coachman's, another Suit too.
Lur. Away Boy, quickly now to th' Usurer,
His Hour to wake approaches.
Boy. That once finish'd,
You'll give me leave to play, Sir; here they come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, *and Ringers.*

Wild. I'm monstrous weary.
Toby. Fie, how I sweat? Reach me my Cloak to cover me,
I run to Oil like a Porpoise; 'twas a brave Peal.
Sex. Let me light the Candle first, then I'll wait on you.
Wild. A very brave Peal. [*Exit Sexton.*
Toby. Carman, you came in close now,
Wild. Sure 'tis past Midnight.
Ring. No stirring in the Streets I hear. *Toby.* Walk further,
Was that a Pillar? 'tis harder than my Nose;
Where's the Boy promis'd us five Pounds? *Wild.* Room,

(66) *not winkling*

I ſweat ſtill; come, come, my Cloak, I ſhall take cold.

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Where lies it?

Wild. Here, here, and all our Cloaths.

Sex. Where, where?

Ring. I' th' Corner.

Toby. Is thy Candle blind too? give me the Bottle, I can drink like a Fiſh now, like an Elephant.

Sex. Here are the Corners, but here are no Cloaths; Yes, here's a Cuff.

Wild. A Cuff? give me the Candle, Cuffs wo'not cover me—I ſmell (67) a Knavery.

Toby. Is't come to a Cuff? My whole Suit turn'd t' a Button?

Wild. Now I'm as cold again, as though 'twere *Chriſtmaſs*; Cold with my Fear, I'll never ring by th' Ear more.

Toby. My new Cloaths vaniſh'd?

Wild. All my Cloaths, *Toby.*

Ring. Here's none.

Toby. Not one of my Dragon's Wings left to adorn me, (68) Have I mewed all my Feathers?

Wild. Cheated by th' Ear; a Plot to put out th' Candle; I could be mad; my Chain, my Rings, the Gold, the Gold.

Toby. The Cold, the Cold I cry, and I cry truly, Not one Sleeve, nor a Cape of a Cloak to warm me.

Wild. What miſerable Fools were we?

Toby. We had e'en beſt, Gentlemen, Every Man chuſe his Rope again, and faſten it, And take a ſhort Turn to a better Fortune. To be Bawds to our Miſeries, and put our own Lights out?

Wild. Prithee Sexton let's have a Fire at thy Houſe,

(67) the *Knavery*

(68) *Have I* muted *all my Feathers.*] Here we have certainly a Term of Art ſtrangely corrupted; *mewed* is without Doubt the true Lection, but the Editors of the firſt Copy finding it probably wrote thus, *mued*, and ſuppoſing that a Word they did underſtand, might do better than one they did not, inſerted a *t* into the middle of *mued*, and ſo made *muted* of it: Mr. *Theobald* has not ventur'd to alter the Place, but only puts a Query, whether it ſhou'd not be read, *mew'd.*

A good Fire, we'll pay thee some way for't, I am Stone cold.
Sex. Alas, I pity you; come quickly, Gentlemen.
Wild. Sure I've been in a Dream, I had no Mistress,
Nor Gold, nor Cloaths, but am a ringing Rascal.
Toby. Fellows in Affliction, let us take Hands all;
Now are we fit for Tumblers. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lurcher *and others, bringing in* Algripe.

Lur. So, so, presently
His Sleep will leave, and Wonder seize upon him;
Bid 'em within be ready.
Just. What Sound's this?
What horrid Din? What dismal Place is this?
I never saw't before, and now behold it,
But by the half Light of a Lamp, that burns here:
My Spirits shake, and tremble through my Body;
Help, help.

Enter two Furies with black Tapers.

Mercy protect me, my Soul quakes,
What dreadful Apparitions! How I shudder!
1, 2 *Fur. Algripe.* *Just.* What are you. 1 *Fur.* We are Hell-hounds, Hell-hounds,
That have Commission from the Prince of Darkness,
To fetch thy black Soul to him.
Just. Am I not alive still?
1 *Fur.* Thou art, but we have brought thee Instruments
Will quickly rid thy miserable Life.
Stab—2 *Fur.* Poison—1 *Fur.* Hang thyself, this Choice is offer'd.
2 *Fur.* Thou canst not hope for Heav'n; thy base Soul is
Lost to all Hope of Mercy.
1 *Fur.* Quickly, quickly,
The Torments cool.
2 *Fur.* And all (69) the Fiends expect thee.
Come with us to that Pit of endless Horror,
Or we will force thee.
Just. Oh, oh, oh.

(69) thy Friends *expect thee.*

1 *Fur.*

1 *Fur.* Groans are too late: ſooner the Raviſher,
Whoſe Soul is hurl'd into eternal Froſt.
Stung with the Force of twenty thouſand Winters,
To puniſh the Diſtempers of his Blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid
The certainty of meeting Hell where he is.
Shall Murderers be there for ever dying,
Their Souls ſhot through with Adders, torn on Engines,
Dying as many Deaths for killing one,
(Could any Imagination number them,)
As there be Moments in Eternity:
And ſhall that Juſtice ſpare thee, that has ſlain,
Murder'd by thy Extortion, ſo many?

Juſt. Oh, oh.

2 *Fur.* Do Execution quickly, or we'll carry thee
Alive (70) to Hell.

Juſt. Gently, ye gentle Devils, do not force me
To kill myſelf, nor do not you do't for me;
O let me live, I'll make amends for all.

1 *Fur.* Tell us of thy Repentance? Perjur'd Villain!
Pinch off his Fleſh, he muſt be whipt, ſalted and whipt.

Juſt. Oh Miſery of Miſeries! [*Recorders play ſoftly.*

(71) 1, 2, *Fur.* Tear his accurs'd Limbs, to Hell with him; ha!
A Miſchief on that Innocent Face, away. [*Creep in.*

(70) *into* Hell.

(71) Recorders 1, 2, *Tear his accurs'd Limbs, to Hell with him; ha! A Miſchief on that Innocent Face, away.* [Creep in.

Enter Boy like an Angel.

I have made no ſcruple of altering the old Stage-Direction here, and putting one which the Poets poſſibly might have given, ſuppoſing this Play to have been our Authors, which is not however ſo clear, as not to be doubted. The Direction intended to tell us, that while the *two Furies* were ſaying, *Tear his accurs'd*, &c. the *Recorders* ſhould play a ſoft Strain, as a Prelude to the Angel-like Boy's appearing on the Stage, but that immediately upon his Entrance they were to change their Tone, and cry out

A Miſchief on that &c. and ſo *creep in.*

Enter Boy like an Angel.

Boy. Malicious Furies, hence, choak not the Seeds
Of holy Penitence.

Juſt. This muſt be an Angel,
How at his Preſence the Fiends crawl away?
Here is ſome light of Mercy.

Boy. Be thou wiſe,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched Man:
What poor Defence hath all thy Wealth been to thee?
What ſays thy Conſcience now?

Juſt. Be my good Angel, here I promiſe thee
To become honeſt, and renounce all Villany;
Enjoin me any Penance, I'll build Churches,
A whole City of Hoſpitals.

Boy. Take heed,
There is no dallying, nor are theſe impos'd.

Juſt. Name any thing within my Power, ſweet Angel;
And if I do not faithfully perform it,
Then whip me every Day, burn me each Minute,
Whole Years together let me freeze to Iſicles.

Boy. I' th' number of thy foul Oppreſſions,
Thou haſt undone a faithful Gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his Land.

Juſt. Young *Lurcher*,
I do confeſs.

Boy. He lives moſt miſerable,
And in Deſpair may hang or drown himſelf:
Prevent his Ruin, or his Blood will be
More Sin in thy Account; haſt thou forgotten
He had a Siſter?

Juſt. I do well remember it.

Boy. Could'ſt thou for Mammon break thy ſolemn Vow,
Made once to that unhappy Maid, that weeps
A thouſand Tears a Day for thy Unkindneſs?
Was not thy Faith contracted, and thy Heart?
And couldſt thou marry another?

Juſt. But ſhe's dead,
And I will make true ſatisfaction.

Boy.

Boy. What do I inſtance theſe, that has been falſe
To all the World.
Juſt. I know it, and will henceforth
Practiſe Repentance; do not frown, ſweet Angel,
I will reſtore all Mortgages, forſwear
Abominable Uſury, live chaſte;
For I've been wanton in my Shroud, my Age;
And if that innocent Maid I ſo abus'd,
Be living, I will marry her, and ſpend
My days to come, religiouſly.
Boy. I was commanded but a Meſſenger
To tell thee this, and reſcue thee from thoſe,
Whoſe Malice would have dragg'd thee quick to Hell:
If thou abuſe this Mercy, and repent not,
Double Damnation will expect thee for it;
But if thy Life be virtuous hereafter,
A bleſſedneſs ſhall reward thy good Example;
Thy fright hath much diſtracted thy weak Senſes,
Drink of this Viol, and renew thy Spirits,
I ha' done my Office, think on't and be happy.
Lur. So, ſo, he gapes already, now he's faſt;
Thou'ſt acted rarely, but this is not all; Firſt,
Help to convey him out o'th' Vault. *Boy.* You will
Diſpenſe with me now, as you promis'd, Sir?
Lur. We will make ſhift without thee, thou'ſt done well,
By our Device (72) this Bandog may 'ſcape Hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady, Nurſe, and Maria.

Lady. Didſt think, *Maria*, this poor Outſide, and
Diſſembling of thy Voice, could hide thee from
A Mother's ſearching Eye? though too much fear,
Leſt thou wert not the ſame, might blind a Lover
That thought thee dead too; oh my dear *Maria*,
I hardly kept my Joys in from betraying thee:
Welcome again to life, we ſhall find out
The myſtery of thy Abſence; conceal
Thy Perſon ſtill, for *Algripe* muſt not know thee,
And exerciſe this pretty Dialect;
If there be any courſe in Law to free thee,

(72) *this* Bondage

Thou ſhalt not be ſo miſerable; be ſilent,
Good Nurſe.

Nurſe. You ſhould not need to fear me, Madam,
I do not love the uſuring *Jew* ſo well;
Beſide, 'twas my trick to diſguiſe her ſo.

Lady. Be not dejected, *Mall.*

Mar. Your care may comfort me;
But I deſpair of Happineſs:
Heartlove, I dare not ſee him.

Nurſe. We'll withdraw.

(73) *Lady.* I ſhall but grieve to ſee his Paſſions too,
Since there's no poſſibility to relieve him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frank Heartlove.

Frank. The World's a Labyrinth, where unguided Men
Walk up and down to find their wearineſs;
No ſooner have we meaſured with much toil
One crooked path with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new Affliction;
What a ſtrange mockery will Man become
Shortly to all the Creatures? Oh *Maria!*
If thou be'ſt dead, why does thy Shadow fright me?
Sure 'tis becauſe I live; were I but certain
To meet thee in one Grave, and that our Duſt
Might have the Privilege to mix in ſilence,
How quickly ſhould my Soul ſhake off this burthen!

Enter Boy.

Thus far my Wiſhes have ſucceſs, I'll loſe
No time: Sir, are not you call'd Mr. *Heartlove?*
Pardon my rudeneſs. *Frank.* What does that concern thee,
Boy, 'tis a Name cannot advantage thee,
And I am weary on't.

Boy. Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it, Sir, ſo large were my

(73) Lur. *I ſhall but grieve*——] How his Name comes to ſtand here when he had made his *Exit* a little before, I can't conceive: *Lady*, I conjectur'd, was the Perſon changed, and ſo I found upon Examination the old Quarto had it, which is another Correction Mr. *Theobald* had not obſerv'd.

Directions,

Directions, that you could not ſpeak this Language,
But I ſhould know you by your Sorrow.
Frank. Thou
Wert well inform'd, it ſeems; well, what's your buſineſs?
Boy. I come to bring you comfort.
Frank. Is *Maria*
Alive again? that's ſomewhat, and yet not
Enough to make my Expectation riſe, to
Paſt half a Bleſſing; ſince we cannot meet
To make it up a full one; thou'rt miſtaken.
Boy. When you have heard me, you'll think otherwiſe:
In vain I ſhould report *Maria* living:
The comfort that I bring you, muſt depend
Upon her Death.
Frank. Thou'rt a diſſembling Boy,
Some one has ſent thee to mock me; though my anger
Stoop not to puniſh thy green Years, unripe
For Malice; did I know what Perſon ſent thee
(74) To tempt my Sorrow thus, I ſhould revenge it.
Boy. Indeed I've no thought ſo uncharitable,
Nor am I ſent to grieve you, let me ſuffer
More Puniſhment than ever Boy deſerv'd,
If you do find me falſe; I ſerve a Miſtreſs
Would rather die than play with your Misfortunes;
Then good Sir hear me out.
Frank. Who is your Miſtreſs?
Boy. Before I name her, give me ſome Encouragement,
That you'll receive her Meſſage: She is one
That's full acquainted with your miſery,
And can bring ſuch a portion of her Sorrow
In every Circumſtance ſo like your own,
You'll love and pity her, and wiſh your Griefs

(74) *To* tempt *my Sorrow thus,*——] From obſerving what *Frank* ſays at the Beginning of this Speech,

——*one has ſent thee to* mock *me*;——

I once imagin'd, (if the reading is corrupt) that it might be eaſily corrected thus,

To taunt *my Sorrows,*——

And to confirm this, the Boy ſays in his Anſwer,

——*I ſerve a Miſtreſs*
Would rather die than play *with your Misfortunes.*

Might marry one anothers.

Frank. Thou art wild:
Can'ſt thou bring Comfort from ſo ſad a Creature?
Her miſerable Story can at beſt,
But ſwell my Volume, large enough already.

Boy. She was late belov'd, as you were, promis'd Faith,
And Marriage; and was worthy of a better
Than he, that ſtole *Maria*'s Heart.

Frank. How's that?

Boy. Juſt as *Maria* dealt with your Affection,
Did he that married her deal with my Miſtreſs;
When careleſs both of Honour and Religion,
They cruelly gave away their Hearts to Strangers.

Frank. Part of this truth I know, but prithee Boy
Proceed to that thou cam'ſt for; thou didſt promiſe
Something, thy Language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.

Boy. That I come to:
My Miſtreſs thus unkindly dealt withal,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had, e'er this, wept herſelf dry as Marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relief,
And twin to her own Sorrow, brought her Comfort.

Frank. Could the condition of my Fate ſo equal,
Leſſen her Sufferings?

Boy. I know not how
Companions in Grief ſometimes diminiſh
And make the preſſure eaſie; by degrees
She threw her troubles off, remembring yours,
And from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your Perſon; this increas'd,
And with it, Confidence, that thoſe whom Nature
Had made ſo even in their weight of ſorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepar'd; this gave her boldneſs
T'employ me thus far.

Frank. A ſtrange Meſſage, Boy.

Boy. If you incline to meet my Miſtreſs' Love,
It may beget your comforts; beſides that,
'Tis ſome revenge, that you above their ſcorn

And

And pride can laugh at them, whoſe Perjury
Hath made you happy, and undone themſelves.
Frank. Have you done, Boy?
Boy. Only this little more;
When you but ſee, and know my Miſtreſs well,
You will forgive my tediouſneſs, ſhe's fair,
Fair as *Maria* was———
Frank. I'll hear no more,
Go fooliſh Boy, and tell thy fonder Miſtreſs
She has no ſecond Faith to give away;
And mine was giv'n *Maria.* Though her Death
Allow me freedom—ſee the Picture of her——

Enter Maria, *and Nurſe.*

I'd give ten thouſand Empires for the Subſtance;
Yet for *Maria*'s ſake, whoſe divine Figure
That rude Frame carries, I will love this Counterfeit
(75) 'Bove all the World, and had thy Miſtreſs all
The Grace and Bloſſom of her Sex; now ſhe
Is gone, (76) that was a walking Spring of Beauty,
I would not look upon her.
Boy. Sir, your pardon,
I have but done a Meſſage, as becomes
A Servant, nor did ſhe on whoſe Commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her Love
To your Diſquiet, ſhe would chide my diligence
If I ſhould make you angry.
Frank. Pretty Boy:
Boy. Indeed I fear I have offended you;
Pray if I have, enjoin me any Penance for't:
I have perform'd one Duty, and could as willingly,
To purge my fault, and ſhew I ſuffer with you,
Plead your cauſe to another.
Frank. And I'll take thee
At thy word, Boy, thou haſt a moving Language:
That pretty innocent Copy of *Maria*
Is all I love, I know not how to ſpeak;

(75) Above *all the World,*
(76) *that was, walking, a Spring*

Win

Win her to think well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wish.

Boy. I undertake
Nothing for gain, but since you have resolv'd
To love no other, I'll be faithful to you,
And my prophetick Thoughts bid me already
Say I shall prosper.

Frank. Thou wert sent to bless me.

Boy. Pray give us opportunity.

Frank. Be happy. [*Exit.*

Nurse. He's gone.

Boy. With your fair leave, Mistress.

Mar. (77) Have you pusinesse with her, pray you?

Boy. I have a message from a Gentleman,
Please you vouchsafe your Ear more private.

Nurse. You shall have my absence, Niece. [*Exit.*

Mar. Was the Sentleman afeard to declare his matters openly, here was no Bodies was not very honest, if her like not her Errands the petter, was wist to keep her preaths to cool her Porridges, can tell her that now, for aule her private hearings and tawgings.

Boy. You may, if please you, find another Language,
And with less pains be understood.

Mar. What is her meaning?

Boy. Come, pray speak your own *English.*

Mar. Have Boys lost her Itts and Memories? pless us aule.

Boy. I must be plain then, Come, I know you are *Maria*, this thin vail cannot obscure you:
I'll tell the World, you live? I have not lost ye,
Since first, with Grief and Shame to be surpriz'd,
A violent Trance took away shew of Life;
I could discover by what Accident
You were convey'd away (78) at Midnight, in
Your Coffin, could declare the Place and Minute
When you reviv'd, what you have done since, as perfectly—

Mar. Alas, I am betray'd to new Misfortunes.

Boy. You are not, for my knowledge; I'll be dumb
For ever, rather than be such a Traitor;

(77) *Have you* busines

(78) by *Midnight*,

Indeed

Indeed I pity you, and bring no thoughts,
But full of Peace; call home your modeſt Blood,
Pale hath too long uſurp'd upon your Face;
Think upon Love again, and the poſſeſſion
Of full-blown joys, now ready to ſalute you.

Mar. Theſe words undo me more than my own Griefs.

Boy. I ſee how Fear would play the Tyrant with you,
But I'll remove Suſpicion; have you in
Your Heart, an Entertainment for his Love
To whom your Virgin Faith made the firſt Promiſe?

Mar. If thou mean'ſt *Heartlove*, thou doſt wound me ſtill,
I have no Life without his Memory,
Nor with it any hope to keep it long:
Thou ſeeſt I walk in darkneſs like a Thief,
That fears to ſee the World in his own ſhape;
My very Shadow frights me, 'tis a death
To live thus, and not to look Day in the Face.
Away, I know thee not.

Boy. You ſhall hereafter know, and thank me, Lady,
I'll bring you a diſcharge at my next Viſit,
Of all your fears; be content, fair *Maria*,
'Tis worth your wonder.

Mar. Impoſſible. *Boy.* Be wiſe and ſilent, (79) dreſs yourſelf,
You ſhall be what you wiſh. *Mar.* Do this, and be
My better Angel.

Boy. All your care's on me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lurcher *and Boy.*

Lur. I Muſt applaud thy Diligence.

Boy. It had been nothing
T' have left him in the Porch; I call'd his Servants,

(79) ——*Dreſs yourſelf,*
You ſhall be what you wiſh,—] *Dreſs* here ſeems to confound the Senſe greatly, and I propoſe reading, if the Place is wrong, Reſt *yourſelf.*—*i. e.* reſt and repoſe yourſelf, and all your Cares on me.

With

With Wonders they acknowledg'd him, I pretended
It was some Spice sure of the falling Sickness,
And that 'twas Charity to bring him home;
They rub'd and chaf'd him, ply'd him with strong-water,
Still he was senseless, clamours could not wake him;
I wish'd 'em then get him to Bed, they did so,
And almost smother'd him with Rugs and Pillows;
And 'cause they should have no Cause to suspect me,
(80) I watch'd them 'till he wak'd.

Lur. 'Twas excellent.

Boy. When his time came to yawn, and stretch himself,
I bid 'em not be hasty to discover
How he was brought home; his Eyes fully open,
With trembling he began to call his Servants,
And told 'em he had seen strange Visions,
That should convert him from his Heathen courses;
They wondred, and were silent; there he preach'd
How sweet the Air of a contented Conscience
Smelt in his Nose now, ask'd 'em all forgiveness
For their hard Pasture since they liv'd with him;
Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold Surloin,
Pierce the Strong Beer, and let the Neighbours joy in't:
The conceal'd Muskadine should now lie open
To every Mouth; that he would give to th' Poor,
And mend their Wages; that his Doors should be
Open to every miserable Suitor.

Lur. What said his Servants then?

Boy. They durst not speak,
But blest themselves, and the strange means that had
Made him a Christian: In this over-joy
I took my leave, and bad 'em say their Prayers,
And humour him, lest he turn'd *Jew* again.

Lur. Enough, enough. Who's this?

Enter Toby.

'Tis one of my Ringers; stand close, my Lady's Coachman.

(80) *I watch'd 'em till he wak'd.*] I would read the Place thus, *I watch'd* him, *i. e.* Justice, or *I watch'd* with 'em, *i. e.* Servants, *&c.* The present reading does not come up to what the Boy would say.

Toby.

Toby. Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat.
Would I were at rack and manger among my Horſes; we have divided the Sexton's Houſhold-ſtuff among us; one has the Rug, and he's turn'd *Iriſh*, and another has a Blanket, and he muſt beg in't; the Sheets ſerve another for a Frock, and with the Bed-cord he may paſs for a Porter; nothing but the Mat would fall to my ſhare, which with the help of a Tune, and a Haſſock out o'th' Church, may diſguiſe me 'till I get home; a pox o' Bell-ringing by the Ear, if any Man take me at it again, let him pull mine to the Pillory: I could wiſh I had loſt mine Ears, ſo I had my Cloaths again: the Weather wo'not allow this faſhion, I do look for an Ague beſides.

Lur. How the Raſcal ſhakes?

Toby. Here are company:
Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat:
A Haſſock for your Feet, or a Piſs clean and ſweet;
Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat:
Ringing I renounce thee, I'll never come to Church more.

Lur. You with a Mat. *Toby.* I'm call'd. If any one ſhould
Offer to buy my Mat, what a Caſe were I in?
Oh that I were in my Oat-tub with a Horſe-Loaf,
Something to hearten me: I dare not hear 'em;
Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat.

Lur. He's deaf.

Toby. I am glad I am: Buy a Mat for a Bed.

Lur. How the Raſcal ſweats? What a Pickle he is in?
Every Street he goes through will be a new Torment.

Toby. If ever I meet at Midnight more a jangling——
I am cold, and yet I drop——buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat.

Lur. He has puniſhment enough. [*Exit* Toby.

Enter Wildbrain.

Who's this? my t'other Youth? he is turn'd Bear.

Wild. I am half afraid of my ſelf: This poor ſhift
I got o'th' Sexton, to convey me handſomely
To ſome Harbour, the Wench will hardly know me;
They'll take me for ſome Watchman o'th' Pariſh,

I ha' ne'er a Penny left me, that's one Comfort;
And Ringing has begot a monſtrous Stomach,
And that's another Miſchief: I were beſt go home,
For every thing will ſcorn me in this Habit.
Beſides, I am ſo full of theſe young Bell Ringers:
If I get in a Doors, not the Pow'r o'th' Country,
Nor all my Aunt's Curſes, ſhall diſembogue me.

Lur. Bid her come hither preſently,——hum, 'tis he.
[*Exit Servant.*

Wild. I'm betray'd to one that will eternally laugh at me,
Three of theſe Rogues will jeer a Horſe to Death.

Lur. 'Tis Mr. *Wildbrain* ſure, and yet methinks
His Faſhion's ſtrangely altered; Sirrah, Watchman,
You Rugamuffin, turn you louzy Bear's Skin:
You with the Bed-rid Bill.

Wild. H'as found me out,
There's no avoiding him; I'd rather now
Be arraign'd at *Newgate* for a Robbery,
Than anſwer to his Articles: Your Will, Sir,
I am in haſte.

Lur. Nay, then I will make bold wi'ye;
A Watchman, and aſham'd to ſhew his Countenance,
His Face of Authority? I have ſeen that Phyſiognomy;
Were you never in Priſon for pilfering?

Wild. How the Rogue worries me.

Lur. Why may not this
Be th' Villain robb'd my Houſe laſt Night,
And walks diſguis'd in this malignant Rug,
Arm'd with a Tun of Iron? I will have you
Before a Magiſtrate.

Wild. What will become of me?

Lur. What art thou? ſpeak.

Wild. I am the wandring *Jew*, and pleaſe your Worſhip.

Lur. By your leave, *Rabbi*, I will ſhew you then
A Synagogue, yclept *Bridewel*, where you,
Under Correction, may reſt your ſelf: [Whips
You have brought a Bill to guard you, there be Dog-
To firk ſuch rugg'd Curs, Whips without Bells
Indeed.

Wild. Bells?

Lur.

Lur. How he ſweats?
Wild. I muſt be known, as good at firſt; now jeer on,
But do not anger me too impudently,
The *Rabbi* will be mov'd then.
Lur. How? *Jack Wildbrain?*
What time o'th' Moon is't, Man, ha? What ſtrange Bells
Haſt in thy Brains?
Wild. No more Bells,
No more Bells, they ring backwards.
Lur. Why where's the Wench, the Bleſſing that befel thee?
The unexpected Happineſs? Where's that, *Jack?*
Where are thy golden Days?
Wild. It was his Trick, as ſure as I am louzy,
But how to be reveng'd— *Lur.* Fie, fie, *Jack*, marry
A Watchman's Widow in thy young days, with a
Revenue of old Iron and a Rug?
Is this the Paragon, the dainty Piece,
The delicate divine Rogue?
Wild. 'Tis enough, I am undone,
Mark'd for a Miſery, and ſo leave prating;
Give me my Bill.
Lur. You need not ask your Tailor's,
Unleſs y' had better Linings; it may be,
To avoid Suſpicion, you are going thus
Diſguis'd to your fair Miſtreſs.
Wild. Mock no further,
Or as I live, I'll lay my Bill o'thy Pate,
I'll take a Watchman's Fury into my Fingers,
To ha' no Judgment to diſtinguiſh Perſons,
And knock thee down.
Lur. Come, I ha' done, and now
Will ſpeak ſome Comfort to thee, I will lead thee
Now to my Miſtreſs hitherto conceal'd;
She ſhall take Pity on thee too, ſhe loves
A handſome Man; thy Miſery invites me
To do thee good, I'll not be jealous, *Jack*;
Her Beauty ſhall commend it ſelf; but do not,
When I have brought you into Grace, ſupplant me.
Wild. Art thou in earneſt? by this cold Iron——

Lur.

Lur. No Oaths, I am not coſtive; here ſhe comes.

Enter Miſtreſs.

Sweet-heart, I here have brought a Gentleman,
A Friend of mine, to be acquainted with you,
He's other than he ſeems; why d'ye ſtare thus?

Miſt. O Sir, forgive me, I have done ye wrong.
[*To* Lurcher.

Lur. What is the Matter? didſt e'er ſee her afore, *Jack?*

Wild. Prithee do what thou wot wi' me, if thou haſt
A Mind, hang me up quickly.

Lur. Never deſpair, I'll give thee my ſhare rather,
Take her, I hope ſhe loves thee at firſt Sight,
Sh'as Petticoats will patch thee up a Suit;
I reſign all, only I'll keep theſe Trifles,
I took ſome Pains for 'em, I take it, *Jack*;
What think you, Pink of Beauty? Come, let me
Counſel you both to marry, ſh'as a Trade,
If you've Audacity to hook in Gameſters:
Let's ha' a Wedding, you'll be wondrous rich;
For ſhe is impudent, and thou art miſerable;
'Twill be a rare Match.

Miſt. As you're a Man, forgive me, I'll redeem all.

Lur. You wo'not to this Geer of Marriage then?

Wild. No, no, I thank you *Tom*, I can watch for
A Groat a Night, and be ev'ry Gentleman's Fellow.
[*Exit Miſtreſs.*

Lur. Riſe and be good, keep home, (81) and tend your Buſineſs.

Wild. Thou'ſt done't to purpoſe, give me thy Hand *Tom*;
Shall we be Friends? Thou ſee'ſt what State I'm in,
I'll undertake this Penance to my Aunt,
Juſt as I am, and openly I'll go;
Where, if I be receiv'd again for currant,
And Fortune ſmile once more—— *Lur.* Nay, nay, I'm ſatisfy'd,
So farewel, honeſt lowſie *Jack.* *Wild.* I cannot

(81) *and* attend

Help

Help it, ſome Men meet with ſtrange Deſtinies.
If things go right thou may'ſt be hang'd, and I
May live to ſee't, and purchaſe thy Apparel;
So farewel *Tom.* Commend me to thy Polcat. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady, Nurſe and Servant.

Lady. Now, that I've my Counſel ready, and my Cauſe ripe;
The Judges all inform'd of the Abuſes;
Now, that he ſhould be gone——
Nurſe. No Man knows whither,
And yet they talk he went forth with a Conſtable
That told him of ſtrange Buſineſs, that would bring him
Mony and Lands, and Heav'n knows what; but they
Have ſearch'd, and cannot find out ſuch an Officer:
And as a Secret, Madam, they told your Man
Nicholas, whom you ſent thither as a Spy,
They had a ſhrewd ſuſpicion 'twas the Devil
I'th' likeneſs of a Conſtable, that has tempted him
By this time to ſtrange things; there have been Men
As rich as he, have met convenient Rivers,
And ſo forth; many Trees have born ſtrange Fruits;
D'ye think he has not hang'd himſelf?
Lady. If he be hang'd, who has his Goods?
Nurſe. They are forfeited, they ſay.
Lady. He has hang'd himſelf for certain then,
Only to cozen me of my Girl's Portion.
Nurſe. Very likely.
Lady. Or did not th' Conſtable carry him to ſome Priſon?
Nurſe. They thought on that too, and ſearch'd every where.
Lady. He may be cloſe for Treaſon, perhaps executed.
Nurſe. Nay, they did look among the Quarters too,
And muſtered all the Bridge-Houſe for his Night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is the Gentleman again.
Lady. What Gentleman?
Ser. He that lov'd my young Miſtreſs.
Lady. Alas, 'tis *Heartlove*, 'twill but feed his Melancholy

To let him see *Maria*, since we dare not
Yet tell the World she lives; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his Passion blind him,
He would see past her borrow'd Tongue and Habit.

Nurse. Please you to entertain him awhile, Madam,
I'll cast about for something with your Daughter.

Lady. Do what thou wo't; pray Mr. *Heartlove* enter.

[*Exeunt Servant and Nurse severally.*

Enter Frank Heartlove.

Frank. Madam, I come to ask your gentle Pardon.

Lady. Pardon, for what? you ne'er offended me.

Frank. Yes, if you be the Mother of *Maria*.

Lady. I was her Mother, but that word is cancell'd,
And buried with her in that very minute
Her Soul fled from her; we lost both our Names
Of Mother and of Daughter.

Frank. Alas, Madam,
If your Relation did consist but in
Those naked Terms, I had a Title nearer,
Since Love unites more than the tie of Blood;
No matter for the empty Voice of Mother;
Your Nature still is left, which in her absence
Must love *Maria*, and not see her Ashes
And Memory polluted. *Lady.* You amaze me;
By whom? *Frank.* By me, I am the vile Profaner.

Lady. Why do you speak thus indiscreetly, Sir?
You ever honour'd her.

Frank. (82) I did alive,
But since she died, I ha' been a Villain to her.

Lady. I do beseech you say not so; all this
Is but to make me know how much I sinn'd,
In forcing her to marry.

Frank. Do not mock me,
I charge you by the Virgin you have wept for;
For I have done an impious act against her,
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,
And through her Marble, ought to be reveng'd;

(82) *I did* live,

A wickedneſs, that if I ſhould be ſilent,
You as a Witneſs muſt accuſe me for't.
Lady. Was I a Witneſs?
Frank. Yes, you knew I lov'd
Maria once; or grant, you did but think ſo,
By what I ha' profeſs'd, or ſhe has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
When I ſhould drop my Tears upon her Grave?
Yes, and proof ſufficient.——
Lady. To what?
Frank. That I, forgetful of my Fame and Vows
To fair *Maria*, e'er the Worm could pierce
Her tender Shroud, had chang'd her for another;
Did you not bluſh to ſee me turn a Rebel?
So ſoon to court a Shadow, a ſtrange thing,
Without a Name? Did you not curſe my levity,
Or think upon her Death with the leſs ſorrow,
That ſhe had ſcap'd a Puniſhment more killing?
Oh how I ſhame to think on't!
Lady. Sir, in my
Opinion, 'twas an Argument of Love
To your *Maria*, for whoſe ſake you could
Affect one that but carried her ſmall likeneſs.
Frank. No more, you are too charitable, but
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never
Change words with that ſtrange Maid, whoſe innocent Face
Like your *Maria*'s won ſo late upon me:
My Paſſions are corrected, and I can
Look on her now, and Woman-kind, without
Love in a thought; 'tis this, I came to tell you,
If after this acknowledgment, you'll be
So kind to ſhew me in what ſilent Grave
You have diſpos'd your Daughter, I will ask
Forgiveneſs of her Duſt, and never leave,
'Till with a loud Confeſſion of my Shame,
I wake her Ghoſt, and that pronounce my Pardon:
Will you deny this favour? then farewel,
I'll never ſee you more: Ha!

Enter Nurſe, Maria *in her own Apparel; after ſome ſhew of wonder,* Heartlove *goes towards her.*

Lady. Be not deluded, Sir, upon my Life
This is the Soul whom you but thought *Maria*
In my Daughter's Habit; what did you mean, Nurſe?
I knew ſhe would but cozen you, (83) is ſhe not like now?

Frank. One Dew unto another is not nearer.

Nurſe. She thinks ſhe is a Gentlewoman;
And that Imagination has ſo taken her,
She ſcorns to ſpeak; how handſomly ſhe carries it,
As if ſhe were a well-bred thing, her Body?
And I warrant you, what looks?

Lady. Pray be not fooliſh.

Frank. I diſturb no Body, ſpeak but half a word
And I am ſatisfy'd; but what needs that?
I'll ſwear 'tis ſhe.

Lady. But do not, I beſeech you;
For truſt me, Sir, you know not what I know.

Frank. Peace then,
And let me pray; ſhe holds up her hands with me.

Lady. This will betray all.

Frank. Love, ever honour'd,
And ever young, thou Sovereign of all Hearts,
(84) Of all our Sorrows the ſweet eaſe. [*She weeps now.*
Does ſhe ſtill cozen me?

Nurſe. You'll ſee anon;
'Twas her deſire, expect the iſſue, Madam.

Frank. My Soul's ſo big, I cannot pray; 'tis ſhe,
I will go nearer.

Enter Algripe, Lurcher, *and Boy.*

Nurſe. Here is Mr. *Algripe,*

(83) ——— *is ſhe not like now?*
One Dew unto another is not nearer.] Mr. *Theobald* ſaw with me, that *Frank Heartlove*'s Name was again dropt here, which I have made no ſcruple to inſert in the Text.

(84) *Of all our Sorrows the ſweet eaſe.* [She weeps now. Mr. *Theobald* ſays in his Margin, *She weeps now,* which is here only made a Stage Direction, muſt be Part of the Text. However, I have not dar'd to follow his Opinion, as it either might or might not have been, ſo the Reader is left to his own Judgment either to admit or reject it.

And

And other Strangers, Madam.

Alg. Here, good Lady,
Upon my Knees I ask thy Worſhip's Pardon;
Here's the whole Sum I had with thy fair Daughter;
Would ſhe were living, I might have her peace too,
And yield her up again to her old liberty:
I had a Wife before, and could not marry;
My Penance ſhall be, on that Man that honour'd her
To confer ſome Land.

Lady. This is incredible.

Alg. 'Tis truth.

Lur. Do you know me, Sir?

Alg. Ha! the Gentleman I deceiv'd.

Lur. My Name is *Lurcher.*

Alg. 'Shat have thy Mortgage.

Lur. I ha' that already, no matter for the Deed
If you releaſe it.

Alg. I'll do't before thy witneſs;
But where's thy Siſter? if ſhe live I am happy,
Though I conceal our Contract, which was ſtol'n from me
With the Evidence of this Land.

The Boy goes to Maria, *and gives her a Paper; ſhe wonders, and ſmiles upon* Heartlove; *he amaz'd, approaches her: afterwards ſhe ſhews it her Mother, and then gives it to* Heartlove.

Nurſe. Your Daughter ſmiles.

Lur. I hope ſhe lives, but where, I cannot tell, Sir.

Boy. E'en here, and pleaſe you, Sir.

Alg. How?

Boy. Nay, 'tis ſhe;
To work thy fair way, I preſerv'd you, Brother,
That would have loſt me willingly, and ſerv'd ye
Thus like a Boy; I ſerv'd you faithfully,
And caſt your (85) Plots but to preſerve your Credit;
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uſes;
So far as you would hearken to my Counſel;
That all the World may know how much you owe me.

(85) *Plots to preſerve*

Alg. Welcome entirely, welcome my dear *Alathe*,
And when I loſe thee again, Bleſſing forſake me:
Nay, let me kiſs thee in theſe Cloaths.
Lur. And I too,
And bleſs the time I had ſo wiſe a Siſter.
Wert thou the little Thief?
Boy. I ſtole the Contract, I muſt confeſs,
And kept it to my ſelf, it moſt concern'd me.
Frank. Contracted? this deſtroys his after-Marriage.
Mar. Dare you give this Hand
To this young Gentleman? my Heart goes with it.
Alg. Maria alive! how my Heart's exalted! 'tis my duty;
Take her, *Frank Heartlove*, take her; and all Joys
With her; beſides ſome Lands t' advance her Jointure.
Lady. What I have is your own, and bleſſings crown ye.
Frank. Give me room,
And freſh Air to conſider, Gentlemen,
My hopes are too high.
Mar. Be more temperate,
Or I'll be *Welſh* again.
Alg. A Day of wonder.
Lur. Lady, your Love, I ha' kept my word; there was
A time, when my much ſuffering made me hate you,
And to that end I did my beſt to croſs you:
And fearing you were dead, I ſtole your Coffin,
That you might never more uſurp my Office:
Many more knacks I did, which at the Weddings
Shall be told of as harmleſs Tales. [*Shout within.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wild. Hollow your Throats apieces, I'm at home;
If you can roar me out again———
Lady. What thing is this?
Lur. A continent of Fleas: room for the Pageant;
Make room afore there; your Kinſman, Madam.
Lady. My Kinſman? let me wonder!
Wild. Do, and I'll wonder too to ſee this Company
At peace one with another; 'tis not worth
Your admiration, I was never dead yet;
You're merry Aunt, I ſee, and all your Company:

If

If ye be not, I'll fool up, and provoke ye;.
I will do any thing to get your love again:
I'll forſwear Midnight-Taverns and Temptations;
Give good Example to your Grooms, the Maids
Shall go to Bed, and take their reſt this Year;
None ſhall appear with Bliſters in their Bellies.
Lur. And when you'll fool again, you may go Ring.
Wild. Madam, have mercy.
Lady. Your Submiſſion, Sir,
I gladly take; we will
Enquire the reaſon of this Habit afterwards;
Now you are ſoundly ſham'd, well, we reſtore you.
Where's *Toby?* where's the Coachman?
Nurſe. He's a-bed, Madam,
And has an Ague, he ſays.
Lur. I'll be his Phyſician.
Lady. We muſt afoot then.
Lur. E'er the Prieſt ha' done,
Toby ſhall wait upon you with his Coach,
And make your *Flanders* Mares dance back again we'ye,
I warrant you, Madam, you are mortified,
Your Suit ſhall be granted too.
Wild. Make, make room (86) afore there.
Lady. Home forward with glad Hearts, home, Child.
Mar. I wait you.
Frank. On joyfully, the Cure of all our Grief,
Is owing to this pretty little Thief. [*Exeunt omnes.*

(86) *afore* thee.

THE WOMAN's PRIZE; OR, THE TAMER TAM'D. A COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

Ladies, to you, in whose Defence and Right,
Fletcher's *brave Muse prepar'd herself to fight*
A Battle without Blood, 'twas well fought too,
(The Victory's yours, though got with much ado.)
We do present this Comedy, *in which*
A Rivulet of pure Wit flows, strong and rich
In Fancy, Language, and all Parts, that may
Add Grace and Ornament t' a merry Play.
Which this may prove. Yet not to go too far
In promises from this our Female War,
We do intreat the angry Men would not
Expect the Mazes of a subtle Plot,
Set Speeches, high Expressions, and what's worse,
In a true Comedy, *politick Discourse.*
The end we aim at, is to make you Sport;
Yet neither gall the City nor the Court.
Hear, and observe his Comick Strain, and when
Y' are sick of Melancholy, see't again.
'Tis no dear Physick, since 'twill quit the Cost:
Or his Intentions, with our Pains, are lost.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Moroso, *an old rich doating Citizen, Suitor to* Livia.

Sophocles, Tranio, } *Two Gentlemen, Friends to* Petruchio.

Petruchio, *An* Italian *Gentleman, Husband to* Maria.

Rowland, *A young Gentleman, in Love with* Livia.

Petronius, *Father to* Maria *and* Livia.

Jaques, Pedro, } *Two witty Servants to* Petruchio.

Doctor.

Apothecary.

Watchmen.

Porters.

WOMEN.

Maria, *a chaste witty Lady,* Livia, *Mistress to* Rowland, } *The two Masculine Daughters of* Petronius.

Bianca, *Their Cousin, and Commander in chief.*

City Wives, Country Wives, } *Who come to the Relief of the Ladies.*

Maids.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

THE WOMAN's PRIZE; OR, THE TAMER TAM'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Moroſo, Sophocles, *and* Tranio, *with Roſemary, as from a Wedding.*

MOROSO.

GOD give 'em Joy.

Tra. Amen.

Soph. Amen, ſay I too. [Wench,

The Pudding's now i' th' Proof: alas poor

Through what a Mine of Patience muſt thou work.

E'er thou know'ſt good Hour more?

Tra. (1) 'Tis too true, certain:

Methinks her Father has dealt harſhly with her,

(1) *'Tis too true; certain,*
Methinks—] This ſtrange pointing greatly confounds the Senſe here; *certain, methinks* is a very odd beginning of a Sentence; I have endeavour'd to ſet the Paſſage right in the preſent Text.

Exceed-

Exceeding harſhly, and not like a Father,
To match her to this Dragon; I proteſt
I pity the poor Gentlewoman.
Mor. Methinks now,
He's not ſo terrible as People think him.
Soph. This old Thief flatters, out of meer Devotion,
To pleaſe the Father for his ſecond Daughter.
Tra. But ſhall he have her?
Soph. Yes, when I have *Rome*.
And yet the Father's for him.
Mor. I'll aſſure ye,
I hold him a good Man.
Soph. Yes ſure, a wealthy,
But whether a good Woman's Man is doubtful.
Tra. Would 'twere no worſe.
Mor. What though his other Wife,
Out of her moſt abundant ſoberneſs,
Out of her daily Hue and Cries upon him,
(For ſure ſhe was a Rebel) turn'd his Temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as ſhe; Does't follow
He muſt retain that long ſince buried Tempeſt,
To this ſoft Maid?
Soph. I fear it.
Tra. So do I too:
And ſo far, that if God had made me Woman,
And his Wife that muſt be——
Mor. What wou'd you do, Sir?
Tra. I'd learn to eat Coals with an angry Cat,
And ſpit fire at him: I would, to prevent him,
Do all the ramping, roaring Tricks, a Whore
Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There's no ſafety elſe, nor moral Wiſdom,
To be a Wife, and his.
Soph. So I ſhould think too.
Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his firſt Wife
(I tell ye on my Knowledge, and a Truth too)
Will make him ſtart in's ſleep, and very often
Cry out for Cudgels, Coleſtaves, any thing;
Hiding his Breeches, out of fear her Ghoſt
Should walk, and wear 'em yet. Since his firſt Marriage,
He

He is no more the ſtill *Petruchio*,
Than I am *Babylon*.
Soph. He's a good Fellow,
And on my word I love him; but to think
A fit match for this tender Soul——
Tra. (2) His very frown, if ſhe but ſay her Prayers
Louder than Men talk Treaſon, makes him Tinder;
The motion of a Dial, when he's teſty,
Is the ſame trouble to him as a Water-work;
She muſt do nothing of herſelf, not eat,
Drink, ſay, Sir, how do ye? make her ready, unready,
Unleſs he bid her.
Soph. He will bury her,
Ten Pound to twenty Shillings, within theſe three Weeks.
Tra. I'll be your half.

Enter Jaques *with a Pot of Wine.*

Mor. He loves her moſt extreamly,
And ſo long 'twill be Honey-moon. Now *Jaques*,
You are a buſie Man I am ſure.
Jaq. Yes, certain,
This old ſport muſt have Eggs.
Soph. Not yet this ten Days.
Jaq. Sweet Gentleman, with Muskadel.
Tra. That's right, Sir.
Mor. This Fellow broods his Maſter; ſpeed ye, *Jaques*.
Soph. We ſhall be for you preſently.
Jaq. Your Worſhips
Shall have it rich and neat, and o' my Conſcience
As welcome as our *Lady-day*: Oh my old Sir,
When ſhall we ſee your Worſhip run at Ring?
That hour, a ſtanding were worth Mony.

(2) *His very frown*——
——*makes him Tinder.*] This very unintelligible Paſſage, we have no Aſſiſtance from any Authority to ſet right: what Stuff is it to ſay, that *Petruchio*'s own Frown, if his Wife ſays her Prayers, *&c.* makes him [*Petruchio*] Tinder. If I may venture to conjecture what the Poets did write, it ſhou'd be thus, *Her very* Sound, or, as it might be wrote nearer to the trace of the Letters in *Chaucer*'s Manner, *Her very Sown, i. e.* Voice, and then the paſſage wou'd be Senſe.

Mor.

Mor. So, Sir.
Jaq. Upon my little Honesty, your Mistress,
If I have any Speculation,
Must think this single thrumming of a Fiddle,
Without a Bow, but e'en poor sport.
Mor. You're merry.
Jaq. Would I were wise too, so God bless your Worship.
Tra. The Fellow tells you true. [*Exit* Jaq.
Soph. When is the day, Man?
Come, come, you'll steal a Marriage.
Mor. Nay, believe me:
But when her Father pleases, I am ready,
And all my Friends shall know it.
Tra. Why not now?
One charge had serv'd for both.
Mor. There's reason in't.
Soph. Call'd *Rowland*——
Mor. Will ye walk?
They'll think we are lost: Come Gentlemen.
Tra. You've wip'd him now.
Soph. So will he ne'er the Wench, I hope.
Tra. I wish it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Rowland *and* Livia.

Row. Now *Livia*, if you'll go away to Night,
If your Affections be not made of Words——
Liv. I love you, and you know how dearly, *Rowland.*
Is there none near us? My Affections ever
Have been your Servants, with what Superstition
I've ever Sainted you——
Row. Why then take this way.
Liv. 'Twill be a childish, and less prosperous Course,
Than his that knows not Care; why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our Fortunes?
Row. Then you flatter.
Liv. Alas, you know I cannot.

Row.

Row. What hope's left elſe
But flying, to enjoy ye?
Liv. None ſo far.
For let it be admitted, we have time,
And all things now in other Expectation,
My Father's bent againſt us; what but Ruin,
Can ſuch a by-way bring us? If your fears
Would let you look with my Eyes, I would ſhew you,
And certain, how our ſtaying here would win us
A Courſe, though ſomewhat longer, yet far ſurer.
Row. And then *Moroſo* h'as ye.
Liv. No ſuch matter;
For hold this certain, Begging, Stealing, Whoring,
Selling (which is a Sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit Cods, or muſty *Engliſh Crocus*,
Switches, or Stones for th' Tooth-ach, ſooner finds me,
Than that drawn Fox, *Moroſo*.
Row. But his Mony,
If Wealth may win you——
Liv. If a Hog may be
High-Prieſt among the *Jews*. His Mony, *Rowland?*
Oh Love forgive me, what a Faith haſt thou?
Why, can his Mony kiſs me?
Row. Yes.
Liv. Behind,
(3) Lac'd out upon a Petticoat; or graſpe me
While I cry, Oh good thank you? O' my Troth
Thou mak'ſt me merry with thy fear: Or lie with me,
As you may do? Alas, what fools you Men are?
His mouldy Mony? Half a dozen Riders,
That cannot ſit, but ſtampt faſt to their Saddles?
No *Rowland*, no Man ſhall make uſe of me;
My Beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me.
Row. I cannot ſay I doubt ye.
Liv. Go thy ways,
Thou art the prettieſt puling piece of Paſſion——

(3) Laid *out upon a Petticoat*;—] *Lac'd* for *laid* is from the old Folio, with a little Alteration, 'tis thus wrote there,
Las'd *out upon*——

I'faith I will not fail thee.

Row. I had rather——

Liv. Prithee believe me, if I do not carry it,
For both our goods——

Row. But——

Liv. What but?

Row. I would tell you.

Liv. I know all you can tell me, all's but this,
You'd have me, and lie with me; is't not so?

Row. Yes.

Liv. Why you shall, will that content you? Go.

Row. I am very loath to go.

Enter Bianca *and* Maria.

Liv. Now o' my Conscience
Thou art an honest Fellow, here's my Sister;
Go, prithee go; this Kiss, and credit me,
E'er I am three Nights older, I am for thee:
You shall hear what I do. Farewel. *Row.* Farewel.
[*Exit* Rowland.

Liv. Alas poor Fool, how't looks?
It would ev'n hang itself, should I but cross it.
For pure Love to the matter I must hatch it.

Bia. Nay, never look for merry hour, *Maria*,
If now you make it not; let not your Blushes,
Your Modesty, and tenderness of Spirit,
Make you continual Anvile to his Anger:
Believe me, since his first Wife set him going,
Nothing can bind his Rage: Take your own Council,
You shall not say that I persuaded you.
But if you suffer him——

Mar. Stay, shall I do't?

Bia. Have you a Stomach to't?

Mar. I never shew'd it.

Bia. 'Twill shew (4) the rarer and the stronger in you.
But do not say I urg'd you.

(4) ——*the rarer and the* stronger *in you.*] There seems to want only the Alteration of a single Letter here, to make the Passage right, thus, ——*the rarer and the* stranger *in you.*

Mar.

Mar. I am perfect.
Like *Curtius*, to redeem my Country, I've leap'd
Into this gulph of Marriage, and I'll do it.
Farewel all poorer Thoughts, but Spight and Anger,
Till I have wrought a Miracle. Now Cousin,
I am no more the gentle, tame *Maria*;
Mistake me not, I have a new Soul in me
Made of a North-wind, nothing but Tempest;
And like a Tempest shall it make all Ruin,
Till I have run my Will out.
Bia. This is brave now,
If you continue it, but your own Will lead you.
Mar. Adieu all Tenderness, I dare continue;
Maids that are made of Fears, and modest Blushes,
View me, and love Example.
Bia. Here's your Sister.
Mar. Here's the brave old Man's Love——
Bia. That loves the young Man.
Mar. Ay, and hold thee there Wench: What a grief of Heart is't?
When *Paphos* Revels should up-rouse old Night,
To sweat against a Cork, to lie and tell
The Clock o' th' Lungs, to rise sport-starv'd.
Liv. Dear, Sister,
Where have you been, you talk thus?
Mar. Why at Church, Wench;
Where I am ty'd to talk thus: I'm a Wife now.
Liv. It seems so, and a modest.
Mar. You're an Ass;
When thou art married once, thy Modesty
Will never buy thee Pins.
Liv. 'Bless me.
Mar. From what?
Bia. From such a tame Fool as our Cousin *Livia?*
Liv. You are not mad.
Mar. Yes Wench, and so must you be,
Or none of our acquaintance; mark me, *Livia*;
Or indeed fit for our Sex: 'Tis Bed-time.
Pardon me, yellow *Hymen*, that I mean

Thine Offerings to protract, or to keep fasting
My valiant Bridegroom.
Liv. Whither will this Woman?
Bia. You may perceive her end.
Liv. Or rather fear it.
Mar. Dare you be Partner in't?
Liv. Leave it *Maria.*
(I fear I've mark'd too much,) for goodness leave it;
Divest you with obedient Hands, to Bed——
Mar. To Bed? No, *Livia*, there are Comets hang
Prodigious over that yet; there's a Fellow
Must yet, before I know that heat (ne'er start Wench)
Be made a Man, for yet he is a Monster;
Here must his Head be, *Livia.*
Liv. Never hope it.
'Tis as easy with a Sieve to scoop the Ocean, as
To tame *Petruchio.*
Mar. Stay: *Lucina*, hear me,
Never unlock the Treasure of my Womb
For humane Fruit, to make it capable;
Nor never with thy secret Hand make brief
A Mother's Labour to me, if I do
Give way unto my married Husband's Will,
Or be a Wife in any thing but hopes:
Till I have made him easie as a Child,
And tame as Fear, he shall not win a smile,
Or a pleas'd look, from this Austerity,
Though it would pull another Jointure from him,
And make him ev'ry day another Man;
And when I kiss him, till I have my Will,
May I be barren of Delights, and know
Only what Pleasures are in Dreams, and Guesses.
Liv. A strange *Exordium.*
Bia. All the several Wrongs
Done by Imperious Husbands to their Wives
These thousand Years and upwards, strengthen thee:
Thou hast a brave Cause.
Mar. And I'll do it bravely,
Or may I knit my Life out ever after.

Liv.

Liv. (5) In what part of the World got ſhe this Spirit?
Yet pray *Maria*, look before you truly,
Beſides the Obedience of a Wife,
Which you will find a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot think your own, it ſhews
So diſtant from your ſweetneſs——

Mar. 'Tis, I ſwear.

Liv. Weigh but the Perſon, and the hopes you have,
To work this deſperate Cure.

Mar. A weaker Subject
Would ſhame the end I aim at, Diſobedience.
You talk too tamely: By the faith I have
In mine own noble Will, that childiſh Woman
That lives a Pris'ner to her Husband's Pleaſure,
Has loſt her making, and becomes a Beaſt,
Created for his Uſe, not Fellowſhip.

Liv. His firſt Wife ſaid as much.

Mar. She was a Fool,
And took a ſcurvy Courſe; let her be nam'd
'Mongſt thoſe that wiſh for things, but dare not do 'em:
I have a new Dance for him. *Liv.* Are you of
This Faith? *Bia.* Yes truly, and will die in't. *Liv.* Why then
Let's all wear Breeches.

Mar. Now thou com'ſt near the nature of a Woman.
Hang theſe tame hearted Eyaſſes, that no ſooner
See the Lure out, and hear their Husband's hollow,

(5) *In what part of the World——*] Theſe ſix ſubſequent Lines ſeem almoſt all miſplac'd. As they now ſtand, part of the Sentence is intermixt with the Parentheſis, and makes a Parentheſis to the Parentheſis. I read the whole thus.

Livia. *In what part of the World got ſhe this Spirit?*
Which yet I cannot think your own, it ſhews
So diſtant from your ſweetneſs——
Mar. *'Tis, I ſwear.*
Livia. *Yet pray* Maria, *look before you truly,*
Beſides the due *Obedience of a Wife,*
(Which you will find a heavy imputation)
Weigh but the, &c.

I have inſerted an Adjective in the fifth Line, which ſeems to have been drop'd by Accident, it is neceſſary to the Meaſure, natural to the Expreſſion, and is uſed in the ſame manner in another part of the Play. Mr. *Seward.*

But cry like Kites upon 'em: The free Haggard
(Which is that Woman, that hath Wing, and knows it,
Spirit and Plume) will make an hundred checks,
To shew her freedom, fail in ev'ry Air,
And look out ev'ry Pleasure, not regarding
Lure, nor Quarry, till her pitch command
What she desires, making her foundred Keeper
Be glad to fling out Trains, and golden ones,
To take her down again.
Liv. You're learned, Sister;
Yet I say still take heed.
Mar. A witty saying.
I'll tell thee *Livia*, had this Fellow tired
As many Wives as Horses under him,
With spurring of their Patience; had he got
A Patent, with an Office to reclaim us,
Confirm'd by Parliament; had he all the Malice
And subtilty of Devils, or of us,
Or any thing that's worse than both——
Liv. Hey, hey Boys, this is excellent.
Mar. Or could he
Cast his Wives new again, like Bells, to make 'em
Sound to his Will; or had the fearful Name
Of the first breaker of wild Women; yet,
Yet would I undertake this Man, thus single,
And, spight of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mould him
Into a Babe again, that aged Women,
Wanting both Teeth and Spleen, may master him.
Bia. Thou wilt be Chronicl'd.
Mar. That's all I aim at.
Liv. I must confess, I do with all my Heart
Hate an imperious Husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon.
Bia. To make him Cuckold?
Mar. If he deserve it.
Liv. Then I'll leave ye, Ladies.
Bia. Thou hast not so much noble Anger in thee.
Mar. Go sleep, go sleep; what we intend to do,
Lies not for such starv'd Souls, as thou hast, *Livia*.

Liv.

Liv. Good night, the Bridegroom will be with you presently.

Mar. That's more than you know.

Liv. If ye work upon him,
As you have promised, ye may give Example,
Which no doubt will be followed. *Mar.* So. *Bia.* Good Night,
We'll trouble you no further.

Mar. If you intend no good, pray do no harm.'

Liv. None, but pray for you. [*Exit* Livia.

Bia. Cheer Wench.

Mar. Now *Bianca*,
Those wits we have, let's wind 'em to the height.
My rest is up, Wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations, are half-builders, all Men say.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Master, forsooth——

Mar. Oh how does thy Master. Prithee commend me to him.

Jaq. How's this, My Master stays, forsooth——

Mar. Why let him stay, who hinders him, forsooth?

Jaq. The Revel's ended now, to visit you.

Mar. I am not sick. *Jaq.* I mean to see his Chamber, Forsooth. (6) *Mar.* Am I his Groom? Where lay he last Night,
Forsooth? *Jaq.* In the low matted Parlour. *Mar.* There lies
His way by the long Gallery. *Jaq.* I mean
Your Chamber: You are very merry, Mistress.

Mar. 'Tis a good sign I am sound-hearted, *Jaques:*
But if you'll know where I lie, follow me;
And what thou seest, deliver to thy Master.

Bia. Do, gentle *Jaques*. [*Exeunt.*

Jaq. Ha, is the Wind in that Door?
By'rLady we shall have foul weather then:
I do not like the shuffling of these Women,

(6) Jaq. *Am I his Groom?*——] The Reformation made in the Speakers here is from the first folio Copy.

They are mad Beasts, when they knock their Heads together:
I have observ'd them all this Day, their Whispers,
One in another's Ear; their signs and pinches,
And breaking often into violent Laughters:
As if the end they purpos'd were their own.
Call you this Weddings? Sure this is a Knavery,
A very Trick, and dainty Knavery,
Marvellous finely carried, that's the Comfort:
What would these Women do in ways of Honour,
That are such Masters this way? Well, my Sir
Has been as good at finding out these Toys,
As any living; if he lose it now,
At his own Peril be it. I must follow. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Servants with Lights, Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, Tranio, *and* Sophocles.

Petru. You that are married, Gentlemen; have at ye
For a round Wager now.

Soph. Of this Night's Stage?

Petru. Yes. *Soph.* I am your first Man, a pair of Gloves
Of twenty Shillings. *Petru.* Done; who takes me up next?
I am for all bets.

Mor. Well, lusty *Lawrence*, were but my Night now,
Old as I am, I'd make you clap on Spurs,
But I would reach, and bring you to your trot too:
I would, Gallants.

Pet. Well said, good Will; but (7) where's the Staff Boy, ha?

(7) ——*where's the* Staff *Boy, ha?*] Tho' I take no Pleasure in the raking into a Dunghil, yet the amending of Passages to the Honour of our Authors good Sense, whether innocent or obscene, is the Duty of every careful Editor; for *Staff*, therefore, I propose reading *Stuff*, and the following Line seems to confirm the Alteration.

——— *but where's the* Stuff *Boy, ha?*
Old father Time, your Hour-glass is empty.

Old

Old father Time, your Hour-glaſs is empty.

Tra. A good tough train would break thee to all pieces; Thou haſt not breath enough to ſay thy Prayers.

Petro. See how theſe Boys deſpiſe us. Will you to Bed, Son?

This pride will have a fall.

Petru. Upon your Daughter;
But I ſhall riſe again, if there be truth
In Eggs, and butter'd Parſnips.

Petro. (8) Will you to Bed, Son, and leave talking?
To morrow Morning we ſhall have you look,
For all your great words, like St. *George* at *Kingſton*,
Running a Foot-back from the furious Dragon,
That with her angry Tail belabours him
For being lazie.

Tra. His Courage quench'd, and ſo far quench'd ——

Petru. 'Tis very well, Sir.
What then?

Soph. Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful Dwarfe;
Here is no place for living Man.

Petru. Well, my Maſters, if I do ſink under my buſineſs, as I find 'tis very poſſible, I am not the firſt that has miſcarried; So that's my Comfort, what may be done without impeach or waſte, I can and will do.

Enter Jaques.

How now, is my fair Bride a-bed?

Jaq. No truly, Sir.

Petro. Not a-bed yet? Body o' me; we'll up and rifle her; here's a coil with a Maiden-head, 'tis not intail'd, is it?

Petru. If it be, I'll try all the Law i'th' Land, but I'll cut it off; let's up, let's up, come.

(8) *Will you to Bed, Son, and leave talking?*
To morrow Morning we ſhall have you look,
For all your great words.——] The Gravity of the Speaker, old *Petronius*, made me ſuſpicious that, *For all your great* &c. muſt belong to *Sophocles:* And if they won't come more decently, yet certainly they will flow more properly from his than the old Gentleman's Mouth. Mr. *Seward* too advanc'd the ſame Alteration, altho' I have not dar'd to diſturb the Text.

Jaq.

Jaq. That you cannot neither.

Petru. Why?

Jaq. Unleſs you'll drop through the Chimney like a Daw, or force a breach i'th' Windows; you may untile the Houſe, 'tis poſſible.

Petru. What doſt thou mean?

Jaq. A Moral, Sir, the Ballad will expreſs it;

The Wind and the Rain,
Has turn'd you back again.
And you cannot be lodged there.

The truth is, all the Doors are baracadoed;
Not a Cat-hole, but holds a murd'rer in't.
She's victuall'd for this Month.

Petru. Art not thou drunk?

Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk; come, come, let's up.

Jaq. Yes, yes, I am drunk; ye may go up, ye may Gentlemen, but take heed to your Heads; I ſay no more.

Soph. I'll try that. [*Exit* Soph.

Petro. How doſt thou ſay? the Door faſt lock'd, Fellow?

Jaq. Yes truly, Sir, 'tis lock'd, and guarded too;
And two as deſperate Tongues planted behind it,
As e'er yet batter'd;
They ſtand upon their Honours, and won't give up
Without ſtrange Compoſition, I'll aſſure you;
Marching away with their Pieces cockt, and Bullets in their Mouths, will not ſatisfie them.

Petru. How's this? How's this? they are——
Is there another with her?

Jaq. Yes, marry is there, and an Engineer.

Mor. Who's that, for Heav'n's ſake?

Jaq. Colonel *Bianca*, ſhe commands the works;
Spinola's but a Ditcher to her; there is
A Half-moon: I am but a poor Man, but if
You'll give me leave, I'll venture a Year's Wages,
Draw all your force before it,
And mount your ableſt Piece of Battery,
You ſhall not enter it theſe three Nights yet.

Enter

Enter Sophocles.

Petru. I ſhould laugh at that, good *Jaques.* *Soph.* Beat back again,
She's fortified for ever. *Jaq.* Am I drunk now, Sir?
Soph. He that dares moſt, go up now, and be cool'd.
I have ſcap'd a pretty ſcowring.
Petru. What, are they mad? have we another *Bedlam?*
They do not talk, I hope? *Soph.* Oh terribly,
Extreamly fearful, th' Noiſe at *London-bridge*
Is nothing near her. *Petru.* How got ſhe this Tongue?
Soph. As you got Tail, ſhe was born to't.
Petru. Lock'd out a Doors, and on my Wedding-night?
Nay, and I ſuffer this, I may go graze;
Come, Gentlemen, I'll Batter; are theſe Virtues?
Soph. Do, and be beaten off with ſhame, as I was;
I went up, came to th' Door, knock'd, no Body
Anſwer'd; knock'd louder; yet heard nothing, would have
Broke in by force; when ſuddenly a Water-work
Flew from the Window with ſuch Violence,
That had I not duck'd quickly like a Friar,
Cætera quis neſcit?
The Chamber's nothing but a meer *Oſtend*,
In every Window Pewter Cannons mounted,
You'll quickly find with what they are charg'd, Sir.
Petru. Why then *tantara* for us.
Soph. And all the lower Works lin'd ſure with ſmall ſhot,
Long Tongues with Fire-locks, that at twelve ſcore Blank
Hit to the Heart; now and ye dare go up——

Enter Maria *and* Bianca *above.*

Mor. The Window opens, beat a Parley firſt;
I am ſo much amaz'd, my very Hair ſtands.
Petro. Why, how now Daughter; what, are you intrench'd?
Mar. A little guarded for my ſafety, Sir.
Petru. For your ſafety, Sweet-heart? Why, pray who offends you?
I come not to uſe Violence. *Mar.* I think

You

You cannot, Sir, I'm better fortified.
Petru. I know your end,
You would fain reprieve your Maiden-head
A Night, or two.
Mar. Yes, or ten, or twenty, or say an hundred;
Or indeed, till I list lie with you.
Soph. That's a shrewd saying; from this present Hour
I never will believe a silent Woman.
When they break out they are Bonfires.
Petro. Till you list, lie with him? Why, who are you, Madam?
Bia. That trim Gentleman's Wife, Sir.
Petru. Cry you mercy, do you command too?
Mar. Yes, marry does she, and in chief.
Bia. I do command, and you shall go without;
(I mean your Wife, for this Night.)
Mar. And for the next too, Wench, and so as't follows.
Petro. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?
Mar. Yes indeed dear Father,
And till he Seal to what I shall set down,
For any thing I know for ever.
Soph. Indeed these are Bug-words.
Tra. You hear, Sir, she can talk, God be thanked.
Petru. I would I heard it not, Sir.
Soph. I find all th' Pity bestow'd on this Woman,
Makes but an Anagram of an ill Wife,
For she was never virtuous.
Petru. You'll let me in, I hope, for all this jesting.
Mar. Hope still, Sir.
Petro. You will come down, I am sure.
Mar. I am sure I will not.
Petro. I'll fetch you then.
Bia. The pow'r of the whole County cannot, Sir,
Unless we please to yield, which yet I think
We shall not; charge us when you please, you shall
Hear quickly from us.
Mor. Heav'n bless me from a Chicken of thy hatching.
Is this wiving?
Petru. Prithee *Maria*, tell me what's the Reason,
And freely do't, you deal thus strangely with me?

You

You were not forc'd to marry, your Conſent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that Mettle
A Man ſhould have, to keep a Woman waking;
I would be ſorry to be ſuch a Saint yet;
My Perſon, as it is not excellent,
So 'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with Phyſick,
But well enough to pleaſe an honeſt Woman,
That keeps her Houſe, and loves her Husband——

Mar. 'Tis ſo.

Petru. My Means and my Conditions are no Shamers
Of him that owes 'em, all the World knows that,
And my Friends no reliers on my Fortunes.

Mar. All this I believe, and none of all theſe Parcels
I (9) dare except againſt; nay more, ſo far
I am from making theſe the ends I aim at,
Theſe idle outward things, theſe Womens Fears,
That were I yet unmarried, free to chuſe
Through all the Tribes of Man, I'll take *Petruchio*
In's ſhirt, with one ten Groats to pay the Prieſt,
Before the beſt Man living, or the ableſt
That e'er leap'd out of *Lancaſhire*, and they are right ones.

Petro. Why do you play the Fool then, and ſtand prating
Out of the Window, like a broken Miller?

Petru. If you will have me credit you, *Maria*,
Come down, and let your Love confirm it. *Mar.* Stay
There, Sir, that Bargain's yet to make. *Bia.* Play ſure, Wench,
The Pack's in thine own Hand. *Soph.* Let me die lowſie,
If theſe two Wenches be not brewing Knavery
To ſtock a Kingdom. *Petru.* Why, this is a Riddle;
I love you, and I love you not.

Mar. It is ſo;
And till your own Experience do untie it,
This diſtance I muſt keep.

Petru. If you talk more,
I'm angry, very angry.

(9) *dare* accept *againſt*;] Mr. *Theobald* reads the Text, with me, and our Conjecture is confirm'd by the oldeſt Edition.

Mar.

Mar. I'm glad on't, and I will talk.
Petru. Prithee Peace,
Let me not think thou'rt mad. I tell thee, Woman,
If thou goeſt forward, I am ſtill *Petruchio.*
Mar. And I am worſe, a Woman that can fear
Neither *Petruchio Furius*, nor his Fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our Allegiance;
There's a ſhort Method for you, now you know me.
Petru. If you can carry't ſo, 'tis very well.
Bia. No, you ſhall carry't, Sir.
Petru. Peace, gentle Low-bel.
Petro. Uſe no more Words, but come down inſtantly,
I charge thee by the Duty of a Child.
Petru. Prithee come down *Maria*, I forgive all.
Mar. Stay there; That Duty, that you charge me by
(If you conſider truly what you ſay)
Is now another Man's, you gave't away
I'th' Church, if you remember, to my Husband;
So all you can exact now, is no more
But only a due reverence to your Perſon,
Which thus I pay; your Bleſſing, and I'm gone
To Bed for this Night.
Petro. This is monſtrous:
That Bleſſing that St. *Dunſtan* gave the Devil,
If I were near thee, I would give thee———
Pull thee down by th' Noſe.
Bia. Saints ſhould not rave, Sir;
A little Rubarb now were excellent.
Petru. Then by that Duty you owe to me, *Maria*,
Open the Door, and be obedient;
I'm quiet yet.
Mar. I do confeſs that Duty, make your beſt on't.
Petru. Why, give me leave, I will.
Bia. Sir, there's no learning
An old ſtiff Jade to trot, you know the Moral.
Mar. Yet, as I take it, Sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.
Petru. You will not Article?
All I owe, preſently, let me but up, I'll pay.

Mar.

Mar. You are too hot, and such prove Jades at length;
You do confess a Duty, or Respect to me from you again,
That's very near, or full the same with mine?
Petru. Yes.
Mar. Then by that Duty, or Respect, or what
You please to have it, go to Bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know, I am not for you.
Petru. Well, what remedy?
Petro. A fine smart Cudgel. Oh that I were near thee.
Bia. If you had Teeth now, what a case were we in?
Mor. These are the most authentick Rebels, next *Tyrone*, I ever read of.
Mar. A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,
And as I find my Will observ'd, I may,
With intercession of some Friends, be brought
May be to kiss you; and so quarterly
To pay a little Rent by Composition.
You understand me now? *Soph.* Thou Boy, thou. *Petru.* Well,
There are more Maids than *Maudlin*, that's my comfort.
Mar. Yes, and more Men than *Michael*. *Petru.* I must not
To Bed with this Stomach, and no Meat, Lady.
Mar. Feed where you will, so it be sound and wholsome,
Else live at Livery, for I'll none with you.
Bia. Y' had best back one of th' Dairy Maids, they'll carry.
But take heed to your Girths, you'll get a bruise else.
Petru. Now if thou would'st come down, and tender me
All the delights due to a Marriage-bed;
Study such Kisses as would melt a Man;
And turn thy self into a thousand Figures,
To add new flames unto me, I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising
Thee, and thy best alluring: All the Beauty
That's laid upon your Bodies, mark me well,
(For without doubt your Minds are miserable,
You have no Masques for them;) all this rare Beauty,
Lay but the Painter and the Silk-worm by,

The

The Doctor with his Diets, and the Tailor,
And you appear like flea'd Cats, not so handsome.
Mar. And we appear, like her that sent us hither,
That only excellent and beauteous Nature,
Truly our selves, for Men to wonder at,
But too divine to handle; we are Gold,
In our own Natures pure, but when we suffer
The Husbands stamp upon us, then allays,
And base ones of you Men, are mingled with us,
And make us blush like Copper.
Petru. Then, and never
Till then, are Women to be spoken of;
For till that time you have no Souls, I take it.
Good Night: Come Gentlemen; I'll fast for this Night,
But by this Hand—Well, shall I come up yet?
Mar. No.
Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd Jury;
Thou shalt neither have Meat, Fire, nor Candle,
Nor any thing that's easie; do you rebel so soon?
Yet take mercy.
Bia. Put up your Pipes; to Bed, Sir: I'll assure you
A Month's Siege will not shake us.
Mor. Well said, Colonel.
Mar. To Bed, to Bed *Petruchio*; good Night Gentlemen.
You'll make my Father sick with sitting up:
Here you shall find us any time these ten Days,
Unless we may march off with our contentment.
Petru. I'll hang first.
Mar. And I'll quarter if I do not.
I'll make you know, and fear a Wife, *Petruchio*,
There my cause lies.
You have been famous for a Woman-tamer,
And bear the fear'd-name of a brave Wife-breaker:
A Woman now shall take those Honours off, and tame you;
Nay, never look so big, she shall, believe me,
And I am she; what think ye? good Night all,
Ye shall find Centinels———
Bia. If ye dare sally. [*Exeunt above.*
Petro. The Devil's in 'em, ev'n the very Devil,
The down-right Devil.

Petru.

Petru. I'll Devil 'em, by theſe ten Bones I will:
I'll bring't to th' old Proverb, no ſport no pie,
——Taken down i'th' top of all my ſpeed?
This is fine dancing: Gentlemen, ſtick to me.
You ſee our Freehold's touch'd, and by this light,
We will beleaguer 'em, and either ſtarve 'em out,
Or make 'em recreant.

Petro. I'll ſee all Paſſages ſtopt, but thoſe about 'em:
If the good Women of the Town dare ſuccour 'em,
We ſhall have Wars indeed.

Soph. I'll ſtand perdue on 'em.

Mor. My Regiment ſhall lie before. *Jaq.* I think ſo,
'Tis grown too old to ſtand.

Petru. Let's in, and each provide his Tackle,
We'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their Pardons
(Hear what I ſay) on their bare Knees——
Am I *Petruchio*, fear'd, and ſpoken of,
And on my wedding Night am I thus jaded? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Rowland *and* Pedro *at ſeveral Doors.*

Row. Now, *Pedro?*

Ped. Very buſie, Maſter *Rowland.*

Row. What haſte, Man?

Ped. I beſeech you pardon me,
I am not mine own Man.

Row. Thou art not mad?

Ped. No, but believe me, as haſty——

Row. The cauſe, good *Pedro?*

Ped. There be a thouſand, Sir; you are not Married?

Row. Not yet.

Ped. Keep your ſelf quiet then.

Row. Why?

Ped. You'll find a Fiddle
That never will be tun'd elſe: from all Women——
[*Exit.*

Row. What ails the Fellow tro? *Jaques?*

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Your Friend, Sir,
But full of Buſineſs.
Row. Nothing but Buſineſs?
Prithee the reaſon, is there any dying?
Jaq. I would there were, Sir.
Row. But thy Buſineſs?
Jaq. I'll tell you in a word, I'm ſent to lay
An Impoſition upon Souſe and Puddings,
Paſties, and penny Cuſtards, that the Women
May not relieve yon Rebels: Fare ye well, Sir.
Row. How does my Miſtreſs?
Jaq. Like a reſty Jade.
She's ſpoil'd for riding. [*Exit* Jaques.
Row. What a Devil ail they?

Enter Sophocles.

Cuſtards, and penny Paſties, Fools and Fiddles,
What's this to th' purpoſe? Oh, well met.
Soph. Now, *Rowland.*
I cannot ſtay to talk long.
Row. What's the matter?
Here's ſtirring, but to what end? Whither go you?
Soph. To view the Works.
Row. What Works?
Soph. The Womens Trenches.
Row. Trenches? Are ſuch to ſee?
Soph. I do not jeſt, Sir.
Row. I cannot underſtand you.
Soph. Don't you hear
In what a ſtate of Quarrel the new Bride
Stands with her Husband? *Row.* Let him ſtand with her,
And there's an end. *Soph.* It ſhould be, but by'r Lady
She holds him out at Pikes end, and defies him,
And now is fortify'd; ſuch a Regiment of Rutters
Never defied Men braver: I am ſent
To view their Preparation.
Row. This is News

Stranger,

Stranger, (10) than Arms in the Air; you ſaw not
My gentle Miſtreſs?
Soph. Yes, and meditating
Upon ſome ſecret Buſineſs; when ſh'ad found it
She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and ſtraight retir'd
To ſhun *Moroſo.*
Row. This may be for me.
Soph. Will you along?
Row. No.
Soph. Farewel, [*Exit* Sophocles.
Row. Farewel, Sir.
What ſhould her muſing mean, and what her joy in't,
If not for my advantage? Stay ye, may not

Enter Livia *at one Door, and* Moroſo *at another hearkning.*

That bob-tail jade *Moroſo,* with his Gold,
His gew-gaudes, and the hope ſhe has to ſend him
Quickly to Duſt, excite this? Here ſhe comes,
And yonder walks the Stallion to diſcover:
Yet I'll ſalute her: Save you, beauteous Miſtreſs.
Liv. The Fox is kennell'd for me: Save you, Sir.
Row. Why do you look ſo ſtrange?
Liv. I uſe to look, Sir,
Without examination.
Mor. Twenty Spur-Royals for that Word.
Row. Belike then
The Object diſcontents you?
Liv. Yes it does.
Row. Is't come to this? You know me, do you not?
Liv. Yes, as I may know many, by Repentance.
Row. Why do you break your Faith?
Liv. I'll tell you that too;
You're under Age, and no band holds upon you.

(10) ——*than* Arms *in the Air*; ——] Armies, I would read, and thus Mr. *Theobald* had alter'd this Place in his Margin.

Mor. Excellent Wench!

Liv. (11) Sue out your Underſtanding,
And get more Hair to cover your bare Knuckle;
(For Boys were made for nothing, but dry Kiſſes)
And if you can, more Manners.

Mor. Better ſtill.

Liv. And then if I want *Spaniſh* Gloves, or Stockings,
A ten pound Waſtecoat, or a Nag to hunt on,
It may be I ſhall grace you to accept 'em.

Row. Farewel, and when I credit Women more,
May I to *Smithfield*, and there buy a Jade,
(And know him to be ſo) that breaks my Neck.

Liv. Becauſe I've known you, I'll be thus kind to you;
Farewel, and be a Man, and I'll provide you,
Becauſe I ſee you're deſperate, ſome ſtaid Chamber-maid,
That may relieve your Youth with wholſome Doctrine.

Mor. She's mine from all the World: Ha, Wench?

Liv. Ha, Chicken? ——— [*Gives him a Box o'th' Ear, and Exit.*

Mor. How's this? I do not love theſe Favours:
Save you.

Row. The Devil take thee— [*Wrings him by th' Noſe.*

Mor. Oh!

Row. There's a Love-token for you, thank me now.

Mor. I'll think on ſome of ye, and if I live,
My Noſe alone ſhall not be plaid withal. [*Exit.*

(11) Shew *out your Underſtanding,*] I demurr'd upon this Place till I ſaw the Phraſe on the other Side of the Leaf, *H'as ſu'd his Livery*, and made no ſcruple to alter the Word here, before I conſulted the Copy of 1647, which gives the preſent Text.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Petronius, *and* Moroſo.

Petro. A Box o'th' Ear, d' you ſay?
Mor. Yes ſure, a ſound one,
Beſide my Noſe blown to my Hand; if *Cupid*
Shoot Arrows of that weight, I'll ſwear devoutly,
H'as ſued his Liv'ry, and 's no more a Boy.
Petro. You gave her ſome ill Language?
Mor. Not a word.
Petro. Or might be you were fumbling?
Mor. Would I had, Sir,
'Had been a-forehand then; but to be baffl'd,
And have no feeling of the Cauſe——
Petro. Be patient,
I have a Med'cine clap'd to her Back will cure her.
Mor. No ſure 't muſt be afore, Sir.
Petro. O' my Conſcience,
When I got theſe two Wenches (who till now
Ne'er ſhew'd their riding) I was drunk with * Baſtard,
Whoſe Nature is to form things like it ſelf
Heady and Monſtrous; did ſhe ſlight him too?
Mor. That's all my comfort; a meer Hobby-horſe
She made Child *Rowland*; s'foot ſhe would not know him,
Nor give him a free look, not reckon him
Among her Thoughts, which I held more than wonder,
I having ſeen her within's three Days kiſs him,
With ſuch an Appetite as though ſhe'd eat him.
Petro. There is ſome trick in this; how did he take it?
Mor. Ready to cry, he ran away.
Petro. I fear her;
And yet I tell you, ever to my Anger,

* *i. e.* A Liquor very common in our Authors Days, and frequently mentioned by the Writers of that Time.

She is as tame as Innocency; 't may be
This Blow was but a Favour. *Mor.* I'll be ſworn
'Twas well tied on then.
Petro. Go too, pray forget it;
I have beſpoke a Prieſt, and within's two Hours
I'll have ye married, will that pleaſe you?
Mor. Yes.
Petro. I'll ſee it done my ſelf, and give the Lady
Such a ſound exhortation for this Knavery
I'll warrant you, ſhall make her ſmell this Month on't.
Mor. Nay good Sir be not violent.
Petro. Neither—— *Mor.* 'T may be
Out of her earneſt Love there grew a longing
(As you know Women have ſuch Toys) in kindneſs,
To give m' a Box o'th' Ear, or ſo.
Petro. It may be.
Mor. I reckon for the beſt ſtill; this Night then
I ſhall enjoy her.
Petro. You ſhall handſel her.
Mor. Old as I am, I'll give her one blow for't
Shall make her groan this Twelve-month.
Petro. Where's your Jointure?
Mor. I have a Jointure for her.
Petro. Have your Council perus'd it yet?
Mor. No Council but the Night, and your ſweet Daughter,
Shall e'er peruſe that Jointure.
Petro. Very well, Sir.
Mor. I'll no Demurrers on't, nor no Rejoinders.
The other's ready ſeal'd.
Petro. Come then let's comfort
My Son *Petruchio*, he's like little Children
That loſe their Baubles, crying ripe.
Mor. Pray tell me,
Is this ſtern Woman ſtill upon the flaunt
Of bold Defiance?
Petro. Still, and ſtill ſhe ſhall be,
Till ſhe be ſtarv'd out; you ſhall ſee ſuch Juſtice,
That Women ſhall be glad after this Tempeſt,
To tie their Husband's Shoes, and walk their Horſes.

Mor.

Mor. That were a merry World; d' you hear the Rumour?
They say the Women are in Insurrection,
And mean to make a———
Petro. They'll sooner
Draw upon Walls as we do: Let 'em, let 'em,
We'll ship 'em out in Cuck-stools, there they'll Sail
As brave *Columbus* did, till they discover
The happy Islands of Obedience.
We stay too long, come.
Mor. Now St. *George* be with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Livia *alone.*

Liv. (12) Now if I can but get in handsomely,
Father, I shall deceive you, and this Night,
For all your private plotting, I'll no Wedlock;
I've shifted sail, and find my Sister's safety
A sure Retirement; pray to Heav'n that *Rowland*
Do not believe too far, what I said to him,
For yon old Foxcase forc'd me; that's my fear.
Stay, let me see, this Quarter fierce *Petruchio*
Keeps with his *Myrmidons*, I must be sudden;
If he seize on me, I can look for nothing
But Marshal-Law, to this place have I scap'd him;
Above there.

Enter Maria *and* Bianca *above.*

Mar. Che va la?
Liv. A Friend.
Bia. Who are you?
Liv. Look out and know.
Mar. Alas poor Wench, who sent thee?
What weak Fool made thy Tongue his Orator?
I know you come to Parly.
Liv. You're deceiv'd.

(12) *Now if can but get*——] So all the Editions but the first Folio.

Urg'd by the Goodneſs of your Cauſe, I come
To do as you do.
Mar. You're too weak, too fooliſh,
To cheat us with your ſmoothneſs; don't we know
Thou haſt been kept up tame?
Liv. Believe me.
Mar. No, prithee good *Livia*
Utter thy Eloquence ſomewhere elſe.
Bia. Good Couſin,
Put up your Pipes; we are not for your Palate;
Alas, we know who ſent you.
Liv. O' my Word———
Bia. Stay there; you muſt not think upon your Word,
Or by your Maidenhead, or ſuch *Sunday* Oaths,
Sworn after Even-Song, can e'er inveigle us
To loſe our hand-faſt; did their Wiſdoms think,
That ſent you hither, we would be ſo fooliſh,
To entertain our (13) gentle Siſter *Sinon*,
And give her Credit, while the wooden Jade
Petruchio ſtole upon us? no, good Siſter,
Go home, and tell the merry *Greeks* that ſent you,
Ilium ſhall burn, and I, as did *Æneas*,
Will on my back, ſpite of the *Myrmidons*,
Carry this warlike Lady, and through Seas
Unknown, and unbeliev'd, ſeek out a Land,
Where like a race of noble *Amazons*
We'll root our ſelves, and to our endleſs Glory
Live, and deſpiſe baſe Men.
Liv. I'll ſecond ye.
Bia. How long have you been thus?
Liv. That's all one, Couſin,
I ſtand for freedom now.
Bia. Take heed of lying;
For by this Light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his Inflict̃ion
That kill'd the Prince of *Orange*, will be ſport
To what we purpoſe.

(13) —— *Gentle Siſter* Simon,] This Blunder runs only through the Octavo of 1711.

Liv.

Liv. Let me feel the heavieſt.
Mor. Swear by thy Sweet-heart *Rowland*, (for by your Maiden-head
I fear 'twill be too late to ſwear,) you mean
Nothing but fair and ſafe, and honourable
To us, and to your ſelf.
Liv. I Swear.
Bia. Stay yet.
Swear as you hate *Moroſo*, that's the ſureſt,
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worſe than a poor dry'd *Jack*, full of more aches
Than *Autumn* has; more Knavery, and Uſury,
And Foolery, and Brokery, than *Dogs-ditch*;
As you do conſtantly believe he's nothing
But an old empty Bag with a grey Beard,
And that Beard ſuch a Bob-tail, that it looks
Worſe than a Mare's Tail eaten off with Flies;
As you acknowledge that young handſome Wench,
That lies by ſuch a *Bilboa* blade that bends,
With ev'ry Paſs he makes, (14) to th' hilts, moſt miſerable,
A dry Nurſe to his Coughs, a Fewterer
To ſuch a naſty Fellow, a robb'd thing
Of all Delights Youth looks for; and to end,
One caſt away on courſe Beef, born to bruſh
That everlaſting Caſſock that has worn
As many Servants out, as th' North-eaſt Paſſage
Has conſum'd Sailors; if you ſwear this, and truly,
Without the Reſervation of a Gown,
Or any meritorious Petticoat,
'Tis like we ſhall believe you.
Liv. I do ſwear it.
Mar. Stay yet a little; came this wholſome Motion
(Deal truly Siſter) from your own Opinion,
Or ſome Suggeſtion of the Foe?
Liv. Ne'er fear me.

(14) *to th' hilts, miſerable,*] Excepting the 1647 Edition, all the reſt omit *moſt.*

For

For by that little Faith I have in Husbands,
And the great Zeal I bear your cauſe, I come
Full of that Liberty you ſtand for, Siſter.

Mar. If we believe, and you prove recreant, *Livia*,
Think what a maim you give the noble Cauſe
We now ſtand up for: Think what Women ſhall,
An hundred Years hence, ſpeak thee, when Examples
Are look'd for, and ſo great ones, whoſe Relations,
Spoke, as we do 'em, Wench, ſhall make new Cuſtoms.

Bia. If you be falſe, repent, go home, and pray,
And to the ſerious Women of the City
Confeſs your ſelf; bring not a Sin ſo hainous
To load thy Soul to this Place; mark me, *Livia*,
If thou be'ſt double, and betray'ſt our Honours,
And we fail in our purpoſe: get thee where
There is no Women living, nor no hope
There ever ſhall be.

Mar. If a Mother's Daughter,
That ever heard the Name of ſtubborn Husband,
Find thee, and know thy Sin.

Bia. Nay, if old Age,
One that has worn away the Name of Woman,
And no more left to know her by, but railing,
No Teeth, nor Eyes, nor Legs, but wooden ones,
Come but i'th' Wind-ward of thee, ſure ſhe'll ſmell thee
Thou'lt be ſo rank, ſhe'll ride thee like a Night-Mare,
And ſay her Prayers backward to undo thee;
She'll curſe thy Meat and Drink, and when thou marrieſt,
Clap a ſound ſpell for ever on thy Pleaſures.

Mar. Children of five Year old, like little Fairies,
Will pinch thee into motley; all that ever
Shall live, and hear of thee, I mean all Women,
Will (like ſo many Furies) ſhake their Keys,
And toſs their flaming Diſtaffs o'er their Heads,
Crying Revenge; take heed, 'tis hideous,
(15) Oh 'tis a fearful Office! if thou hadſt
(Though thou be'ſt perfect now) when thou cam'ſt hither,

(15) *Oh 'tis a fearful* Office,] If the Meaſure did not greatly reclaim againſt it, I ſhould have read *Offence*.

A falſe Imagination, get thee gone,
And as my learned Couſin ſaid, repent,
This place is ſought by ſoundneſs.
Liv. So I ſeek it,
Or let me be a moſt deſpis'd Example.
Mar. I do believe thee, be thou worthy of it.
You come not empty?
Liv. No, here's Cakes, and cold Meat,
And Tripe of Proof; behold, here's Wine and Beer;
Be ſudden, I ſhall be ſurpriz'd elſe. *Mar.* Meet
Me at the low Parlour Door, there lies a cloſe way;
What fond Obedience you have living in you,
Or Duty to a Man, before you enter
Fling it away, 'twill but defile our Off'rings.
Bia. Be wary as you come.
Liv. I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Maids.

1 *Maid.* How goes your buſineſs, Girls?
2 *Maid.* A foot, and fair.
3 *Maid.* If Fortune favour us; away to your ſtrength,
The Country Forces are arriv'd, be gone,
We are diſcover'd elſe.
1 *Maid.* Arm, and be Valiant.
2 *Maid.* Think of our Cauſe.
3 *Maid.* Our Juſtice.
1 *Maid.* 'Tis ſufficient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Rowland *and* Tranio *at ſeveral Doors.*

Tra. Now *Rowland?*
Row. How do you?
Tra. How doſt thou, Man?
Thou look'ſt ill.
Row. Yes, pray can you tell me, *Tranio,*
Who knew the Devil firſt? *Tra.* A Woman. *Row.* So.

Were

Were they not well acquainted? *Tra.* May be so,
For they had certain Dialogues together.
Row. He sold her Fruit, I take it?
Tra. Yes, and Cheese
That choak'd all Mankind after.
Row. Canst thou tell me
Whether that Woman ever had a Faith,
After sh'ad eaten? *Tra.* That is a School-question.
Row. No, 'tis no Question, for believe me *Tranio*,
That cold Fruit, after eating, bred nought in her
But windy Promises, and Cholick Vows
That broke out both ways. Thou hast heard I'm sure
Of *Esculapius*, a far fam'd Surgeon,
One that could set together quarter'd Traitors,
And make 'em honest Men.
Tra. How dost thou, *Rowland?*
Row. Let him but take (if he dare do a Cure
Shall get him Fame indeed) a faithless Woman,
There will be Credit for him, that will speak him,
A broken Woman, *Tranio*, a base Woman,
And if he can cure such a wrack of Honour,
Let him come here, and practise.
Tra. Now for Honour's sake,
Why, what ail'st thou, *Rowland?*
Row. I am ridden, *Tranio*,
And spur-gall'd to the Life of Patience,
(Heav'n keep my Wits together) by a thing
Our worst Thoughts are too noble for, a Woman.
Tra. Your Mistress has a little frown'd, it may be?
Row. She was my Mistress.
Tra. Is she not?
Row. No, *Tranio.*
Sh'as done me such disgrace, so spitefully,
So like a Woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good Horse shall be my Mistress,
A good Sword, or a Book; and if you see her,
Tell her I beseech you, even for Love's sake——
Tra. I will, *Rowland.*
Row. That she may sooner count the good I've thought her,

Our

Our old Love and our Friendſhip,
Shed one true Tear, mean one hour conſtantly,
Be old and honeſt, married, and a Maid,
Than make me ſee her more, or more believe her;
And now I've met a Meſſenger, farewel, Sir. [*Exit.*
Tra. Alas poor *Rowland*! I will do it for thee;
This is that Dog *Moroſo*, but I hope
To ſee him cold i'th'.Mouth firſt, e'er he enjoy her;
I'll watch this young Man, deſperate Thoughts may ſeize him,
And if my Purſe or Council can, I'll eaſe him. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroſo *and* Sophocles.

Petru. For look you, Gentlemen, ſay that I grant her,
Out of my free and liberal love, a Pardon,
Which you, and all Men elſe know, ſhe deſerves not,
(*Teneatis amici*) can all the World leave laughing?
Petro. I think not.
Petru. No, by——they cannot;
For pray conſider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any Man imagine,
So ſtiff a *Tom-boy*, of ſo ſet a Malice,
And ſuch a brazen Reſolution,
As this young Crab-tree? and then anſwer me:
And mark but this too Friends, without a cauſe,
Not a foul word come croſs her, not a fear
She juſtly can take hold on; and d' you think
I muſt ſleep out my Anger, and endure it,
Sow Pillows to her eaſe, and lull her Miſchief?
Give me a Spindle firſt; no, no my Maſters,
Were ſhe as fair as *Nell-a-Greece*, and Houſewife,
As good as the wiſe Sailor's Wife, and young ſtill,
Never above fifteen, and theſe Tricks to it,
She ſhould ride the wild Mare once a Week, ſhe ſhould;
Believe, my Friends, ſhe ſhould; I'd tabor her,
Till all the Legions that are crept into her,
Flew out with Fire i'th' Tails.

Soph.

Soph. Methinks you err now,
For to me ſeems, a little ſufferance
Were a far ſurer Cure.
Petru. Yes, I can ſuffer,
Where I ſee Promiſes of Peace and Amendment.
Mor. Give her a few Conditions.
Petru. I'll be hanged firſt.
Petro. Give her a Crab-tree Cudgel.
Petru. So I will;
And after it a Flock-bed for her Bones.
And hard Eggs, till they brace her like a Drum,
She ſhall be pamper'd with——
She ſhall not know a ſtool in ten Months, Gentlemen.
Soph. This muſt not be.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Arm, arm, out with your Weapons,
For all the Women in the Kingdom's on ye;

Enter Pedro.

They ſwarm like Waſps, and nothing can deſtroy 'em,
But ſtopping of their Hive, and ſmoth'ring of 'em.
Ped. Stand to your Guard, Sir, all the Devils extant
Are broke upon us like a Cloud of Thunder;
There are more Women marching hitherward,
In reſcue of my Miſtreſs, than e'er turn'd Tail
At *Sturbridge* Fair, and I believe, as fiery.
Jaq. The Forlorn-hope's led by a Tanner's Wife,
I know her by her Hide, a deſp'rate Woman;
She flead her Husband in her Youth, and made
Reins of his Hide to ride the Pariſh. Take 'em all together,
They're a Genealogy of Jennets, gotten
And born thus, by the boiſterous Breath of Husbands;
They * ſerve ſure, and are ſwift to catch Occaſion
(I mean their Foes or Husbands) by the Forelocks,
And there they hang like Favours; cry they can,
But more for noble Spight, than Fear; and crying
Like the old Giants that were Foes to Heav'n,
They heave ye Stool on Stool, and fling main Pot-lids

* i. e. *obſerve ſure,*

Like

Like maſſie Rocks, (16) dart Ladles, toſſing Irons,
And Tongs like Thunderbolts, till overlaid,
They fall beneath the weight; yet ſtill aſpiring
At thoſe Imperious Godheads that would tame 'em.
There's ne'er a one of theſe, the worſt and weakeſt,
(Chuſe where you will,) but dare attempt the raiſing,
Againſt the Sovereign Peace of Puritans,
A *May*-pole and a Morris, maugre mainly
Their Zeal, and Dudgeon-daggers; and yet more,
Dares plant a ſtand o' batt'ring Ale againſt 'em.
And drink 'em out o' th' Pariſh. *Soph.* Lo you, fierce
Petruchio, this comes of your Impatience.

Ped. There's one brought in the Bears againſt the Canons
Of the Town, made it good, and fought 'em.

Jaq. Another to her everlaſting fame, erected
Two Ale-houſes of eaſe; the Quarter-Seſſions
Running againſt her roundly; in which Buſineſs
Two of the Diſanullers loſt their Night-caps;
A third ſtood excommunicate by th' Cudgel;
The Conſtable, to her eternal Glory,
Drunk hard, and was converted, and ſhe Victor.

Ped. Then are they victualed with Pies and Puddings,
(The trappings of good Stomachs) noble Ale
The true Defender, Sauſages, and ſmoak'd ones,
If need be, ſuch as ſerve for Pikes; and Pork,
(Better the Jews ne'er hated;) here and there
A Bottle of *Metheglin*, a ſtout *Britain*
That will ſtand to 'em;
What elſe they want, they war for.

Petru. Come to Council.

Soph. Now you muſt grant Conditions, or the Kingdom
Will have no other talk but this. *Petro.* Away then,
And let's adviſe the beſt. *Soph.* Why do you tremble?

Mor. Have I liv'd thus long to be knockt o'th' Head,
With half a Waſhing beetle? pray be wiſe, Sir.

(16) ——*dart Ladles,* toſſing *Irons,*] What ſort of Irons theſe *toſſing Irons* are is a Secret to me; the Corruption has however been fix'd here ever ſince the Year 1647, and if I conjecture right, the original Lection might poſſibly have been,

——*toſting Irons,*

Petru.

Petru. Come, ſomething I'll do, but what 'tis, I know not.
Soph. To Council then, and let's avoid their Follies.
Guard all the Doors, or we ſha'n't have a Cloak left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Moroſo, Sophocles, *and* Tranio.

Petro. I am indiff'rent, though I muſt confeſs,
I had rather ſee her carted.
Tra. No more of that, Sir.
Soph. Are ye reſolv'd to give her fair Conditions?
'Twill be the ſafeſt way.
Petru. I am diſtracted.
Would I had run my Head into a Halter
When I firſt woo'd her: If I offer Peace,
She'll urge her own Conditions, that's the Devil.
Soph. Why, ſay ſhe do?
Petru. Say, I am made an Aſs, then;
I know her aim; may I, with Reputation
(Anſwer me this) with ſafety of mine Honour,
After the mighty manage of my firſt Wife,
Which was indeed a Fury to this Filly,
After my twelve ſtrong labours to reclaim her,
Which would have made Don *Hercules* horn mad,
And hid him in his Hide, ſuffer this *Cicely*,
E'er ſhe have warm'd my Sheets, e'er grappled with me,
This Pinck, this painted Foiſt, this Cockle-boat,
(17) To hang her Fights out, and defie me, Friends,
A well known Man of War? If this be equal,
And I may ſuffer, ſay, and I have done?

(17) *To hang her* Fights *out,*——] This Expreſſion, which is to be meet with in *Shakeſpear* as well as our Authors, inclines me to think, that a paſſage in Act II. Scene II. *of the Captain* which runs thus,

1 Boy. *Does he (Captain) bear up ſtill?*
2 Boy. *Afore the Wind with his Lights up bravely.*

Should be read in this Sort,

2 Boy. *Afore the Wind ſtill with his* Fights *up bravely.*

but 'tis with Submiſſion to the Reader's better Judgment.

Petro.

Petro. I do not think you may.
Tra. You'll make it worſe, Sir.
Soph. Pray hear me, good *Petruchio*; but e'en now
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far ſhe'd carry: 'Tis a folly,
(And you will find it ſo) to clap the curb on,
E'er you be ſure it proves a natural wildneſs,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions,
For on my Life this trick is put into her.
Petro. I ſhould believe ſo too.
Soph. And not her own.
Tra. You'll find it ſo.
Soph. Then if ſhe flownder with you,
Clap ſpurs on, and in this you'll deal with Temperance,
Avoid the hurry of the World——
Tra. And loſe—— [*Muſick above.*
Mor. No Honour on my Life, Sir.
Petru. I will do it.
Petro. It ſeems they're very merry.

Enter Jaques.

Petru. Why Heav'n hold it.
Mor. Now *Jaques*?
Jaq. They are i'th' flaunt, Sir.
Soph. Yes, we hear 'em.
Jaq. They have got a ſtick of Fiddles, and they firk it
In wondrous ways; the two grand *Capitano's*,
(They brought the Auxiliary Regiments)
Dance with their Coats tuck'd up to their bare Breeches,
And bid the Kingdom kiſs 'em, that's the Burden;
They've got *Metheglin*, and audacious Ale;
And talk like Tyrants.
Petro. How know'ſt thou?
Jaq. I peep'd in
At a looſe Lansket.

SONG.

A *Health for all this Day,*
To the Woman that bears the ſway,
And wears the Breeches;
Let it come, let it come.

Let his Health be a Seal,
For the good o' th' Common-weal,
The Woman shall wear the Breeches.
Let's drink then and laugh it,
And merrily, merrily quaff it,
And tipple, and tipple a round:
Here's to thy Fool,
And to my Fool.
Come, to all Fools,
Though it cost us, Wench, many a Pound.

Tra. Hark.
Petro. A Song, pray silence.
Mor. They look out.
[*All the Women above, Citizens and Country Women.*
Petru. Good Ev'n, Ladies.
Mar. Good you, good Ev'n, Sir.
Petru. How have you slept to Night?
Mar. Exceeding well, Sir.
Petru. Did you not wish me with you?
Mar. No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.
Coun. Is that he?
Bia. Yes.
Coun. Sir.
Soph. She has drank hard, mark her Hood.
Coun. You are——
Soph. Learnedly Drunk, I'll hang else; let her utter.
Coun. And I must tell you, *viva voce* Friend,
A very foolish Fellow.
Tra. There's an Ale-Figure.
Petru. I thank you, *Susan Brotes.*
Cit. Forward, Sister.
Coun. You have espoused here a hearty Woman,
A comely, and courageous——
Petru. Well, I have so.
Coun. And to the comfort of distressed Damsels,
Women out-worn in Wedlock, and such Vessels,
This Woman has defied you.
Petru. It should seem so.

Coun.

Coun. And why?
Petru. Yes, can you tell?
Coun. For thirteen Cauſes.
Petru. Pray by your patience, Miſtreſs.
Cit. Forward, Siſter.
Petru. Do you mean to treat of all theſe?
Cit. Who ſhall let her?
Petro. Do you hear, velvet Hood, we come not now
To hear your Doctrine.
Coun. For the firſt, I take it,
It doth divide itſelf into ſeven Branches.
Petru. Hark you, good *Maria*,
Have you got a Catechiſer here?
Tra. Good Zeal.
Soph. Good three-pil'd Predication, will you peace,
And hear the Cauſe we come for?
Coun. Yes Bob-tails,
We know the Cauſe you come for, here's the Cauſe;
But never hope to carry her, ne'er dream
Or flatter your Opinions with a Thought
Of baſe Repentance in her.
Cit. Give me Sack.
By this, and next, ſtrong Ale——
Coun. Swear forward, Siſter.
Cit. By all that's Cordial, in this place we'll bury
Our Bones, Fames, Tongues, our (18) Triumphs, and then all
That ever yet was Chronicl'd of Woman;
But this brave Wench, this excellent Deſpiſer,
This bane of dull Obedience, ſhall inherit
Her liberal Will, and march off with conditions
Noble and worth herſelf.
Coun. She ſhall, *Tom Tilers*,
And brave ones too; my Hood ſhall make a Hearſe-cloth,
And I'll lie under it like *Jone o' Gaunt*,
E'er I go leſs; my Diſtaff ſtuck up by me,
For the eternal Trophy of my Conqueſts,
And loud Fame at my Head with two main Bottles,

(18) ——*Triumphs, and all*] The inſerting of *then* from the old Copy makes this Line run roundly off, which was ſadly lame before.

Shall fill to all the World, the glorious fall
Of old Don *Gillian.*
Cit. Yet a little further;
We've taken Arms in rescue of this Lady,
Most just and Noble: If ye beat us off
Without conditions, and we recant,
Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us
Of all our ancient Chambering, next that
The Symbols of our Secresie, silk Stockings,
Hew of our Heels; our Petticoats of Arms
Tear off our Bodies, and our Bodkins break
Over our coward Heads.
Coun. And ever after,
To make the tainture most notorious,
At all our Crests, *videlicet* our Plackets,
Let Laces hang, and we return again
Unto our former Titles, Dairy-maids.
Petru. No more Wars; puissant Laidies, shew conditions
And freely I accept 'em.
Mar. Call in *Livia*;
She's in the Treaty too.

Enter Livia *above.*

Mor. How, *Livia?*
Mar. Hear you that, Sir?
There's the conditions for ye, pray peruse 'em.
Petro. Yes, there she is; 't had been no right Rebellion,
Had she held off; what think you, Man?
Mor. Nay nothing.
I have enough o' th' prospect; o' my Conscience,
The World's End and the Goodness of a Woman
Will come together.
Petro. Are you there, sweet Lady?
Liv. Cry you mercy Sir, I saw you not, your Blessing.
Petro. Yes, when I bless a Jade, that stumbles with me.
How are the Articles?
Liv. This is for you, Sir;
And I shall think upon't.
Mor. You've us'd me finely.

Liv.

Liv. There is no other uſe of thee now extant,
But to be hung up, Caſſock, Cap, and all,
For ſome ſtrange Monſter at th' Apothecary's.
Petro. I hear you, Whore.
Liv. It muſt be his then, Sir,
For need will then compel me.
Cit. Bleſſing on thee.
Petro. There is no talking to 'em; how are they, Sir?
Petru. As I expected: Liberty and Cloathes, [*Reads.*
When, and in what way ſhe will; continual Monies,
Company, and all the Houſe at her diſpoſe;
No Tongue to ſay, Why's this? Or whither will it?
New Coaches, and ſome Buildings, ſhe appoints here;
Hangings, and Hunting-horſes; and for Plate
And Jewels for her private Uſe, I take it,
Two thouſand Pound in preſent; then for Muſick,
And Women to read *French*——
Petro. This muſt not be.
Petru. And at the latter end a Clauſe put in,
That *Livia* ſhall by no Man be importun'd,
This whole Month yet, to marry.
Petro. This is monſtrous.
Petru. This ſhall be done, I'll humour her awhile:
If nothing but Repentance and Undoing
Can win her Love, I'll make a ſhift for one.
Soph. When ye are once a-bed, all theſe Conditions
Lie under your own Seal.
Mar. D' you like 'em?
Petru. Yes.
And by that Faith I gave you 'fore the Prieſt
I'll ratifie 'em.
Coun. Stay, what Pledges?
Mar. No, I'll take that Oath;
But have a care you keep it.
Cit. 'Tis not now
As when *Andrea* liv'd.
Coun. If you do juggle,
Or alter but a Letter of theſe Articles
We have ſet down, the ſelf-ſame Perſecution——
Mar. Miſtruſt him not.

Petru. By all my Honesty——
Mar. Enough, I yield.
Petro. What's this Inserted here?
Soph. That the two valiant Women that commanded here
Shall have a Supper made 'em, and a large one,
And liberal Entertainment without grudging,
And Pay for all their Soldiers.
Petru. That shall be too;
And if a Tun of Wine will serve to pay 'em,
They shall have justice: I ordain ye all
Pay-masters, Gentlemen.
Tra. Then we shall have sport, Boys.
Mar. We'll meet you in the Parlour. *Petru.* Ne'er look sad, Sir,
For I will do it. *Soph.* There's no danger in't.
Petru. For *Livia*'s Article, you shall observe it,
I've ty'd my self.
Petro. I will.
Petru. Along then; now
Either I break, or this stiff Plant must bow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Tranio *and* Rowland.

Tra. COme, you shall take my Counsel.
Row. I shall hang first.
I'll no more Love, that's certain, 'tis a bane,
(Next that they poison Rats with) the most mortal:
No, I thank Heav'n, I've got my sleep again,
And now begin to write Sense: I can walk ye
A long hour in my Chamber like a Man,
And think of some thing that may better me,
Some serious point of Learning, or my State;

No

No more (19) ay-mees, and Miſtreſſes, *Tranio*,
Come near my Brain. I'll tell thee, had the Devil
But any Eſſence in him of a Man,
And could be brought to love, and love a Woman,
'Twould make his Head ake worſer than his Horns do,
And firk him with a Fire, he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee, there is nothing
(It may be thy caſe *Tranio*, therefore hear me:)
Under the Sun (reckon the maſs of Follies
Crept into th' World with Man) ſo deſperate,
So mad, ſo ſenſeleſs, poor and baſe, ſo wretched,
Roguy, and ſcurvy——

Tra. Whither wilt thou, *Rowland?*

Row. As 'tis to be in Love.

Tra. And why, for Virtue ſake?

Row. And why, for Virtue's ſake? Don't you conceive me?

Tra. No, by my Troth.

Row. Pray then and heartily,
For fear thou fall into't: I'll tell thee why too,
For I have hope to ſave thee. When thou lov'ſt,
And firſt begin'ſt to worſhip the gilt Calf;
Imprimis, thou haſt loſt thy Gentry,
And like a Prentice, flung away thy Freedom,
Forthwith thou art a Slave.

Tra. That's a new Doctrine.

Row. Next, thou'rt no more Man.

Tra. What then?

Row. A Frippery;
Nothing but braided Hair, and penny Ribbond,
Glove, Garter, Ring, Roſe, or at beſt a Swabber;

(19) ——*ay-me's, and Miſtreſſes,* Tranio,] For *Miſtreſſes* the firſt Copy has *Miſeries*, which the Reader may perhaps think the true Reading: I imagine the Word wants but a Syllable, which I would reſtore thus,

No more ay-me's, and miſereri's, Tranio.

And to confirm this, in Act V. Scene II. of this very Play, we have the very Expreſſion repeated again.

——— *The two Fiſh-ſtreets,*
Were ſhe (Maria) *but once arriv'd amongſt the Whitings,*
Would ſing a woful miſereri. Pedro.

If thou canſt love ſo near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt loſe thy Language.
Tra. Why?
Row. Oh *Tranio!*
Thoſe things in Love, ne'er talk as we do.
Tra. No?
Row. No, without doubt, they ſigh, and ſhake the Head,
And ſometimes whiſtle dolefully.
Tra. No Tongue?
Row. Yes, *Tranio*, but no Truth in't, nor no Reaſon:
And when they cant (for 'tis a kind of canting)
Ye ſhall hear, if you reach to underſtand 'em
(Which you muſt be a Fool firſt, or you cannot)
Such gibb'riſh; ſuch, *believe me, I proteſt Sweet,*
And *oh dear Heav'ns, in which ſuch Conſtellations*
Reign at the Births of Lovers, this is too well,
And *daigne me Lady, daigne me I beſeech ye,*
Your poor unworthy lump, and then ſhe licks him.
Tra. A——on't, this is nothing.
Row: Thou haſt hit it:
Then talks ſhe ten times worſe, and wries, and wriggles,
As though ſhe had the Itch (and ſo't may be.)
Tra. Why thou art grown a ſtrange Diſcoverer.
Row. Of mine own Follies, *Tranio.*
Tra. Wilt thou, *Rowland*,
Certain ne'er love again?
Row. I think ſo, certain,
And if I be not dead drunk I ſhall keep it.
Tra. Tell me but this, what doſt thou think of Women?
Row. Why, as I think of Fiddles, they delight me,
Till their Strings break.
Tra. What Strings?
Row. Their Modeſties,
Faiths, Vows, and Maidenheads, for they're like Kits,
They have but four Strings to 'em.
Tra. What wilt thou
Give me for ten Pound now, when thou next loveſt,
And the ſame Woman ſtill?
Row. Give me the Mony;
A hundred, and my Bond for't.

Tra.

Tra. But pray hear me,
I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye?
Row. Do, do, give me the Mony.
Tra. There.
Row. Work *Tranio.*
Tra. You ſhall go ſometimes where ſhe is.
Row. Yes, ſtraight.
This is the firſt good I e'er got by Woman.
Tra. You'd think it ſtrange now, if another Beauty
As good as hers, ſay better——
Row. Well.
Tra. Conceive me,
This is no point o'th' Wager.
Row. That's all one.
Tra. Love you as much, or more, than now ſhe hates you——— [more,
Row. 'Tis a good hearing, let 'em love: Ten Pound
I never love that Woman.
Tra. There it is;
And ſo an hundred, if you loſe.
Row. 'Tis done;
Have you another to put in?
Tra. No, no, Sir.
Row. I am very ſorry; now will I erect
A new Game, and go hate for th' Bell; I'm ſure
I'm in excellent caſe to win.
Tra. I muſt have leave.
To tell you, and tell Truth too, what ſhe is,
And how ſhe ſuffers for you.
Row. Ten Pound more,
I ne'er believe you.
Tra. No, Sir, I am ſtinted.
Row. Well, take your beſt way then.
Tra. Let's walk, I'm glad
Your ſullen Feaver's off.
Row. Shalt ſee me, *Tranio,*
A monſtrous merry Man now: let's to th' Wedding,
And as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of theſe mad Wenches, and their Works.
Tra. I will.

Row.

Row. And do thy worſt.
Tra. Something I'll do——
Row. Do *Tranio.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pedro, *and* Jaques.

Ped. A pair of Stocks beſtride 'em, are they gone?
Jaq. Yes, they are gone; and all the Pans i'th' Town
Beating before 'em. What ſtrange Admonitions
They gave my Maſter, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he broke 'em.
Ped. O' my Conſcience
H'as found his full Match now.
Jaq. That I believe too.
Ped. How did ſhe entertain him?
Jaq. She look'd on him——
Ped. But ſcurvily.
Jaq. With no great Affection
That I ſaw; and I heard ſome ſay he kiſs'd her,
But 'twas upon a Treaty, and ſome Copies
Say, but her Cheek.
Ped. Jaques, What wouldſt thou give
For ſuch a Wife, now?
Jaq. Full as many Prayers
As the moſt zealous Puritan conceives
Out of the Meditation of fat Veal,
Or Birds of prey, cram'd Capons, againſt Players,
And to as good a Tune too, but 'gainſt her,
That Heav'n would bleſs me from her; mark it *Pedro,*
If this Houſe be not turn'd within this Fortnight
With the Foundation upward, I'll be carted.
My Comfort is yet, that thoſe *Amorites,*
That came to back her cauſe, thoſe Heathen Whores,
Had their Hoods hallowed with Sack.
Ped. How Deviliſh drunk they were?
Jaq. And how they tumbled, *Pedro:* Did'ſt thou mark
The Country *Cavaliero?*
Ped. Out upon her,
How ſhe turn'd down the Braggat.

Jaq.

Jaq. Ay, that ſunk her.
Ped. That Drink was well put to her; What a Somer ſalt
When the Chair fell, ſhe fetch'd with her Heels upward.
Jaq. And what a piece of Landskip ſhe diſcover'd.
Ped. Didſt mark her, when her Hood fell in the Poſſet?
Jaq. Yes, and there rid, like a *Dutch*-Hoy; the Tumbrel,
When ſhe had got her Ballaſs——
Ped. That I ſaw too.
Jaq. How fain ſhe would have drawn on *Sophocles*
To come aboard, and how ſhe ſimper'd it——
Ped. I warrant her, ſh'as been a worthy ſtriker.
Jaq. I'th' heat of Summer there had been ſome hope on't.
Ped. Hang her.
Jaq. She offer'd him a Harry-groat, and belcht out,
Her Stomach being blown with Ale, ſuch Courtſhip,
Upon my Life has giv'n him twenty Stools ſince;
Believe my Calculation, theſe old Women,
When they are tippled, and a little heated,
Are like new Wheels, they'll roar you all the Town o'er
Till they be greas'd.
Ped. The City *Cinque-a-pace*
Dame *Toſt-and-Butter*, had the Bob too——.
Jaq. Yes.
But ſhe was ſullen drunk, and giv'n to filching,
I ſee her offer at a Spoon. My Maſter——
I do not like his look, I fear h'as faſted
For all this Preparation; let's ſteal by him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Sophocles.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this Night?
Petru. Not touch her.
Soph. Where was your Courage?
Petru. Where was her Obedience?
Never poor Man was ſham'd ſo; never Raſcal
That keeps a ſtud of Whores was us'd ſo baſely.
Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly; do you love her?

Petru.

Petru. I would I did not, upon that Condition
I paſt thee half my Land.
Soph. It may be then,
Her Modeſty requir'd a little Violence:
Some Women love to ſtruggle.
Petru. She had it,
And ſo much that I ſweat for't, ſo I did,
But to no end; I waſh'd an *Ethiope*.
She ſwore my Force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor ſhould, till ſhe conſented;
And I might take her Body Priſoner,
But for her Mind or Appetite———
Soph. 'Tis ſtrange;
This Woman is the firſt I ever read of,
Refus'd a warranted Occaſion,
And ſtanding on ſo fair Terms.
Petru. I ſhall quit her.
Soph. Us'd you no more Art?
Petru. Yes, I ſwore to her,
And by no little ones, if preſently
Without more Diſputation on the matter,
She grew not nearer to me, and diſpatcht me
Out o'th' Pain I was in (for I was nettl'd)
And willingly, and eagerly, and ſweetly,
I would t' her Chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her ſuch a hunt's-up.
Soph. Then ſhe ſtarted?
Petru. No more than I do now; marry, ſhe anſwered
If I were ſo diſpos'd, ſhe could not help it;
But there was one call'd *Jaques*, a poor Butler,
One that might well content a ſingle Woman.
Soph. And he ſhould tilt her—
Petru. To that ſenſe; and laſt
She bad me yet theſe ſix Nights look for nothing,
Nor ſtrive to purchaſe it, but fair good Night,
And ſo good Morrow, and a Kiſs or two
To cloſe my Stomach, for her Vow had ſeal'd it,
And ſhe would keep it conſtant.
Soph. Stay ye, ſtay ye,
Was ſhe thus when you woo'd her?

Petru.

Petru. Nothing, *Sophocles*,
More keenly eager; I was oft afraid
She had been light, and easie, she would showre
Her Kisses so upon me.
Soph. Then I fear
Another Spoke's i'th' Wheel.
Petru. Now thou hast found me;
There gnawes my Devil, *Sophocles*. O Patience,
Preserve me; that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as fleaing her,
Boiling, or making Verjuice, drying her——
Soph. I hear her.
Petru. Mark her then, and see the Heir
Of spight and prodigality, sh'as studied
A way to beggar's both, and by this Hand
[Maria *at the Door, and Servant and Woman.*
She shall be, if I live, a Doxy.
Soph. Fye, Sir.
Mar. I do not like that dressing, 'tis too poor,
Let me have six gold Laces, broad and massy,
And betwixt ev'ry Lace a rich Embroidry;
Line the Gown through with Plush perfum'd, and purfle
All the Sleeves down with Pearl.
Petru. What think you, *Sophocles*,
In what point stands my State now?
Mar. For those Hangings,
Let 'em be carried where I gave Appointment,
They are too base for my use; and bespeak
New Pieces of the Civil Wars of *France*:
Let 'em be large and lively, and all Silk work,
The Borders Gold.
Soph. I marry, Sir, this cuts it.
Mar. That fourteen yards of Satten give my Woman,
I do not like the Colour, 'tis too civil;
There's too much Silk i'th' Lace too; tell the *Dutchman*,
That brought the Mares, he must with all speed send me
Another set of Horses, and by all means
Ten cast of Hawks for th' River, I much care not
What price they bear, so they be sound, and flying,
For the next Winter I am for the Country,

And

And mean to take my Pleasure; where's the Horseman?
Petru. She means to ride a great Horse.
Soph. With a Side-Saddle?
Petru. Yes, and she'll run a-tilt within this Twelvemonth.
Mar. To morrow I'll begin to learn, but pray, Sir,
Have a great care he be an easie doer,
'Twill spoil a Scholar else.
Soph. An easie doer,
Did you hear that?
Petru. Yes, I shall meet her Morals
E'er it be long, I fear not.
Mar. O, good Morrow.
Soph. Good Morrow, Lady, how is't now?
Mar. Faith sickly,
This House stands in an ill Air——
Petru. Yet more Charges?
Mar. Subject to Rots, and Rheums; out on't, 'tis nothing
But a til'd Fog.
Petru. What think you of the Lodge then?
Mar. I like the Seat, but 'tis too little; *Sophocles*,
Let me have thy Opinion, thou hast Judgment.
Petru. 'Tis very well.
Mar. What if I pluck it down,
And build a Square upon it, with two Courts
Still rising from the entrance?
Petru. And i'th' midst
A College for young Scolds.
Mar. And to the Southward
Take in a Garden of some twenty Acres,
And cast it, of the *Italian* Fashion, hanging.
Petru. An' you could cast your self so too; pray, Lady,
Will not this cost much Mony?
Mar. Some five thousand,
Say six, I'll have it Battel'd too——
Petru. And gilt; *Maria*,
This is a fearful Course you take, pray think on't;
You are a Woman now, a Wife, and his
That must in honesty, and justice look for

Some

Some due Obedience from you.
Mar. That bare Word
Shall coſt you many a Pound more, build upon't;
Tell me, of due Obedience? What's a Husband?
What are we married for, to carry Sumpters?
Are we not one piece with you, and as worthy
Our own Intentions, as you yours?
Petru. Pray hear me,
Mar. Take two ſmall drops of Water, equal weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heavieſt, and which ought
Firſt to deſcend in Duty?
Petru. You miſtake me;
I urge not Service from you, nor Obedience
In way of Duty, but of Love, and Credit;
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I've brought you, and of what I am,
And what our Name may be.
Mar. That's in my making.
Petru. 'Tis true it is ſo.
Mar. Yes, it is *Petruchio*,
For there was never Man without our moulding,
Without our Stamp upon him, and our Juſtice,
Left any thing three Ages after him
Good, and his own.
Soph. Good Lady, underſtand him.
Mar. I do too much, ſweet *Sophocles*, he's one
Of a moſt ſpightful Self-condition,
Never at Peace with any thing but Age,
That has no Teeth left to return his Anger;
A Bravery dwells in's Blood yet, of abuſing
His firſt good Wife; he's ſooner Fire than Powder,
And ſooner Miſchief.
Petru. If I be ſo ſudden,
Do not you fear me?
Mar. No, nor yet care for you,
And if it may be lawful, I defie you.
Petru. Do's this become you now?
Mar. It ſhall become me.
Petru. Thou diſobedient, weak, vain-glorious Woman,
Were I but half ſo wilful, as thou ſpightful,

I ſhould now drag thee to thy Duty.
Mar. Drag me?
Petru. But I am Friends again; take all your Pleaſure.
Mar. Now you perceive him, *Sophocles.*
Petru. I love thee
Above thy Vanity, thou faithleſs Creature.
Mar. Would I had been ſo happy when I married,
But to have met an honeſt Man like thee,
For I am ſure thou art good, I know thou'rt honeſt,
A handſome hurtleſs Man, a loving Man,
Though never a Penny with him; and thoſe Eyes,
That Face, and that true Heart; wear this for my ſake,
And when thou think'ſt upon me, pity me;
I'm caſt away. [*Exit* Mar.
Soph. Why, how now, Man?
Petru. Pray leave me,
And follow your Advices.
Soph. The Man's jealous.
Petru. I ſhall find a time, e'er it be long, to ask you
One or two fooliſh Queſtions.
Soph. I ſhall anſwer
As well as I am able, when you call me;
If ſhe mean true, 'tis but a little killing,
And if I do not venture it's———
Farewel, Sir. [*Exit* Soph.
Petru. Pray farewel. Is there no keeping
A Wife to one Man's uſe? no wintering
Theſe Cattle without ſtraying? 'Tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, Gentlemen, ſtrange dealing.
Now in the Name of Madneſs, what Star reign'd,
What Dog-ſtar, Bull, or Bear-ſtar, when I married
This ſecond Wife, this Whirlwind, that takes all
Within her Compaſs? was I not well warn'd,
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)
And beaten to Repentance, in the Days
Of my firſt doating? had I not Wife enough
To turn my Love to? did I want Vexation,
Or any ſpecial care to kill my Heart?
Had I not ev'ry Morning a rare Breakfaſt,
Mixt with a learned Lecture of ill Language,

Louder

Louder than *Tom* o' *Lincoln*; and at Dinner,
A Diet of the same Dish? was there Evening
That e'er past over us, without *Thou Knave*,
Or *Thou Whore*, for Digestion? had I ever
A pull at this same poor sport, Men run mad for,
But like a Cur I was fain to shew my Teeth first,
And almost worry her? and did Heav'n forgive me,
And take this Serpent from me? and am I
Keeping tame Devils now again? my Heart akes;
Something I must do speedily; I'll die,
If I can handsomely, for that's the way
To make a Rascal of her; I am sick,
And I'll go very near it, but I'll perish. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Livia, Bianca, Tranio, *and* Rowland.

Liv. Then I must be content, Sir, with my Fortune.
Row. And I with mine.
Liv. I did not think, a Look,
Or a poor Word or two, could have displanted
Such a fix'd Constancy, and for your Ends too.
Row. Come, come, I know your Courses; there's your gewgaws,
Your Rings, and Bracelets, and the Purse you gave me,
The Mony's spent in entertaining you
At Plays, and Cherry-gardens.
Liv. There's your Chain too.
But if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the Hair still;
I'd yet remember you.
Bia. Give him his Love, Wench;
The young Man has Imployment for't.
Tra. Fie, *Rowland!*
Row. You can't fie me out of a hundred Pound
With this poor Plot; yet, let me ne'er see day more,
If something do not struggle strangely in me.
Bia. Young Man, let me talk with you.
Row. Well, young Woman.
Bia. This was your Mistress once——

Row. Yes.
Bia. Are ye honeſt?
I ſee you're young, and handſome.
Row. I am honeſt.
Bia. Why that's well ſaid, and there's no doubt your Judgment
Is good enough, and ſtrong enough, to tell you
Who are your Foes, and Friends: Why did you leave her?
Row. She made a Puppy of me.
Bia. Be that granted:
She muſt do ſo ſometimes, and oftentimes;
Love were too ſerious elſe.
Row. A witty Woman.
Bia. Had you lov'd me——
Row. I would I had.
Bia. And dearly;
And I had lov'd you ſo; you may love worſe, Sir,
But that is not material.
Row. I ſhall loſe.
Bia. Some time or other for variety
I ſhould have call'd you Fool, or Boy, or bid you
Play with the Pages, but have lov'd you ſtill,
Out of all Queſtion, and extreamly too;
You are a Man made to be loved.
Row. This Woman
Either abuſes me, or loves me deadly.
Bia. I'll tell you one thing; if I were to chuſe
A Husband to mine own Mind, I ſhould think
One of your Mother's making would content me,
For o' my Conſcience ſhe makes good ones.
Row. Lady,
I'll leave you to your Commendations:
I'm in again, the Devil take their Tongues.
Bia. You ſhall not go.
Row. I will; yet thus far *Livia*,
Your Sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again; if I ſtay longer,
I've loſt two hundred Pound.
Liv. Good Sir, but thus much——
Tra. Turn, if thou beeſt a Man.

Liv.

Liv. But one Kiſs of you;
One parting Kiſs, and I am gone too.
Row. Come,
I ſhall kiſs fifty Pound away at this clap:
We'll have one more, and then farewel.
Liv. Farewel.
Bia. Well, go thy ways, thou bear'ſt a kind Heart with thee.
Tra. H'as made a ſtand.
Bia. A noble, brave young Fellow,
Worthy a Wench indeed.
Row. I will— I will not. [*Exit* Rowland.
Tra. He's gone, but ſhot again; play you but your part,
And I will keep my promiſe, forty Angels
In fair Gold, Lady, (wipe your Eyes:) He's yours
If I have any wit.
Liv. I'll pay the forfeit.
Bia. Come then, let's ſee your Siſter, how ſhe fares now,
After her skirmiſh, and be ſure, *Moroſo*
Be kept in good Hand; then all's perfect, *Livia.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Jaques *and* Pedro.

Ped. O *Jaques*, *Jaques*, what becomes of us?
Oh my ſweet Maſter!
Jaq. Run for a Phyſician,
And a whole peck of Pothecaries, *Pedro.*
He will die, didle, didle die, if they come not
Quickly, and bring all People that are skilful
In Lungs and Livers, raiſe the Neighbours,
And all the *Aquavitæ*-bottles extant;
And, O the Parſon, *Pedro*, O the Parſon!
A little of his comfort, ne'er ſo little——
Twenty to one you find him at the *Buſh*,
There's the beſt Ale.
Ped. I fly. [*Exit* Pedro.

Enter Maria *and Servants.*

Mar. Out with the Trunks, ho:
Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to th' Chamber,
And take the Hangings down, and see the Linnen
Pack'd up, and sent away within this half Hour.
What, are the Carts come yet? Some honest Body
Help down the Chests of Plate, and some the Wardrobe,
Alas, we are undone else.
Jaq. Pray, forsooth;
And I beseech ye, tell me, is he dead yet?
Mar. No, but he's drawing on; out with the Armour.
Jaq. Then I'll go see him. *Mar.* Thou'rt undone then, Fellow,
No Man that has been near him, come near me.

Enter Sophocles, *and* Petronius.

Soph. Why, how now, Lady, what means this? *Petro.* Now Daughter,
How does my Son? *Mar.* Save all you can, for Heav'n's sake.

Enter Livia, Bianca, *and* Tranio.

Liv. Be of good comfort, Sister.
Mar. O my Casket.
Petro. How does thy Husband, Woman?
Mar. Get you gone, if you mean to save your Lives,
The Sickness— *Petro.* Stand further off, I prithee. *Mar.* Is i'th' House, Sir.
My Husband has it now;
Alas, he is infected, raves extreamly:
Give me some Counsel, Friends.
Bia. Why, lock the doors up,
And send him in a Woman to attend him.
Mar. I have bespoke two Women, and the City
Hath sent a Watch by this time: Meat nor Mony
He shall not want, nor Prayers.
Petro. How long is't
Since it first took him?
Mar. But within this three Hours.

Enter

Enter Watch.

I'm frighted from my Wits :——O, here's the Watch;
Pray do your Office, lock the Doors up, Friends,
And Patience be his Angel.
Tra. This comes unlook'd for.
Mar. I'll to the Lodge; some that are kind and love me,
I know will visit me. [Petruchio *within.*] *Petru.* D' you hear, my Masters:
Ho, you that lock the Doors up. *Petro.* 'Tis his Voice.
Tra. Hold, and let's hear him. *Petru.* Will ye starve me here?
Am I a Traitor, or an Heretick?
Or am I grown infectious?
Petro. Pray, Sir, pray.
Petru. I am as well as you are, goodman Puppy.
Mar. Pray have Patience.
You shall want nothing, Sir.
Petru. I want a Cudgel,
And thee, thou Wickedness——
Petro. He speaks well enough.
Mar. H'ad ever a strong Heart, Sir.
Petru. Will ye hear me?
First be pleas'd
To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
Ev'ry Man's several Voice; you that spoke first,
I know my Father-in-law; the other, *Tranio,*
And I heard *Sophocles*; the last, pray mark me,
Is my damn'd Wife *Maria:*
If any Man misdoubt me for infected,
There is mine Arm, let any Man look on't.

Enter Doctor and Apothecary.

Doct. Save ye, Gentlemen.
Petro. O welcome Doctor,
Ye come in happy time; pray your Opinion,
What think you of his Pulse?
Doct. It beats with busiest,
And shews a general Inflammation,
Which is the Symptome of a pestilent Fever,

Take twenty Ounces from him.
Petru. Take a Fool;
Take an Ounce from mine Arm, and Doctor *Deuz-ace*,
I'll make a Close-stool of your velvet Coftard.
——— Gentlemen, do ye make a *May*-game on me?
I tell ye once again, I am as sound,
As well, as wholesome, and as sensible,
As any of ye all: Let me out quickly,
Or as I am a Man, I'll beat the Walls down,
And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't.
[*Exeunt Doctor and Apothecary.*
Petro. Nay, we'll go with you Doctor.
Mar. 'Tis the safest;
I saw the Tokens, Sir.
Petro. Then there's but one way.
Petru. Will it please you open?
Tra. His Fit grows stronger still.
Mar. Let's save our selves, Sir,
He's past all worldly Cure.
Petro. Friends, do your Office.
And what he wants, if Mony, Love, or Labour,
Or any way may win it, let him have it.
Farewel, and pray my honest Friends—— [*Exeunt.*
Petru. Why Rascals,
Friends, Gentlemen, thou beastly Wife, *Jaques*,
None hear me? Who's at th' Door there?
1 *Watch.* Think, I pray, Sir,
Whither you're going, and prepare your self.
2 *Watch.* These idle Thoughts disturb you, the good Gentlewoman
Your Wife has taken care you shall want nothing,
Petru. Shall I come out in quiet? Answer me.
Or shall I charge a Fowling-piece, and make
Mine own way? two of ye I cannot miss,
If I miss three; ye come here to assault me.
I am as excellent well, I thank Heav'n for't,
And have as good a Stomach at this Instant——
2 *Watch.* That's an ill sign.
1 *Watch.* He draws on; he's a dead Man.
Petru. And sleep as soundly: Will you look upon me?

1 *Watch.*

1 *Watch.* Do you want Pen and Ink? While you have Senſe, Sir,
Settle your State.

Petru. Sirs, I am well, as you are;
Or any Raſcal living.

2 *Watch.* Would you were, Sir.

Petru. Look to your ſelves, and if you love your Lives,
Open the Door, and fly me, for I ſhoot elſe;
——I'll ſhoot, and preſently, Chain-bullets;
And under four I will not kill.

1 *Watch.* Let's quit him,
It may be 't is a trick, he's dangerous.

2 *Watch.* The De'l take th' hindmoſt, I cry.
[*Exit Watch running.*

Enter Petruchio *with a Piece.*

Petru. Have among ye.
The Door ſhall open too, I'll have a fair ſhoot;
Are ye all gone? Tricks in my old Days, Crackers
Put now upon me? And, by Lady *Green-Sleeves?*
Am I grown ſo tame after all my Triumphs?
But that I ſhould be thought mad, if I rail'd,
As much as they deſerve, againſt theſe Women,
I would now rip up, from the Primitive Cuckold,
All their Arch-villanies, and all their Doubles,
Which are more than a hunted Hare e'er thought on.
When a Man has the faireſt, and the ſweeteſt
Of all their Sex, and as he thinks the nobleſt,
What has he then? And I'll ſpeak modeſtly,
He has a Quartern-ague, that ſhall ſhake
All his Eſtate to nothing, never cur'd,
Nor never dying; H'as a Ship to venture
His Fame, and Credit in, which if he Man not
With more continual Labour than a Gally
To make her Tith, either ſhe grows a Tumbrel,
Not worth the Cloth ſhe wears; or ſprings more Leaks
Than all the Fame of his Poſterity
Can ever ſtop again. I could rail twenty Days;
Out on 'em, Hedge-hogs,
He that ſhall touch 'em, has a thouſand Thorns

Runs through his Fingers: If I were unmarried,
I would do any thing below Repentance,
Any baſe dunghil Slavery; be a Hang-man,
E'er I would be a Husband: O the thouſand,
Thouſand, ten thouſand ways they have to kill us!
Some fall with too much ſtringing of the Fiddles,
And thoſe are Fools; ſome, that they are not ſuffer'd,
And thoſe are Maudlin-lovers: Some, like Scorpions,
They poiſon with their Tails, and thoſe are Martyrs;
Some die with doing good, thoſe Benefactors,
And leave 'em Land to leap away; ſome few,
For thoſe are rareſt, they are ſaid to kill
With kindneſs, and fair uſage; but what they are
My Catalogue diſcovers not, only 'tis thought
They're buried in old Walls, with their Heels upward.
I could rail twenty Days together now.
I'll ſeek 'em out, and if I have not reaſon,
And very ſenſible, why this was done,
I'll go a birding yet, and ſome ſhall ſmart for't. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Moroſo *and* Petronius.

Mor. THat I do love her, is without all queſtion,
And moſt extreamly, dearly, moſt exactly;
And that I would e'en now, this preſent *Monday*,
Before all others, Maids, Wives, Women, Widows,
Of what degree, or calling, marry her,
As certain too; but to be made a Whim-wham,
A Jib-crack, and a Gentleman o'th' firſt Houſe,
For all my kindneſs to her———

Petro. How you take it?
Thou get a Wench, thou get a dozen Night-caps?
Would'ſt have her come, and lick thee like a Calf,
And blow thy Noſe, and buſs thee?

Mor. Not ſo neither.

Petro. What would'ſt thou have her do?

Mor.

Mor. (20) Do as she should do;
Put on a clean Smock, and to Church, and marry,
And then to Bed a God's Name, this is fair play,
And keep the King's Peace; let her leave her Bobs,
I've had too many of them, and her Quillets,
She is as nimble that way as an Eel;
But in the way she ought, to me especially,
A Sow of Lead is swifter.

Petro. Quoat your Griefs down.

Mor. Give me fair Quarter; I am old and crasie,
And subject to much fumbling, I confess it;
Yet something I would have that's warm, to hatch me:
But understand me, I would have it so,
I buy not more Repentance in the Bargain
Than the Ware's worth I have; if you allow me
Worthy your Son-in-law, and your allowance,
Do it a way of Credit; let me show so;
And not be troubled in my Visitations,
With Blows, and Bitterness, and down-right Railings,
As if we were to couple like two Cats,
With clawing, and loud clamour.

Petro. Thou fond Man,
Hast thou forgot the Ballad, crabbed Age,
Can *May* and *January* match together,
And nev'r a Storm between 'em? Say sh' abuse thee,
Put case she do.

Mor. Well.

Petro. Nay, believe she do's.

Mor. I do believe she do's.

Petro. And dev'lishly:
Art thou a whit the worse?

Mor. That's not the matter;
I know, being old, 'tis fit I am abus'd,
I know 'tis handsome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.

Petro. Now you come to me.

Mor. Nay, more than this; I find too, and find certain,
What Gold I have, Pearl, Bracelets, Rings, or Owches,

(20) *Do as she* would *do*;] So read all the Copies but that of 1647.

Or

Or what she can desire, Gowns, Petticoats, [thers,
Waistcoats, Embroidered-stockings, Scarfs, Cawls, Fea-
Hats, five-pound Garters, Muffs, Masks, Ruffs, and
Ribands,
I am to give her for't.

Petro. 'Tis right, you are so.

Mor. But when I've done all this, and think it Duty,
Is't requisite another bore my Nostrils?
Riddle me that.

Petro. Go get you gone, and dream
She's thine within these two Days, for she is so;
The Boy's beside the Saddle; get warm Broths,
And feed a pace; think not of worldly Business,
It cools the Blood; leave off your Tricks, they're hateful,
And meer fore-runners of the ancient Measures;
Contrive your Beard o'th' top cut, like *Verdugoes*,
It shows you would be wise; and burn your Night-cap,
It looks like half a winding-sheet, and urges
From a young Wench nothing but cold Repentance;
You may eat Onions, so you'll not be lavish.

Mor. I'm glad of that.

Petro. They purge the Blood, and quicken;
But after 'em, conceive me, sweet your Mouth,
And where there wants a Tooth, stick in a Clove.

Mor. Shall I hope once again, say it?

Petro. You shall, Sir;
And you shall have your hope.

Mor. Why there's a Match then.

Enter Bianca *and* Tranio.

Bia. You shall not find me wanting, get you gone.
Here's the old Man, he'll think you're plotting else
Something against his new Son. [*Exit* Tranio.

Mor. Fare ye well, Sir. [*Exit* Moroso.

Bia. *And ev'ry Buck had his Doe,*
And ev'ry Cuckold a Bell at his Toe:
Oh what sport should we have then, Boys then,
Oh what sport should we have then?

Petro.

Petro. This is the Spirit that inſpires 'em all.
Bia. Give you good Ev'n.
Petro. A word with you, Sweet Lady.
Bia. I'm very haſty, Sir.
Petro. So you were ever.
Bia. Well, what's your Will?
Petro. Was not your skilful Hand
In this laſt Stratagem? Were not your Miſchiefs
Eeking the matter on?
Bia. In's ſhutting up?
Is that it?
Petro. Yes.
Bia. I'll tell you.
Petro. Do.
Bia. And truly.
Good old Man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much——
Petro. I'm ſorry for your heavineſs.
Belike you can repent then?
Bia. There you're wide too.
Not that the thing was done, conceive me rightly,
Do's any way moleſt me.
Petro. What then, Lady?
Bia. But that I was not in't, there's my Sorrow,
There; now you underſtand me, for I'll tell you,
It was ſo ſound a Piece, and ſo well carried,
And if you mark the way, ſo handſomely,
Of ſuch a Heighth, and Excellence, and Art,
I have not known a Braver; for conceive me,
When the groſs Fool her Husband would be Sick——
Petro. Pray ſtay.
Bia. Nay, good, your Patience; and no Senſe for't,
Then ſtept your Daughter in——
Petro. By your Appointment.
Bia. I would it had, on that Condition
I had but one half Smock, I like it ſo well;
And like an excellent cunning Woman, cur'd me
One Madneſs with another, which was rare,
And to our weak Beliefs, a wonder.

Petro.

Petro. Hang ye,
For surely, if your Husband look not to ye,
I know what will.
Bia. I humbly thank your Worship,
And so I take my leave.
Petro. You've a Hand I hear too——
Bia. I have two, Sir.
Petro. In my young Daughter's Business.
Bia. You will find there
A fitter Hand than mine, to reach her frets,
And play down diddle to her.
Petro. I shall watch ye.
Bia. Do.
Petro. And I shall have Justice..
Bia. Where?
Petro. That's all one;
I shall be with you at a turn hence forward.
Bia. Get you a Posset, do; and so good Ev'n, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio, Jaques *and* Pedro.

Jaq. And as I told your Worship, all the Hangings,
Brass, Pewter, Plate, ev'n to the very Looking-glasses.
Ped. And that that hung for our Defence, the Armor,
And the March Beer was going too; Oh *Jaques*,
What a sad sight was that?
Jaq. E'en the two Rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of Muskadel,
Better nev'r Tongue tript over; those two Cannons,
To batter Brawn withal at *Christmas*, Sir,
Ev'n those two lovely Twins, the Enemy
Had almost cut off clean.
Petru. Go trim the House up,
And put the things in order as they were.
[*Exeunt* Ped. *and* Jaq.
I shall find time for all this; could I find her
But constant any way, I had done my Business;
Were she a Whore directly, or a Scold,
An Unthrift, or a Woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to rein her;

But

But while she shews all these, and all their Losses,
A kind of Linsey-woolsey, mingled Mischief
Not to be guest at, and whether true, or borrowed,

Enter Maria.

Not certain neither—What a hap had I,
And what a tidy Fortune, when my Fate
Flung me upon this Bear-whelp? Here she comes.
Now, if she have a Colour, for the fault is
A cleanly one, upon my Conscience
I shall forgive her yet, and find a something
Certain, I married for; her Wit: I'll mark her.

Mar. Not let his Wife come near him in his Sickness?
Not come to comfort him? she that all Laws
Of Heav'n, and Nations, have ordain'd his Second,
Is she refus'd? and two old Paradoxes,
Pieces of five and fifty, without Faith,
Clapt in upon him? has a little Pet,
That all young Wives must follow necessary,
Having their Maiden-heads———

Petru. This is an Axiom
I never heard before.

Mar. Or say Rebellion,
If we durst be so foul, which two fair words
Alas win us from, in an hour, an instant,
We are so easie, make him so forgetful
(21) Both of his Reason, Honesty, and Credit,
As to deny his Wife a Visitation?
His Wife, that, though she was a little foolish,
Lov'd him, Oh Heav'n forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay had run mad, had she not married him.

Petru. Though I know this is falser than the Devil,
I cannot chuse but love it.

Mar. What do I know
But those that came to keep him, might have kill'd him;
In what a case had I been then? I dare not
Believe him such a base, debosh'd Companion,

(21) *Both of Reason, Honesty,*]. The setting the Measure found here, is from the first Folio.

That

That one Refusal of a tender Maid,
Would make him feign his Sickness out of need,
And take a Keeper to him of Fourscore
To play at *Billiards*; one that mew'd content
And all her Teeth together; not come near him?
Petru. This Woman would have made a most rare Jesuite,
She can prevaricate on any thing;
There was not to be thought a way to save her
In all Imagination, beside this.
Mar. His unkind dealing, which was worst of all,
In sending, who knows whither, all the Plate,
And all the Household-stuff, had I not crost it,
By a great Providence, and my Friends Assistance,
Which he will thank me one Day for; alas,
I could have watch'd as well as they, have serv'd him
In any use, better, and willinger.
The Law commands me to do it, Love commands me,
And my own Duty charges me.
Petru. Heav'n bless me.
And now I've said my Prayers, I'll go to her;
Are you a Wife for any Man?
Mar. For you, Sir,
If I were worse, I were better; That you're well,
At least, that you appear so, I thank Heav'n,
Long may it hold; and that you're here, I am glad too;
But that you have abus'd me wretchedly,
And such a way that shames the Name of Husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled,
(Never look strangely on me, I dare tell you,)
With breach of Honesty, Care, Kindness, Manners,—
Petru. Holla, you kick too fast.
Mar. Was I a Stranger?
Or had I vow'd Perdition to your Person?
Am I not married to you, tell me that?
Petru. I would I could not tell you.
Mar. Is my Presence,
The Stock I come of, which is Worshipful?
If I should say Right Worshipful, I ly'd not,
My Grandsire was a Knight——
Petru. O' the Shire?

Mar.

Mar. A Soldier,
Which none of all thy Family e'er heard of,
But one Conductor of thy Name, a Grafier
That ran away with Pay; or am I grown,
Becauſe I've been a little peeviſh to you,
Only to try your Temper, ſuch a Dog-leech
I could not be admitted to your Preſence?
Petru. If I endure this, hang me.
Mar. And two Death's Heads,
Two *Harry* Groats, that had their Faces worn,
Almoſt their Names away too?
Petru. Now hear me.
For I will ſtay no longer.
Mar. This you ſhall:
How ever you ſhall think to flatter me,
For this Offence, which no ſubmiſſion
Can ever mediate for, you'll find it ſo;
Whatever you ſhall do by Interceſſion,
What you can offer, what your Land can purchaſe,
What all your Friends or Family can win,
Shall be but this, not to forſwear your Knowledge,
But ever to forbear it: Now your will, Sir.
Petru. Thou art the ſubtleſt Woman I think living,
I'm ſure the lewdeſt; now be ſtill and mark me;
Were I but any way addicted to the Devil,
I ſhould now think I had met a Play-fellow
To profit by, and that way the moſt learned
That ever taught to Murmur. Tell me thou,
Thou moſt poor, paltry, ſpiteful Whore: D' you cry?
I'll make you roar, before I leave.
Mar. Your Pleaſure.
Petru. Was it not Sin enough, thou Fruiterer,
Full of the fall thou eat'ſt; thou Devil's Broker,
Thou Seminary of all Sedition,
Thou Sword of Veng'ance, with a thread hung o'er us,
Was it not Sin enough, and Wickedneſs
In full abundance? Was it not Vexation
At all points, *Cap-a-Pe?* Nay, I ſhall pinch you,
Thus like a rotten Raſcal to abuſe
The Name of Heav'n, the tye of Marriage,

The

The honour of thy Friends, the Expectation
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with Rebellion,
Childish and base Rebellion, but continuing
After forgiveness too, and worse, your Mischief,
And against him, setting the hope of Heav'n by,
And the dear Reservation of his Honour,
Nothing above ground could have won to hate thee?
Well, go thy ways.

Mar. Yes.

Petru. You shall hear me out first;
What Punishment may'st thou deserve, thou thing,
Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd Primrose,
That two Hours after, art a Weed, and wither'd,
For this last flourish on me? am I one
Selected out of all the Husbands living,
To be so ridden by a Tit of ten Pence?
Am I so blind and Bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the Plague, and no man must come near me,
I must be shut up, and my Substance bezzled,
And an old Woman watch me.

Mar. Well, Sir, well,
You may well glory in't.

Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my Plot,
I must undo myself forsooth; do'st hear me?
If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
Do'st thou not well deserve it, o' thy Conscience,
Do'st thou not cry, come beat me?

Mar. I defie you.
And my last loving Tears farewel; the first stroke,
The very first you give me, if you dare strike,
Try me, and you shall find it so, for ever,
(Never to be recall'd; I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me;) I do turn
Utterly from you, and what Man I meet first,
That has but Spirit to deserve a favour,
Let him bear any Shape, the worse the better,
Shall kill you, and enjoy me; what I've said
About your foolish Sickness, e'er you have me
As you would have me, you shall swear, is certain,
And challenge any Man, that dares deny it;

And in all Companies approve my Actions,
And so farewel for this time. [*Exit* Mar.
Petru. Grief go with thee,
If there be any Witchcrafts, Herbs, or Potions,
Saying my Prayers backward, Fiends, or Fairies,
That can again unlove me, I am made. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bianca, *and* Tranio.

Tra. Mistress, you must do't. *Bia.* Are the Writings ready
I told you of? *Tra.* Yes, they are ready, but
To what use I know not. *Bia.* You are an Ass,
You must have all things construd.
Tra. (22) Yes, and pierc'd too,
Or I find little Pleasure.
Bia. Now you're knavish;
Go too, fetch *Rowland* hither presently,
Your Twenty Pounds lies bleeding else; she's married
Within these twelve Hours, if we cross it not;
And see the Papers of one size.
Tra. I have ye.
Bia. And for disposing of 'em——
Tra. If I fail you
Now I have found the way, use Marshal Law,
And cut my Head off with a Hand-Saw.
Bia. Well, Sir.
Petronius and *Moroso* I'll see sent for:
About your Business; go.
Tra. I am gone. [*Exit* Tra.

Enter Livia.

Bia. Ho, *Livia!*
Liv. Who's that?
Bia. A Friend of yours; Lord how you look now,
As if y' had lost a Carrack.

(22) *Yes, and* pierc'd *too,*] The Word *construd* going before wou'd make one suspect, that *pars'd* shou'd have follow'd, and so I imagine it at first was wrote.

Liv. O *Bianca!*
I am the moſt undone, unhappy Woman——
Bia. Be quiet Wench, thou ſhalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done, or all ſhall ſplit for't.
No more of theſe minc'd Paſſions, they are mangy,
And eaſe thee of nothing, but a little Wind,
An Apple will do more; thou fear'ſt *Moroſo*——
Liv. Even as I fear the Gallows.
Bia. Keep thee there ſtill.
And you love *Rowland?* ſay.
Liv. If I ſay not,
I'm ſure I lie.
Bia. What would'ſt thou give that Woman,
In ſpight of all his Anger, and thy Fear,
And all thy Father's Policy, that could
Clap ye within theſe two Nights quietly
Into a Bed together?
Liv. How?
Bia. Why fairly,
At half Sword, Man and Wife; now the red Blood comes,
Ay marry now the Matter's chang'd.
Liv. Bianca,
Methinks you ſhould not mock me.
Bia. Mock a Pudding.
I ſpeak good honeſt *Engliſh*, and good meaning.
Liv. I ſhould not be ungrateful to that Woman.
Bia. I know thou would'ſt not; follow but my Counſel,
And if thou haſt him not, deſpite of Fortune,
Let me ne'er know a good Night more: You muſt
Be very ſick o' th' Inſtant.
Liv. Well, what follows?
Bia. And in that ſickneſs ſend for all your Friends,
Your Father, and your Fever, old *Moroſo*,
And *Rowland* ſhall be there too.
Liv. What of theſe?
Bia. Do you not twitter yet? Of this ſhall follow
That which ſhall make thy Heart leap, and thy Lips
Venture as many Kiſſes, as the Merchants
Do Dollars to th' *Eaſt Indies*; you ſhall know all,
But firſt walk in, and practiſe; pray be ſick.
Liv. I do believe you, and I am ſick. *Bia.*

Bia. Do,
To Bed then, come, I'll ſend away your Servants
Poſt for your Fool, and Father; and good Fortune,
As we mean honeſtly, now ſtrike an up-ſhot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Tranio, *and* Rowland.

Tra. Nay, on my Conſcience, I have loſt my Money,
But that's all one: I'll never more perſuade you,
I ſee you are reſolute, and I commend you.
Row. But did ſhe ſend for me?
Tra. You dare believe me.
Row. I cannot tell, you have your ways for profit
Allow'd you, *Tranio*, as well (23) as I
Have to avoid 'em fear.
Tra. No, on my word, Sir,
I deal directly with you.

[*Servant runs over the Stage.*

Row. How now Fellow,
Whither poſt you ſo faſt?
Ser. O Sir, my Maſter?
Pray did you ſee my Maſter?
Row. Why your Maſter?
Ser. Sir, his Jewel——
Row. With the gilded Button?
Ser. My pretty Miſtreſs *Livia*——
Row. What of her?
Ser. Is fallen ſick o' th' ſudden——
Row. How, o' th' ſullens?
Ser. O' th' ſudden Sir, I ſay, very ſick.
Row. It ſeems ſh'ath got the Tooth-ach with raw Apples.
Ser. It ſeems you've got the Head-ach, fare you well, Sir.
You did not ſee my Maſter?
Row. Who told you ſo?
Tra. No, no, he did not ſee him.

(23) ——— ——— *as I*
Have to avoid 'em—] To avoid what? Here the Senſe is deficient, but well ſupply'd by the old folio as in the Text.

Row. Farewel Blue-bottle. [*Exit Servant*
What should her Sickness be?
Tra. For you, it may be.
Row. Yes, when my brains are out, I may believe it,
Never before, I am sure: Yet I may see her;
'Twill be a point of Honesty.
Tra. It will so.
Row. It may be not too; you would fain be fing'ring
This old Sin-off'ring of two hundred, *Tranio*;
How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
Up like a Deer to th' Toile, yet I may leap it,
And what's the Woodman then?
Tra. A loser by you.
Speak, will you go or not? To me 'tis equal.
Row. Come, what goes less?
Tra. Nay, not a Penny *Rowland.*
Row. Shall I have liberty of Conscience,
Which, by interpretation, is ten Kisses?
Hang me if I affect her, yet it may be,
(24) This whorson Manners will require a struggling,
Of two and twenty, or by'r Lady thirty.
Tra. By'r Lady I'll require my Wager then.
For if you kiss so often, and no Kindness,
I've lost my Speculation; I'll allow you——
Row. Speak like a Gamester now.
Tra. It may be two.
Row. Under a dozen, *Tranio*, there's no setting;
You shall have forty Shillings, wink at small faults.
Say I take twenty—come, by all that's honest
I do it but to vex her.
Tra. I'll no By-blows.
If you can love her, do; if you can, hate her,

(24) *This whorson Manners will require a* struggling,
Of two and twenty, or by'r Lady thirty] *Struggling* here means *kissing*, but I rather think the Author's Word was *Smuggling*, which I have heard used in that Sense. The second Line seems wrong, he had before mentioned *ten Kisses*, and People generally, in increasing a Number, advance by Decimals, I read therefore, as a much more natural way of speaking,

Of ten, or twenty, or by'r Lady thirty. Mr. *Seward.*

Or

Or any elſe that loves you——
Row. Prithee, *Tranio.*
Tra. Why farewel twenty Pound, 'twill not undo me; You have my Reſolution.
Row. And your Mony.
Which, ſince you are ſo ſtubborn, if I forfeit,
Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my Shins
For untagg'd Points and Compters: I'll go with you,
But if thou gett'ſt a Penny by the Bargain——
A parting Kiſs is lawful?
Tra. I allow it.
Row. Knock out my Brains with Apples; yet a Bargain?
Tra. I tell you, I'll no bargains; win and wear it.
Row. Thou art the ſtrangeſt Fellow.
Tra. That's all one.
Row. Along then, twenty Pound more if thou dar'ſt, I give her not a good word.
Tra. Not a Penny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, *and* Pedro.

Petru. Prithee, entreat her come, I will not trouble her Above a word or two; e'er I endure [*Exit* Pedro.
This Life, and with a Woman, and a vow'd one
To all the Miſchiefs ſhe can lay upon me,
(25) I'll go to Plough again, and eat Leek Porridge;
Begging's a Pleaſure to't, not to be number'd:
No there be other Countries *Jaques* for me,
And other People, yea, and other Women.
If I have need, here's Mony, there's your Ware,
Which is fair dealing; and the Sun, they ſay,
Shines as warm there, as here; and till I've loſt
Either myſelf, or her, I care not whether
Nor which firſt——
Jaq. Will your Worſhip hear me?

(25) *I'll go to Plough, and eat Leek Porridge;*] The Copies in general, except that of 1647, want the Diſſyllable *again*.

Petru. And utterly outworn the Memory
Of such a Curse as this, none of my Nation
Shall ever know me more.
Jaq. Out alas, Sir,
What a strange way do you run?
Petru. Any way,
So I out-run this Rascal.
Jaq. Methinks now,
If your good Worship could but have the patience——
Petru. The Patience, why the Patience?
Jaq. Why I'll tell you,
Could you but have the Patience——
Petru. Well, the Patience.
Jaq. To laugh at all she do's, or when she rails,
To have a Drum beaten o' th' top o' th' House,
To give the Neighbours warning of her Larum,
As I do when my Wife rebels——
Petru. Thy Wife?
Thy Wife's a Pigeon to her, a meer slumber,
The dead of Night's not stiller——
Jaq. Nor an Iron Mill.
Petru. But thy Wife's certain——
Jaq. That's false Doctrine;
You never yet read of a certain Woman.
Petru. Thou know'st her way.
Jaq. I should do, I am sure.
I've rid it Night and Day, this twenty year.
Petru. But mine is such a drench of Balderdash,
Such a strange carded cunningness—the Rainbow,
When she hangs bent in Heav'n, sheds not her colours
Quicker, and more, than this deceitful Woman.

Enter Pedro.

Weaves in, her dyes of Wickedness.—What says she?
Ped. Nay, not a word Sir, but she pointed to me,
As though she meant to follow; pray Sir bear it
Ev'n as you may, I need not teach your Worship,
The best Men have their crosses, we are all mortal——
Petru. What ails the Fellow?
Ped. And no doubt she may, Sir——

Petru.

Petru. What may ſhe, or what do's ſhe, or what is ſhe? Speak and be hang'd.

Ped. She's mad, Sir.

Petru. Heav'n continue it.

Ped Amen, if't be his Pleaſure.

Petru. How mad is ſhe?

Ped. As mad as heart can wiſh, Sir; ſhe has dreſt herſelf (Saving your Worſhip's Reverence) juſt i' th' cut Of one of thoſe that multiply i' th' Suburbs For ſingle Mony, and as dirtily: If any one ſpeak to her, firſt ſhe whiſtles, And then begins her Compaſs with her Fingers, And points to what ſhe'd have.

Petru. What new way's this?

Ped. There came in Maſter *Sophocles*——

Petru. And what Did Maſter *Sophocles* when he came in? Get my Trunks ready, Sirrah, I'll be gone Straight.

Ped. He's here to tell you, She's horn mad, *Jaques.*

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Call ye this a Woman?

Petru. Yes, Sir, ſhe is a Woman.

Soph. Sir, I doubt it.

Petru. I'd thought y' had made Experience.

Soph. Yes, I did ſo, And almoſt with my Life.

Petru. You rid too faſt, Sir.

Soph. Pray, Sir, be not miſtaken; by this Hand Your Wife's as chaſte and honeſt as a Virgin, For any thing I know; 'tis true ſhe gave me A Ring——

Petru. For rutting.

Soph. You are much deceiv'd ſtill. Believe me, I ne'er kiſt her ſince, and now Coming in Viſitation, like a Friend, (I think ſhe's mad, Sir,) ſuddenly ſhe ſtarted, And ſnatch'd the Ring away, and drew her Knife out, To what intent I know not.

Petru. Is this certain?
Soph. As I am here, Sir.
Petru. I believe you honeſt,
And pray continue ſo.

Enter Maria.

Soph. She comes.
Petru. Now, Damſel,
What will your Beauty do, if I forſake you?
D' you deal by Signs and Tokens? As I gueſs then,
[*She makes Signs.*
You'll walk abroad, this Summer, and catch Captains;
Or hire a piece of holy Ground i' th' Suburbs,
And keep a Neſt of Nuns?
Soph. Oh do not ſtir her!
You ſee in what a Caſe ſhe is.
Petru. She's dogged,
And in a beaſtly caſe, I'm ſure: I'll make her,
If ſhe have any Tongue, yet tattle. *Sophocles*,
Prithee obſerve this Woman ſeriouſly,
And eye her well, and when thou'ſt done, but tell me
(For thou haſt Underſtanding) in what caſe
My Senſe was, when I choſe this thing.
Soph. I'll tell you,
I've ſeen a ſweeter——
Petru. An hundred times cry Oyſters.
There's a poor Beggar-wench about *Black-Friers*
Runs on her Breech, may be an Empreſs to her.
Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.
Petru. Never a whit, Sir:
I'll tell thee Woman, for now I've day to ſee thee,
And all my Wits about me, and I ſpeak
Not out of Paſſion neither (leave your mumping)
I know you're well enough: Now would I give
A million but to vex her: when I choſe thee
To make a Bedfellow, I took more trouble,
Than twenty Terms can come to; ſuch a Cauſe,
Of ſuch a Title, and ſo everlaſting,
That *Adam's* Genealogie may be ended
E'er any Law find thee: I took a Leproſie,
Nay worſe, the Plague, nay worſe yet, a Poſſeſſion,

And

And had the Devil with thee, if not more:
And yet worſe, was a Beaſt, and like a Beaſt
Had my reward, a Jade to fling my Fortunes;
For who that had but reaſon to diſtinguiſh
The Light from Darkneſs, Wine from Water, Hunger
From full Satiety, and Fox from Fern-buſh,
That would have married thee?

Soph. She's not ſo ill.

Petru. She's worſe than I dare think of; ſhe's ſo lewd,
No Court is ſtrong enough to bear her cauſe;
She'ath neither Manners, Honeſty, Behaviour,
Wife-hood, nor Woman-hood, nor any Mortal
Can force me think ſhe had a Mother: No,
I do believe her ſtedfaſtly, and know her
To be a Woman-wolfe by Tranſmigration;
Her firſt Form was a Ferret's under-ground,
She kills the memories of Men. Not yet?

Soph. D'you think ſhe's ſenſible of this?

Petru. I care not.
Be what ſhe will, the Pleaſure I take in her,
Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,
Like this Point, I untie, and thus I looſe it;
The Husband I am to her, thus I ſever;
My Vanity, farewel; yet, for you've been
So near me, as to bear the name of Wife,
My unquench'd Charity ſhall tell you thus much,
(Though you deſerve it well) you ſhall not beg:
What I ordain'd your Jointure, honeſtly
You ſhall have ſettled on you, and half my Houſe;
The other half ſhall be imploy'd in Prayers,
(That meritorious charge I'll be at alſo
Yet) to confirm you *Chriſtian*; your Apparel,
And what belongs to build up ſuch a Folly,
Keep I beſeech you, it infects our Uſes:
And now I am for Travel.

Mar. Now I love you.
And now I ſee you are a Man, I'll talk to you,
And I forget your bitterneſs.

Soph. How now, Man?

Petru.

Petru. Oh *Pliny*, if thou wilt be ever famous,
Make but this Woman all thy wonders——
Mar. Sure, Sir,
You have hit upon a double Courſe, a bleſſed,
And what will make you virtuous.
Petru. She'll ſhip me.
Mar. A way of underſtanding I long wiſh'd for,
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back, Sir:
Methinks you look a new Man to me now,
A Man of excellence, and now I ſee
Some great deſign ſet in you: You may think now
(And, ſo may moſt that know me) 'twere my part
Weakly to weep your loſs, and to reſiſt you,
Nay, hang about your Neck, and like a Dotard
Urge my ſtrong tie upon you; but I love you,
And all the World ſhall know it, beyond Woman;
And more prefer the honour of your Country,
Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect,
The uſes you may make of other Nations,
The ripening of your Knowledge, Converſation,
The full ability and ſtrength of Judgment,
Than any private Love, or wanton Kiſſes.
Go, worthy Man, and bring home Underſtanding.
Soph. This were an excellent Woman to breed Schoolmen.
Mar. For if the Merchant plough through unknown Seas
To get his Wealth, then dear Sir, what muſt you
To gather Wiſdom? Go, and go alone,
Only your noble Mind for your Companion;
And if a Woman may win credit with you,
Go far, too far you cannot, ſtill the farther
The more Experience finds you; and go ſparing,
One Meal a Week will ſerve you, and one Sute,
Through all your Travels; for you'll find it certain,
The poorer and the baſer you appear,
The more you look through ſtill.
Petru. Doſt hear her?
Soph. Yes.
Petru. What would this Woman do, if ſhe were ſuffer'd,
Upon a new Religion?

Soph.

Soph. Make us Pagans.
I wonder that she writes not.
Mar. Then when Time,
And fulness of Occasion, have new made you,
And squar'd you from a Sot into a Signior,
Or nearer, from a Jade into a Courser;
Come home an aged Man, as did *Ulysses*,
And I your glad *Penelope*——
Petru. That must have
As many Lovers as I Languages;
And what she does with one i' th' Day, i' th' Night
Undo it with another.
Mar. Much that way, Sir;
For in your absence it must be my Honour,
That, that must make me spoken of hereafter,
To have Temptations, and not little ones,
Daily and hourly offered me, and strongly,
Almost believed against me, to set off
The Faith and Loyalty of her that loves you.
Petru. What should I do?
Soph. Why by my——I would travel,
Did not you mean so?
Petru. 'Las no, nothing less Man.
I did it but to try, Sir; she's the Devil,
And now I find it, for she drives me; I must go:
Are my Trunks down there, and my Horses ready?
Mar. Sir, for your House, and if you please to trust me
With that you leave behind——
Petru. Bring down the Mony.
Mar. As I am able, and to my poor Fortunes,
I'll govern as a Widow; I shall long
To hear of your well-doing, and your Profit;
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the (26) *Indies*, or *Cathaya*,
Those are the Climes must make you.
Petru. How's the Wind?
She'll wish me out o' th' World anon.
Mar. For *France*

26 ——*Indies*, or *Catayna*.] Only the first Folio gives the Text.

'Tis

'Tis very fair; get you aboard to Night, Sir,
And lose no time, you know the Tide stays no Man,
I have cold Meats ready for you.

Petru. Fare thee well,
Thou'st fool'd me out o' th' Kingdom with a Vengeanc
And thou canst fool me in again.

Mar. Not I, Sir,
I love you better, take your Time, and Pleasure.
I'll see you hors'd.

Petru. I think thou wouldst see me hang'd too,
Were I but half as willing.

Mar. Any thing
That you think well of, I dare look upon.

Petru. You'll bear me to the Lands End, *Sophocles*,
And other of my Friends, I hope.

Mar. Never doubt, Sir,
You cannot want Companions for your good:
I'm sure you'll kiss me e'er I go; I've Business,
And stay long here I must not.

Petru. Get thee going.
For if thou tarriest but another Dialogue,
I'll kick thee to thy Chamber.

Mar. Fare you well, Sir,
And bear your self, I do beseech you, once more,
(Since you have undertaken doing wisely,)
Manly, and worthily, 'tis for my Credit.
And for those flying Fames here of your Follies,
Your gambols, and ill breeding of your Youth,
For which I understand you take this travel,
Nothing should make me leave you else; I'll deal
So like a Wife that loves your Reputation,
And the most large Addition of your Credit,
That those shall die; if you want Limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o' th' Sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.

Petru. Now the Devil,
That was your first good Master, shower his Blessing
Upon ye all: Into whose Custody——

Mar. I do commit your Reformation,
And so I leave you to your *Stilo novo*. [*Exit* Maria.

Petru.

Petru. I will go; yet I will not; once more, *Sophocles*,
I'll put her to the Teſt.
Soph. Y' had better go.
Petru. I will go then; let's ſeek my Father out,
And all my Friends, to ſee me fair aboard;
Then, Women, if there be a Storm at Sea,
Worſe than your Tongues can make, and Waves more broken
Than your diſſembling Faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but Tempeſts, till they crack my Keel.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Petronius, *and* Bianca *with four Papers.*

Bia. NOW whether I deſerve that blame you gave me,
Let all the World diſcern, Sir.
Petro. If this Motion,
(I mean this fair Repentance of my Daughter)
Spring from your good Perſwaſion, as it ſeems ſo,
I muſt confeſs I've ſpoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.
Bia. The firſt touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from diſobeying you;
The ſecond I put to her, when I told her
How good, and gentle yet, with free Contrition
Again you might be purchas'd; loving Woman,
She heard me, and I thank her, thought me worthy
Obſerving in this Point; yet all my Counſel,
And Comfort in this caſe, could not ſo heal her,
But that Grief got his ſhare too, and ſhe ſick'ned.
Petro. I'm ſorry ſhe's ſo ill, yet glad her ſickneſs
Has got ſo good a ground.

Enter Moroſo.

Bia. Here comes *Moroſo.*
Petro. Oh, you are very welcome,
Now you ſhall know your Happineſs.

Mor.

Mor. I'm glad on't.
What makes this Lady here?
Bia. A dish for you, Sir,
You'll thank me for hereafter.
Petro. True, *Morose*,
Go get you in, and see your Mistress.
Bia. She is sick, Sir,
But you may kiss her whole.
Mor. How!
Bia. Comfort her.
Mor. Why am I sent for, Sir?
Petro. Will you in, and see?
Bia. May be she needs Confession.
Mor. By St. *Mary*,
She shall have Absolution then, and Penance,
But not above her Carriage.
Petro. Get you in, Fool. [*Exit* Mor.
Bia. Here comes the other too.

Enter Rowland *and* Tranio.

Petro. Now, *Tranio*;
Good Ev'n to you too, and you are welcome.
Row. Thank you.
Petro. I have a certain Daughter——
Row. Would you had, Sir.
Petro. No doubt you know her well——
Row. Nor never shall, Sir.
She is a Woman, and the ways unto her
Are like the finding of a certain Path
After a deep fall'n Snow.
Petro. Well, that's by th' by still.
This Daughter that I tell you of, is fall'n
A little crop sick, with the dangerous Surfeit
She took of your Affection.
Row. Mine, Sir?
Petro. Yes, Sir.
Or rather, as it seems, repenting. And there
She lies within, debating on it. *Row.* Well, Sir.
Petro. I think 'twere well you'd see her.

Row.

Row. If you pleaſe, Sir;
I am not ſqueamiſh of my Viſitation.
Petro. But this I'll tell you, ſhe is alter'd much,
You'll find her now another *Livia.*
Row. I have enough o'th' old, Sir.
Petro. No more Fool,
To look gay Babies in your Eyes, young *Rowland,*
And hang about your pretty Neck——
Row. I'm glad on't,
And thank my Fates I've ſcap'd ſuch Execution.
Petro. And buſs you till you bluſh again.
Row. That's hard, Sir;
She muſt kiſs ſhamefully e'er I bluſh at it,
I never was ſo Boyiſh; well, what follows?
Petro. She's mine now, as I pleaſe to ſettle her,
At my command, and where I pleaſe to plant her:
Only ſhe'd take a kind of farewel of you,
And give you back a wandring Vow or two,
You left in Pawn; and two or three ſlight Oaths
She lent you too, ſhe looks for.
Row. She ſhall have 'em
With all my heart, Sir; and if you like 't better,
A free Releaſe in writing.
Petro. That's the matter,
And you from her ſhall have another, *Rowland,*
And then turn tail to tail, and Peace be with you.
Row. So be't; your twenty Pound ſweats, *Tranio:*
Tra. 'Twill not undo me, *Rowland,* do your worſt.
Row. Come, ſhall we ſee her, Sir?
Bia. What e'er ſhe ſays
You muſt bear manly, *Rowland,* for her Sickneſs
Has made her (27) ſomewhat teatiſh.
Row. Let her talk
Till her Tongue ake, I care not; by this Hand
Thou haſt a handſome Face, Wench, and a Body
Daintily mounted; now do I feel an hundred

(27) ——— *ſomewhat* pettiſh.] If this Word is not wrong, yet it has no occaſion to ſupplant what was the true Lection, and which occupies the preſent Text, i. e. *teatiſh,* from the oldeſt Folio.

Running

Running directly from me, as I piſt it.

Livia *diſcovered a-bed, and* Moroſo *by her.*

Bia. Pray draw her ſoftly, the leaſt hurry, Sir,
Puts her to much impatience.

Petro. How is't, Daughter?

Liv. Oh, very ſick, very ſick, yet ſomewhat
Better I hope; a little lightſomer,
Becauſe this good Man has forgiven me;
Pray ſet me higher; oh my Head!

Bia. Well done, Wench.

Liv. Father, and all good People that ſhall hear me,
I have abus'd this Man perniciouſly;
Was never old Man humbled ſo; I've ſcorn'd him,
And call'd him naſty Names, I have ſpit at him,
Flung Candles ends in's Beard, and cali'd him Harrow,
That muſt be drawn to all he does; contemn'd him,
For methought then, he was a beaſtly Fellow,
(28) (Oh God, my ſide) a very beaſtly Fellow;
And gave it out, his Caſſock was a Barge-cloth,
Pawn'd to his Predeceſſor by a Sculler,
The Man yet living; I gave him purging Comfits
At a great Chriſtning once,
That ſpoil'd his Camblet Breeches; and one Night
I ſtrew'd the Stairs with Peaſe, as he paſt down;
And the good Gentleman, woe worth me for't,
Ev'n with this reverend Head, this Head of Wiſdom,
Told two and twenty Stairs, good and true;
Miſt not a ſtep, and as we ſay, *verbatim*
Fell to the Bottom, broke his caſting Bottle,
Loſt a fair Toad-ſtone, of ſome eighteen Shillings;
Jumbled his Joints together, had two Stools,
And was tranſlated. All this Villany
Did I; I *Livia*, I alone, untaught.

Mor. And I unask'd, forgive it.

Liv. Where's *Bianca?*

Bia. Here, Couſin.

(28) *Oh my ſide,* ———] Here we have, again, the Meaſure ſupply'd only from the Copy of 1647.

Liv.

Liv. Give me Drink.
Bia. There.
Liv. Who's that?
Mor. Rowland.
Liv. Oh my Diſſembler, you and I muſt part.
Come nearer, Sir.
Row. I'm ſorry for your Sickneſs.
Liv. Be ſorry for your ſelf, Sir, you have wrong'd me,
But I forgive you; are the Papers ready?
Bia. I have 'em here; will't pleaſe you view 'em?
Petro. Yes.
Liv. Shew 'em the young Man too, I know he's willing
To ſhift Sails too; 'tis for his more Advancement;
Alas, we might have begger'd one another;
We are young both, and a World of Children
Might have been left behind to curſe our Follies;
We had been undone, *Bianca*, had we married,
Undone for ever; I confeſs I lov'd him,
I care not who ſhall know it, moſt intirely;
And once, upon my Conſcience, he lov'd me;
But farewel that, we muſt be wiſer, Couſin,
Love muſt not leave us to the World; have you done?
Row. Yes, and am ready to ſubſcribe.
Liv. Pray ſtay then;
Give me the Papers, and let me peruſe 'em,
And ſo much time, as may afford a Tear
At our laſt parting.
Bia. Pray retire, and leave her,
I'll call ye preſently. *Petro.* Come, Gentlemen,
The ſhowre muſt fall. *Row.* Would I had never ſeen her.
[*Exeunt.*
Bia. Thou haſt done bravely, Wench.
Liv. Pray Heav'n it prove ſo.
Bia. There are the other Papers; when they come
Begin you firſt, and let the reſt ſubſcribe
Hard by your ſide; give 'em as little light
As Drapers do their Wares.
Liv. Didſt mark *Moroſo*,
In what an Agony he was, and how he cry'd moſt

When I abus'd him moſt?
Bia. That was but Reaſon.
Liv. O what a ſtinking Thief is this?
Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly ſick indeed; *Thames-ſtreet*, to him,
Is a meer Pomander.
Bia. Let him be hang'd.
Liv. Amen.
Bia. And lie you ſtill;
And once more to your Buſineſs.
Liv. Call 'em in.
Now if there be a Power that pities Lovers,
Help now, and hear my Prayers.

Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio *and* Moroſo.

Petro. Is ſhe ready?
Bia. Sh'as done her Lamentations; pray go to her.
Liv. Rowland, come near me, and before you ſeal,
Give me your Hand; take it again; now kiſs me.
This is the laſt Acquaintance we muſt have;
I wiſh you ever happy; there's the Paper.
Row. Pray ſtay a little.
Petro. Let me ne'er live more,
But I do begin to pity this young Fellow;
How heartily he weeps!
Bia. There's Pen and Ink, Sir.
Liv. Ev'n here I pray you. 'Tis a little *Emblem*
How near you have been to me.
Row. There.
Bia. Your Hands too,
As Witneſſes. *Petro.* By any means, to th' Book, Son.
Mor. With all my Heart.
Bia. You muſt deliver it.
Row. There, *Livia*, and a better Love light on thee;
I can no more.
Bia. To this you muſt be Witneſs too.
Petro. We will.
Bia. Do you deliver't now.
Liv. Pray ſet me up;
There, *Rowland*, all thy old Love back; and may

A new to come, exceed mine, and be happy.
I muſt no more.
Row. Farewel.
Liv. A long farewel. [*Exit* Rowland.
Bia. Leave her by any means, till this wild Paſſion
Be off her Head; draw all the Curtains cloſe,
A Day hence you may ſee her, 'twill be better,
She's now for little Company.
Petro. Pray tend her.
I muſt to Horſe ſtraight, you muſt needs along too,
To ſee my Son aboard; were but his Wife
As fit for Pity, as this Wench, I were happy.
Bia. Time muſt do that too; fare ye well; to Morrow
You ſhall receive a Wife to quit your Sorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Jaques, Pedro, *and Porters, with Cheſt and Hampers.*

Jaq. Bring 'em away, Sirs.
Ped. Muſt the great Trunks go too?
Jaq. Yes, and the Hampers; nay, be ſpeedy Maſters:
He'll be at Sea before us elſe.
Ped. Oh, *Jaques!*
What a moſt bleſſed turn haſt thou.
Jaq. I hope ſo.
Ped. To have the Sea between thee and this Woman,
Nothing can drown her Tongue but a Storm.
Jaq. By your leave,
We'll get us up to *Paris* with all ſpeed;
For on my Soul, as far as *Amiens*
She'll carry Blank; away to *Lyon-key*
And Ship 'em preſently, we'll follow ye.
Ped. Now could I wiſh her in that Trunk.
Jaq. God ſhield Man,
I had rather have a Bear in't.
Ped. Yes, I'll tell ye;
For in the Paſſage, if a Tempeſt take ye,
As many do, and you lie beating for it;
Then, if it pleas'd the Fates, I would have the Maſter,

Out of a powerful Providence, to cry,
Lighten the Ship of all Hands, or we periſh;
Then this for one, as beſt ſpar'd, ſhould by all means
Over-board preſently.

Jaq. O' that Condition,
So we were certain to be rid of her,
I would wiſh her with us; but believe me, *Pedro*,
She would ſpoil the fiſhing on this Coaſt for ever:
For none would keep her Company but Dog-fiſh,
As curriſh as her ſelf; or Porpiſces,
Made to all fatal Uſes: The two Fiſh-ſtreets,
Were ſhe but once arriv'd amongſt the Whitings,
Would ſing a woful *miſereri*, *Pedro*,
And mourn in Poor *John*, till her Memory
Were caſt o' ſhore again, with a ſtrong Sea-breach;
She would make God *Neptune*, and his Fire-fork,
And all his Demi-gods and Goddeſſes,
As weary of the *Flemmiſh* Channel, *Pedro*,
As ever Boy was of the School; 'tis certain,
If ſhe but meet him fair, and were well angred,
She would break his God-head.

Ped. Oh her Tongue, her Tongue!

Jaq. Rather her many Tongues.

Ped. Or rather ſtrange Tongues.

Jaq. Her lying Tongue.

Ped. Her liſping Tongue.

Jaq. Her long Tongue.

Ped. Her lawleſs Tongue.

Jaq. Her loud Tongue.

Ped. And her liquoriſh——

Jaq. Many other Tongues, and many ſtranger Tongues
Than ever *Babel* had to tell his ruins,
Were Women rais'd withal; but ne'er a true one.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Home with your Stuff again, the Journey's ended.

Jaq. What does your Worſhip mean?

Soph. Your Maſter, oh, *Petruchio*! oh, poor Fellows!

Ped. Oh, *Jaques*, *Jaques!*

Soph. Oh, your Maſter's dead!

His

His Body's coming back; his Wife, his Devil,
The Grief of———her.
Jaq. Has kill'd him?
Soph. Kill'd him, kill'd him.
Ped. Is there no Law to hang her?
Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her Misery; I dare not,
For fear Impatience seize me, see her more;
I must away again; bid her for Wife-hood,
For Honesty, if she have any in her,
E'en to avoid the shame that follows her,
Cry if she can; your Weeping cannot mend it.
The Body will be here within this Hour, so tell her;
And all his Friends to curse her. Farewel, Fellows.
[*Exit* Soph.
Ped. Oh, *Jaques*, *Jaques!*
Jaq. Oh, my worthy Master!
Ped. Oh, my most beastly Mistress, hang her——
Jaq. Split her——
Ped. Drown her directly——
Jaq. Starve her——
Ped. Stink upon her——
Jaq. Stone her to Death; may all she eat be Eggs,
Till she run kicking-mad for Men.
Ped. And he,
That Man, that gives her Remedy, pray Heav'n
He may ev'n *ipso facto*, (29) lose his Fadding.
Jaq. Let's go discharge our selves, and he that serves her,
Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,
A Sedgly curse light on him; which is, *Pedro*,
The Fiend ride through him booted and spurr'd, with a Sythe at's Back. [*Exeunt.*

(29) ——— *lose his* Fadding.] How the original Word *Longing*, in the Edition of 1647, came to be changed for *Fadding*, I have neither Time nor Inclination to enquire.

SCENE III.

Enter Rowland, *and* Tranio *ſtealing behind him.*

Row. What a dull Aſs was I to let her go thus?
Upon my Life ſhe loves me ſtill; well, Paper,
Thou only Monument of what I've had,
Thou all the Love now left me, and now loſt,
Let me yet kiſs her hand, yet take my leave
Of what I muſt leave ever; Farewel, *Livia.*
Oh, bitter Words, I'll read ye once again,
And then for ever ſtudy to forget ye.
How's this? let me look better on't: A Contract:
——A Contract, ſeal'd and ratified,
Her Father's Hand ſet to it, and *Moroſo*'s:
I do not dream ſure, let me read again,
The ſame ſtill, 'tis a Contract.
Tra. 'Tis ſo, *Rowland*;
And by the Virtue of the ſame, you pay me
An hundred Pound to Morrow.
Row. Art ſure, *Tranio*,
We're both alive now?
Tra. Wonder not, ye've loſt.
Row. If this be true, I grant it.
Tra. 'Tis moſt certain,
There's a Ring for you too, you know it.
Row. Yes.
Tra. When ſhall I have my Mony?
Row. Stay ye, ſtay ye,
When ſhall I marry her?
Tra. To Night.
Row. Take heed now
You do not trifle with me; if you do,
You'll find more Payment, than your Mony comes to:
Come, ſwear; I know I am a Man, and find
I may deceive my ſelf; ſwear faithfully,
Swear me directly, Am I *Rowland?*
Tra. Yes.
Row. Am I awake?
Tra. Ye are.

Row.

Row. Am I in Health?
Tra. As far as I conceive.
Row. Was I with *Livia?*
Tra. You were, and had this Contract.
Row. And ſhall I enjoy her?
Tra. Yes, if ye dare.
Row. Swear to all theſe.
Tra. I will.
Row. As thou art Honeſt, as thou haſt a Conſcience,
As that may wring thee if thou lieſt; all theſe
To be no Viſion, but a Truth, and ſerious.
Tra. Then by my Honeſty, and Faith, and Conſcience;
All this is certain.
Row. Let's remove our places.
Swear it again.
Tra. By——'tis true.
Row. I have loſt then, and Heav'n knows I'm glad on't.
Let's go, and tell me all, and tell me how,
For yet I'm Pagan in't.
Tra. I've a Prieſt too,
And all ſhall come as even as two Teſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moroſo, *and* Petruchio *born in a Coffin.*

Petro. Set down the Body, and one call her out.

Enter Maria *in black, and* Jaques.

You're welcome to the laſt caſt of your Fortunes;
There lies your Husband; there, your loving Husband,
There he that was *Petruchio*, too good for ye;
Your ſtubborn and unworthy way has kill'd him
E'er he could reach the Sea; if ye can weep,
Now ye have cauſe, begin, and after's Death
Do ſomething yet to th' World, to think ye honeſt.
So many Tears had ſav'd him, ſhed in time;
And as they are (ſo a good Mind go with 'em)
Yet they may move Compaſſion.

Mar. Pray ye all hear me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me yet more miſerable:
'Tis true, I've cauſe to grieve, and mighty cauſe;
And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.
Soph. I ſee there's ſome good Nature yet left in her.
Mar. But what's the cauſe? Miſtake me not, not this Man,
As he is dead, I weep for; Heav'n defend it,
I never was ſo Childiſh: But his Life,
His poor unmanly, wretched, fooliſh Life,
Is that my full Eyes pity, there's my Mourning.
Petro. Doſt thou not ſhame?
Mar. I do, and e'en to Water,
To think what this Man was, to think how ſimple,
How far below a Man, how far from Reaſon,
From common Underſtanding, and all Gentry,
While he was living here, he walk'd amongſt us.
He had a happy turn he died; I'll tell ye,
Theſe are the wants I weep for, not his Perſon;
The memory of this Man, had he liv'd
But two years longer, had begot more Follies,
Than wealthy Autumn Flies. But let him reſt,
He was a Fool, and farewel he; not pitied,
I mean in way of Life, or Action
By any underſtanding Man that's honeſt;
But only in's Poſterity, which I,
Out of the fear his Ruins might out-live him,
In ſome bad iſſue, like a careful Woman,
Like one indeed, born only to preſerve him,
Deny'd him means to raiſe.
Petru. Unbutton me,
—— I die indeed elſe. Oh, *Maria*,
Oh my Unhappineſs, my Miſery.
Petro. Go to him, Whore; —— if he periſh,
I'll ſee thee hang'd my ſelf.
Petru. Why, why, *Maria?*
Mar. I've done my worſt, and have my end, forgive me;
From this hour make me what you pleaſe, I've tam'd ye,
And now am vow'd your Servant: Look not ſtrangely,

Nor

Nor fear what I ſay to you. Dare you kiſs me?
Thus I begin my new Love.
Petru. Once again.
Mar. With all my Heart.
Petru. Nay, once again, *Maria:*
Oh, Gentlemen, I know not where I am.
Soph. Get ye to Bed then, there you'll quickly know, Sir.
Petru. Never no more your old tricks?
Mar. Never, Sir.
Petru. You ſhall not need, for as I have a Faith
No cauſe ſhall give occaſion.
Mar. As I am honeſt,
And as I am a Maid yet, all my Life
From this hour, ſince ye make ſo free profeſſion,
I dedicate in Service to your Pleaſure.
Soph. Ay, marry, this goes roundly off.
Petru. Go, *Jaques*,
Get all the beſt Meat may be bought for Mony,
And let the Hogſheads Blood, I'm born again:
Well, little *England*, when I ſee a Husband
Of any other Nation, ſtern or jealous,
I'll wiſh him but a Woman of thy breeding;
And if he have not Butter to his Bread,
Till his Teeth bleed, I'll never truſt my Travel.

Enter Rowland, Livia, Bianca, *and* Tranio.

Petro. What have we here?
Row. Another Morris, Sir,
That you muſt Pipe to.
Tra. A poor married Couple
Deſire an Offering, Sir.
Bia. Never frown at it,
You cannot mend it now; there's your own Hand,
And yours, *Moroſo*, to confirm the Bargain.
Petro. My Hand?
Mor. Or mine?
Bia. You'll find it ſo.
Petro. A trick,
By ——— a trick,
Bia. Yes, Sir, we trick'd ye.

Liv. Father——
Petro. Haſt thou lain with him? Speak?
Liv. Yes, truly, Sir.
Petro. And haſt thou done the Deed, Boy?
Row. (30) I have done, Sir,
That, that will ſerve the turn, I think.
Petru. A Match then:
I'll be the Maker up of this: *Moroſo*,
There's now no remedy you ſee, be willing;
For be, or be not, he muſt have the Wench.
Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to Dinner,
And if I can, I'll drink't a way.
Tra. That's well ſaid.
Petro. Well, Sirrah, you have plaid a trick, look to't,
And let me be a Grandſire within's twelve-month,
Or by this Hand, I'll curtail half your Fortunes.
Row. There ſhall not want my Labour, Sir; your Mony,
Here's one has undertaken.
Tra. Well, I'll truſt her,
And glad I have ſo good a pawn.
Row. I'll watch ye.
Petru. Let's in, and drink of all Hands, and be jovial:
I have my Colt again, and now ſhe carries;
And Gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be ſure to keep him to his Text. [*Exeunt.*

(30) *I have, Sir,*
That, that——] Here we have Senſe and Meaſure again ſupply'd us from the Copy of 1647.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THE Tamer's Tam'd, *but so, as nor the Men*
Can find one just Cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider in their Lives,
They should not reign as Tyrants o'er their Wives.
Nor can the Women, from this President,
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both Sexes due Equality;
And as they stand bound, to love mutually.
If this Effect arising from a Cause
Well laid, and grounded, may deserve Applause,
We something more than hope, our honest Ends
Will keep the Men, and Women too, our Friends.

THE

THE
ISLAND
PRINCESS.
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

KING of Tidore, *an Island.*
King of Bakam, } *Suitors to the Princess* Quisara.
King of Syana, }
Governor of Ternata, *an Island. An ill Man.*
Ruy Dias, *a Captain of* Portugal, *also Suitor to the Princess.*
Piniero, *Nephew to* Ruy Dias, *a merry Captain.*
Christophero, } *Soldiers, and Friends to* Piniero.
Pedro, }
Armusia, *a noble daring* Portugueze, *in love with the Princess.*
Soza, } *Companions to* Armusia, *and his valiant*
Emanuel, } *Followers.*
Keeper.
Moors.
Guard.
Captain.
Citizens.
Townsmen.

WOMEN.

Quisara, *the Island Princess, Sister to the King of* Tidore.
Quisana, *Aunt to the Princess.*
Panura, *Waiting-woman to the Princess* Quisara.
Citizens Wives.

SCENE, INDIA.

THE

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Bell Rings.

Enter Piniero, Chriſtophero, *and* Pedro.

PINIERO.

OPEN the Ports, and ſee the Watch reliev'd,
And let the Guards be careful of their Buſineſs,
Their vigilant Eyes fixt on theſe Iſlanders,
They're falſe and deſp'rate People, when they find
The leaſt occaſion open to Encouragement,
Cruel and crafty Souls; believe me, Gentlemen,
Their late Attempt, which is too freſh amongſt us,
In which, againſt all Arms and Honeſty,
The (1) Gov'rnor of *Ternata* made ſurprize
Of our Confederate, the King of *Tidore*,
As for his Recreation he was rowing
Between both Lands, bids us be wiſe and circumſpect.

(1) ——*Governor of* Terna——
——*King of* Sidore,] The old Folio reads as I have reform'd the Text. *Ternata*, (or *Ternate*, as *Milton* calls it,) *Tidore*, and *Bakan* or *Bacham*, are three of the *Molucco* Iſlands.

Chriſt.

Chriſt. It was a miſchief ſuddenly imagin'd,
And as ſoon done; that Governor, a fierce Knave,
Unfaithful as he's fierce too, there's no truſting;
But I wonder much, how ſuch poor and baſe Pleaſures,
As tugging at an Oar, or skill in Steerage,
Should become Princes.

Pin. Baſe Breedings, love baſe Pleaſure;
They take as much Delight in a *Baratto*,
(A little ſcurvy Boat) to row her tightly,
And have the Art to turn and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, though it be ſlaviſh,
And a dull labour that declines a Gentleman,
As we *Portugals*, or th' *Spaniards* do in riding,
In managing a great Horſe, which is princely;
(2) The *French* in Courtſhip, or the dancing *Engliſh*
In carrying a fair Preſence.

Ped. He was ſtrangely taken;
But where no Faith is, there's no Truſt; h'as paid for't;
His Siſter yet, the fair and great *Quiſara*,
Has ſhew'd a noble Mind, and much love in't
To her afflicted Brother; and the nobler
Still it appears, and feaſons of more Tenderneſs,
Becauſe his Ruin ſtiles her Abſolute,
And his Impriſonment adds to her Profit.
Feeling all this, which makes all Men admire her,
The warm Beams of this Fortune that fall on her,
Yet has ſhe made divers and noble Treaties,
And Propoſitions for her Brother's Freedom,
If Wealth or Honour——

Pin. Peace, Peace, you are fool'd, Sir;
Things of theſe Natures have ſtrange Outſides, *Pedro*,
And cunning Shadows, (3) ſet 'em far from us,
Draw 'em but near, they're groſs, and they abuſe us;
They

(2) *The* French *in Courtſhip, or the dancing* Engliſh] If the *Engliſh* were as fond of *dancing* in the time of the Poets, as they are now, the common Lection is right; otherwiſe I ſhould chuſe to read ſo,

The French *in Courtſhip, Dancing, or the* Engliſh *&c.*

(3) ——— *ſet 'em far off from us,*
Draw 'em but near, they're groſs, and they abuſe us;] The Senſe of this Paſſage, which may not be clear to ev'ry Reader, I take to be this: "Things, *Pedro*, of this Nature have ſtrange Outſides

" and

They that obſerve her cloſe, ſhall find her Nature,
Which I doubt mainly, will not prove ſo excellent.
She is a Princeſs, and ſhe muſt be fair,
That's the Prerogative of being Royal:
Let her want Eyes and Noſe, ſhe muſt be Beauteous,
And ſhe muſt know it too, and the uſe of it,
And People muſt believe it, they are damn'd elſe;
(4) Why, all our Neighbour Princes are mad for her.

Chriſt. Is ſhe not fair then?

Pin. But her hopes are fairer.
And there's a haughty Maſter, th' King of *Bakan*,
That lofty Sir, that ſpeaks far more and louder,
In his own Commendations, than a Cannon;
He is ſtrucken dumb with her.

Ped. Beſhrew me ſhe is a ſweet one.

Pin. And there's that hopeful Man of *Syana*,
That ſprightly Fellow, he that's wiſe and temperate,
He is a Lover too.

Chriſt. Wou'd I were worth her looking.
For, by my Life I hold her a compleat one;
The very Sun I think affects her ſweetneſs,
And dares not, as he does to all elſe, dye it
Into his tauny Livery.

Pin. She dares not ſee him,

" and cunning Shadows, and if you ſet 'em far off from us, then they " abuſe [deceive] us; but do but draw 'em near, they are ſo groſs " the Cheat is ſoon diſcover'd." So in this ſame Play, Act III. we have a ſimilar kind of a Paſſage. *Quiſara* ſays to *Armuſia*,

——— *My Rooms are Sanctuaries,*
And with that Reverence, they that ſeek my favours,
And humble fears, ſhall render their Approaches.

i. e. With that reverence and humble fears, they that ſeek *&c.*

(4) *Why, all our Neighbour Princes are mad for her.*] The Reader may, perhaps, think with me, that this Line ſeems to come with little Propriety from *Piniero*, who had hinted the Princeſs was no Beauty, whatever ſhe might think of herſelf in that reſpect; but would proceed with Juſtice from *Pedro*'s, who, in Anſwer to *Piniero*, objects, that the Princeſs is really fair.

That all the Neighbour Princes are mad for her.

And then *Chriſtophero* ſays properly,

Is ſhe not fair then?

(5) But keeps her ſelf at diſtance from his Kiſſes,
And wears her Complexion in a Caſe; let him but like it
A week, or two; or three, ſhe would look like a Lion;
But the main ſport on't is, or rather wonder,
The Governor of *Terna*, her mortal Enemy,
He that has catcht her Brother King, is ſtruck too,
And is arriv'd under ſafe Conduct alſo,
And Hoſtages of Worth deliver'd for him;
(6) And he brought a Letter from his Priſoner,
(Whether compell'd, or willingly delivered)
From the poor King; or what elſe dare be in't——

Chriſt. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one,
For I dare think ſhe'll do the beſt.

Pin. 'Tis certain
He has Admittance, and ſollicits hourly.
Now if he have the Trick——

Ped. What Trick?

(5) *But keeps her ſelf at diſtance from his Kiſſes,*
And her Complexion in a Caſe;——] This Paſſage is good Senſe, but as the Copy of 1647 reads the ſecond Line thus,

And wears *her Complexion in a Caſe;*

I thought it proper to let the preſent Text run ſo. But what muſt we make of

——*let him* [Sun] *but* like *it*
A week, or two,——

I imagine, with Mr. *Seward*, the Poets gave it, ——*let him but* lick, or which is more poetical, ——*let him but* kiſs *it*. What *Cleopatra* ſays of herſelf, in *Shakeſpear*, on the like Occaſion, is very fine. *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, Act I. *verſus finem.*

——————*Think on me*
That am with Phœbus' Amorous Pinches *black.*

But farther. The Poets might have wrote thus,

——————*let him but* look on't.

So in *Solomon's* Song: *Look not upon me becauſe I am black, becauſe the Sun hath* look'd *upon me.*

(6) *And he brought* &c.] I read and point the latter Part of this Speech thus,

And he hath *brought a Letter from his Priſoner,*
Whether compell'd, or willingly deliver'd
From the poor King: and what elſe be in't——

The Addition of a Monoſyllable in the firſt Line, and the Change of the Points, is required by the Senſe and the Meaſure: The *or* in the third got there from the Line above, and excluded the proper Monoſyllable. Mr. *Seward.*

Pin.

Pin. The true one,
To take her too; if he be but skill'd in Bat-fowling,
And lime his Buſh right——
Chriſt. I'll be hang'd when that hits:
For 'tis not a compell'd or forc'd Affection
That muſt take her, I gueſs her ſtout and virtuous.
But where's your Uncle, Sir, our valiant Captain,
The brave *Ruy Dias*, all this while?
Pin. Ay, marry,
He is amongſt 'em too.
Ped. A Lover?
Pin. Nay,
I know not that, (7) but ſure he ſtands in Favour,
Or would ſtand ſtifly, he's no *Portugal* elſe.
Chriſt. The Voice ſays in good favour, in the Liſt too
Of the privy Wooers; how cunningly of late
(I have obſerv'd him) and how privately
H'as ſtolen at all Hours from us, and how readily
H'as feign'd a Buſineſs to bid th' Fort farewel
For five or ſix Days, or a Month together;
Sure there is ſomething———
Pin. Yes, yes, there's a thing in't,
A thing would make the beſt on's all dance after it,
A dainty thing; Lord, how this Uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for Wenching,
And told me in what deſperate caſe 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould ſtew my Bones——
Ped. You car'd not for it.
Pin. I'faith not much, I ventur'd on ſtill eaſily,
And took my Chance, danger's a Soldier's Honour;
But that this Man, this Herb of Grace, *Ruy Dias*,
This Father of our Faculties, ſhould ſlip thus,
(For ſure he is a ferreting;) that he
That would drink nothing, to depreſs the Spirit,
But Milk and Water, eat nothing but thin Air
To make his Blood obedient; that his Youth,

(7) ——— *but* ſince *he ſtands in Favour,*] The firſt Folio reads as in the Text.

In ſpight of all his Temperance, ſhould tickle,
And have a Love-mange on him——
Chriſt. 'Tis in him, Sir,
But honourable Courtſhip, and becomes his Rank too.
Pin. In me it were abominable Leachery,
Or would be;
(8) For when our Thoughts are on't, and miſs their level,
We muſt hit ſomething.
Ped. Well, he's a noble Gentleman,
And if he be a Suitor, may he ſpeed in't.
Pin. Let him alone, our Family ne'er fail'd yet.
Chriſt. Our mad Lieutenant ſtill, merry *Piniero.*
Thus wou'd he do, if the Surgeon were ſearching of him.
Ped. Eſpecially if a warm Wench had ſhot him.
Pin. But hark, *Chriſtophero*; come hither, *Pedro*;
When ſaw you our brave Country-man *Armuſia*,
He that's arriv'd here lately, and his Gallants?
A goodly Fellow, and a brave Companion
Methinks he is, and no doubt truly valiant;
Fór he that dares come hither, dares fight any where.
Chriſt. I ſaw him not of late; a ſober Gentleman
I'm ſure he is, and no doubt bravely Sprung,
And promiſes much Nobleneſs.
Pin. I love him,
And by my Troth wou'd fain be inward with him;
Pray let's go ſeek him.
Ped. We'll attend you, Sir.
Pin. By that time we ſhall hear the burſt of Buſineſs.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ruy Dias, Quiſara, Quiſana *and* Panura.

Quiſar. Aunt, I much thank you for your Courteſie,
And the fair Liberty you ſtill allow me,
Both of your Houſe and ſervice: Though I be
A Princeſs, and by that Prerogative ſtand free
From the poor malice of Opinion,

(8) *For when our Thoughts are* on't,——] The turning up a Letter, and the daſhing out an Apoſtrophe, ſeems all that is wanting to the Correction of this Place.
For when our Thoughts are out, *&c.*

And

And no ways bound to render up my Actions,
Becauſe no Power above me can examine me;
Yet my dear Brother being ſtill a Priſoner,
And many wandring Eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a Sea-mark, it behoves me
To uſe a little Caution, and be circumſpect.

Quiſan. You're wiſe and noble, Lady.

Quiſar. Often Aunt
I reſort hither, and privately to ſee you,
It may be to converſe with ſome I favour;
I wou'd not have it known as oft, nor conſtru'd,
It ſtands not with my care.

Quiſan. You ſpeak moſt fairly,
For ev'n our pure Devotions are examin'd.

Quiſar. So mad are Mens Minds now.

Ruy. Or rather monſtrous;
They're thick Dreams bred in Fogs, that know no fairneſs.

Quiſan. Madam, the Houſe is yours, I'm yours, pray uſe me,
And at your Service, all I have lies proſtrate;
My care ſhall ever be to yield ye Honour,
And when your Fame falls here, 'tis my fault, Lady;
A poor and ſimple Banquet I've provided,
Which if you pleaſe to honour with your Preſence——

Quiſar. I thank ye Aunt, I ſhall be with you inſtantly,
A few words with this Gentleman.

Quiſan. I'll leave ye,
And when you pleaſe retire, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt* Quiſan. *and* Pan.

Quiſar. Why, how now Captain, what, afraid to ſpeak to me?
A Man of Arms, and daunted with a Lady?
Commanders have the Power to parle with Princes.

Ruy. Madam, the Favours you have ſtill ſhowr'd on me,
(Which are ſo high above my means of Merit,
So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their own Goodneſs; no Eyes look up to 'em
But thoſe that are of equal Light and Luſtre,)
Strike me thus mute: You are my royal Miſtreſs,
And all my Services that aim at Honour,

Take Life from you, the Saint of my Devotions;
Pardon my wish, it is a fair Ambition,
And well becomes the Man that honours you;
I wou'd I were of Worth, of something near you,
(9) Of such a royal Piece, a King I wou'd be,
A mighty King that might (10) command Affection,
And bring a Youth upon me might bewitch ye,
And you a sweet-soul'd Christian.

Quisar. Now you talk, Sir;
You *Portugals*, though you be rugged Soldiers,
Yet when you list to flatter, you're plain Courtiers;
And could you wish me *Christian*, brave *Ruy Dias?*

Ruy. At all the danger of my Life, great Lady,
At all my hopes, at all——

Quisar. Pray ye stay a little;
To what end runs your wish?

Ruy. O glorious Lady,
That I might—— but I dare not speak.

Quisar. I dare then;
That you might hope to marry me; nay, blush not,
An honourable end needs no excuse;
And would you love me then?

Ruy. My Soul not dearer.

Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice me that way,
Some thing of such a meritorious Goodness,
Of such an unmatcht Nobleness, that I may know
You have a Power beyond ours that preserves you.
'Tis not the Person, nor the Royal Title,

(9) *Of such a royal* Piece,——] The Word *Piece*, though not Nonsense, is neither very clear or beautiful, and as *Price* is perfectly Consonant to the former Part of the Sentence, it seems to bid very fair for being the true Reading. Mr. *Seward.*

(10) —— —— *command Affection,*
And bring a Youth *upon me might bewitch ye,*] To wish *to bring a Youth upon him* is an Expression, I fancy, not easily to be exampled. To preserve the Delicacy, as well as Propriety of the Sentiment here intended, I suspect the Passage once run thus,

—— —— *a King I would be,*
A mighty King that might command Affection,
A Spring of Youth *upon me to bewitch me, &c.*

Nor

Nor Wealth, nor Glory, that I look upon,
That inward Man I love that's lin'd with Virtue,
That well deſerving Soul works out a Favour;
I've many Princes Suiters, many great ones,
Yet above theſe I love you, you are valiant,
An active Man, able to build a Fortune;
I do not ſay I dote, nor mean to marry,
Only the hope is, ſomething may be done,
That may compel my Faith, and ask my Freedom.
And leave Opinion fair.

Ruy. Command, dear Lady,
And let the Danger be as deep as Hell,
As direful to attempt——

Quiſar. You are too ſudden,
I muſt be rul'd by you; find out a Fortune,
Wiſely, and handſomely, examine Time,
And court Occaſion that ſhe may be ready;
A thouſand uſes for your forward Spirit
Ye may find daily, be ſure ye take a good one.
A brave and worthy one that may advance ye;
Forc'd Smiles reward poor Dangers; you're a Soldier,
I'd not talk ſo elſe; and I love a Soldier,
And that that ſpeaks him true, and great, his Valour;
Yet for all theſe, which are but Womens Follies,
You may do what you pleaſe, I ſhall ſtill know ye,
And though ye wear no Sword——

Ruy. Excellent Lady,
When I grow ſo cold, and diſgrace my Nation,
That from their hardy Nurſes ſuck Adventures,
'Twere fit I wore a Tombſtone; you've read to me
The ſtory of your Favour, if I miſtake it,
Or grow a Truant in the ſtudy of it,
A great correction, lady——

Quiſar. Let's to th' Banquet,
And have ſome merry talk, and then to Court,
Where I give audience to my general Suitors;
Pray Heav'n my Woman's Wit hold; there brave Captain,
You may perchance meet ſomething that may ſtartle ye;
I'll ſay no more, come, be not ſad—— I love ye.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Piniero, Armuſia, Soza, Chriſtophero, *and* Emanuel.

Pin. You're welcome, Gentlemen, moſt worthy welcome,
And know there's nothing in our Power may ſerve ye,
But you may freely challenge.
Arm. Sir, we thank ye,
And reſt your Servants too.
Pin. Y' are worthy *Portugals*,
You ſhew the Bravery of your Minds and Spirits,
The Nature of our Country too, that brings forth
Stirring, unwearied Souls to ſeek Adventures,
Minds never ſatisfied with ſearch of Honour:
Where time is, and the Sun gives light, brave Countrymen,
Our Names are known, new Worlds diſcloſe their Riches,
Their Beauties, and their Prides to our Embraces,
And we the firſt of Nations find theſe Wonders.
Arm. Theſe noble Thoughts, Sir, have intic'd us forward,
And Minds unapt for eaſe, to ſee theſe Miracles,
In which we find Report a poor Relater;
We are arriv'd among the bleſſed Iſlands,
Where every Wind that riſes blows Perfumes,
And every breath of Air is like an Incenſe:
The treaſure of the Sun dwells here, each Tree
As if it envied the old *Paradiſe*,
Strives to bring forth immortal Fruit; the Spices
Renewing Nature, though not deifying;
And when that falls by time, ſcorning the Earth,
The ſullen Earth ſhould taint, or ſuck their Beauties,
But as we dreamt, for ever ſo preſerve us:
Nothing we ſee, but breeds an Admiration;
The very Rivers, as we float along,
Throw up their Pearls, and curl their Heads to court us;
The Bowels of the Earth ſwell with the Births
Of thouſand unknown Gems, and thouſand Riches;
Nothing that bears a Life, but brings a Treaſure;
The People they ſhew brave too, civil manner'd,
Proportion'd like the Maſters of great Minds;

The

The Women, which I wonder at———
Pin. Ye speak well.
Arm. Of delicate Aspects, fair, clearly beauteous,
And to that Admiration, sweet and courteous.
Pin. And is not that a good thing? Brave *Armusia*,
You never saw the Court before?
Arm. No certain,
But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The Government exact——
Christ. Ye shall see anon,
That that will make ye start indeed, such Beauties,
Such Riches, and such Form———

Enter Bakam, Syana, *and* Governor.

Soza. We're Fire already;
The wealthy Magazine of Nature sure
Inhabits here.
Arm. These sure are all Islanders.
Pin. Yes, and great Princes too, and lusty Lovers.
Arm. They're goodly Persons; what might he be, Signior,
That bears so proud a State?
Pin. The King of *Bakam*,
A Fellow that farts Terror.
Eman. He looks highly,
Sure he was begot o'th' top of a Steeple.
Christ. It may well be,
For you shall hear him ring anon.
Pin. That's *Syana*,
And a brave temper'd Fellow, and more valiant.
Soza. What rugged Face is that?
Pin. That's the great Governor,
The Man surpriz'd our Friend, I told ye of him.
Arm. 'Has dangerous Eyes.
Pin. A perilous Thief, and subtle.
Christ. And to that subtilty a Heart of Iron.
Pin. Yet the young Lady makes it melt.
Arm. They start all,
And thunder in the Eyes.

Bak.

Bak. Away ye poor ones,
Am I in competition with ſuch Bubbles?
My Virtue, and my Name rank'd with ſuch Trifles?
Sya. Ye ſpeak loud.
Bak. Young Man, I will yet ſpeak louder;
Can any Man but I deſerve her Favour,
You petty Princes?
Pin. He will put 'em all in's Pocket.
Sya. Thou proud mad thing, be not ſo full of Glory,
So full of Vanity.
Bak. How I contemn thee,
And that Fort-keeping Fellow?
Pin. How the Dog looks,
The bandog Governor.
Gov. Ha, Why?
Bak. Away, thing,
And keep your Rank with thoſe that fit your Royalty;
(11) Call out the Princeſs.
Gov. Doſt thou know me, Bladder,
Thou inſolent Impoſtume?
Bak. I deſpiſe thee.
Gov. Art thou acquainted with my Nature, Baby?
With my revenge for Injuries? Dar'ſt thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canſt thou merit?
Bak. Merit? I'm above it;
I'm equal with all Honours, all Atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the beſt Doer
I keep at my command, Fortune's my Servant;
'Tis in my Power now to deſpiſe ſuch Wretches,
To look upon ye ſlightly, and neglect ye;
And but ſhe deigns at ſome hours to remember ye,
And People have beſtowed ſome Titles on ye,
I ſhould forget your Names———

(11) Call *out the Princeſs.*] 'Tis poſſible this Place may ſeem intire in the Judgment of my Readers, and ſo any Correction or Attempt towards one needleſs; yet, I own, I don't think ſo, but imagine the Line once run thus,

Cull *out the Princeſs.*

i. e. Do you pick out the Princeſs to diſgrace her with the Love of a Perſon ſo ev'ry way unworthy of her as you are?

Sya.

Sya. Mercy of me;
What a blown Fool has ſelf-Affection
Made of this Fellow? Did not th' Queen your Mother
Long for Bellows, and Bagpipes, when ſhe was great with ye,
She brought forth ſuch a windy Birth?

Gov. 'Tis ten to one
She eat a Drum, and was deliver'd (12) of Alarum;
(13) Or elſe he was ſwadled in an old Sail when he was young.

Sya. He ſwells too mainly with his Meditations;
Faith, talk a little handſomer, ride ſoftly
That we may be able to hold way with ye,
We're Princes,
But thoſe are but poor things to you; talk wiſer,
'Twill well become your Mightineſs; talk leſs,
That Men may think ye can do more.

Gov. Talk Truth,
That Men may think ye're honeſt, and believe ye,
Or talk your ſelf aſleep, for I'm weary of you.

Bak. Why? I can talk and do——

Gov. That would do excellent.

Bak. And tell you, only I deſerve the Princeſs,
And make good only I, if you dare, you Sir,
Or you, *Syana*'s Prince.

Pin. Here's a Storm toward,
Methinks it ſings already; to him, Governor.

Gov. Here lies my Proof. [*Draw.*

Sya. And mine.

Gov. I'll be ſhort with ye,
For theſe long Arguments I was ne'er good at.

Pin. How white the Boaſter looks?

Enter Ruy Dias, Quiſara, Quiſana, *and* Panura.

Arm. I ſee he lacks Faith.

Ruy. For ſhame forbear, great Princes, rule your Angers,
You violate the Freedom of this Place,

(12) ——————*of* Alarum;] The Word *Alarum*, from the Italian *al Arme* or *to Arms*, is often wrote *Larum*, and evidently ought to be ſo here. Mr. *Seward.*

(13) *Or elſe*————] *Syana* ſhould begin here, and *too* in the ſecond Line ſhould be *ſo*. Mr. *Seward.*

The

The State and Royalty——
Gov. He's well contented
It seems, and so I've done.
Arm. Is this she, Signior?
Pin. This is the Princess, Sir.
Arm. She's sweet and goodly,
An admirable Form, they've cause to justle.
Quisar. Ye wrong me and my Court, ye froward Princes;
Comes your Love wrapt in Violence to seek us?
Is't fit, though you be great, my Presence should be
Stain'd, and polluted with your bloody Rages?
My Privacies affrighted with your Swords?
He that loves me, loves my command; be temper'd,
Or be no more what ye profess, my Servants.
Omnes. We're calm as Peace.
Arm. What a Command she carries?
And what a sparkling Majesty flies from her?
Quisar. Is it ye love to do? Ye shall find danger,
And danger that shall start your Resolutions,
But not this way; 'tis not contention, who loves
Me to my Face best, or who can flatter most,
Can carry me; he that deserves my Favour,
And will enjoy what I bring, Love and Majesty,
Must win me with his worth, must travel for me,
Must put his hasty Rage off, and put on
A well confirm'd, temperate, and true Valour.
Omnes. But shew the way.
Quisar. I will, and then shew you
A will to tread the way, I'll say ye are worthy.
Pin. What Task now will she turn 'em to? These hot Youths
I fear will find a cooling Card; I read i' her Eyes
Something that has some swing must fly amongst 'em;
By this Hand I love her a little now.
Quisar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal Brother, tho' now miserable,
And Prisoner to that Man; if I were Ambitious,
Gap'd for that Glory was ne'er born with me,
There he should lie, his Miseries upon him:
If I were covetous, and my Heart set

On

On Riches, and thoſe baſe Effects that follow
On Pleaſures uncontroul'd, or ſafe Revenges,
There he ſhould die, his Death will give me all theſe;
For then ſtood I up abſolute to do all;
Yet all theſe flattering ſhews of Dignity,
Thoſe golden dreams of Greatneſs cannot force me
To forget Nature and my fair affection.
Therefore that Man that would be known my Lover,
Muſt be known his Redeemer, and muſt bring him
Either alive or dead to my Embraces,
(For e'en his Bones I ſcorn ſhall feel ſuch Slavery,)
Or ſeek another Miſtreſs; 'twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great Adventure,
Fit for a Spirit of an equal Greatneſs;
But being done, th' Reward is worthy of it.

Chriſt. How they ſtand gaping all?

Quiſar. *Ruy Dias* cold?
Not fly like Fire into it? May be you doubt me;
He that ſhall do this (14) is my Husband Prince,
By the bright Heav'ns he is, by whoſe juſtice
I openly proclaim it; if I lie,
Or ſeek to ſet you on with ſubtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my Falſhood.
No ſtirring yet, no ſtart into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, 't may be, but being a main danger,
Your Grace muſt give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time, the Cauſe will ask it.
Great Acts require great Counſels.

Quiſar. Take your Pleaſure;
I fear the *Portugal.* [*Aſide.*

Bak. I'll raiſe an Army
That ſhall (15) bring back his Iſland, Fort and all,
And fix it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?

(14) —*Is my Husband Prince,*] *Ruy Dias* appears only to have been the General of the *Portugals* not a Prince; this Speech therefore is made to all the Suitors, and ſhould run

Is my Husband, Princes, Mr. *Seward.*

(15) ——*bring back* this *Iſland,*——] The Reading in the Text is from the Folio of 1647.

You

You ſhould have begun in your Grandfather's Days.
Sya. What may be,
And what my Power can promiſe, nobleſt Lady——
My Will I'm ſure ſtands fair.
Quiſar. Fair be your Fortune,
Few Promiſes are beſt, and fair Performance.
Gov. Theſe cannot do, their Power and Arts are weak ones.
'Tis in my Will, I have this King your Brother,
He is my Priſoner, I accept your Proffer,
And bleſs the fair Occaſion that atchiev'd him:
I love ye, and I honour ye; but ſpeak,
Whether alive or dead he ſhall be rendred,
And ſee how readily, how in an inſtant,
Quick as your Wiſhes, Lady——
Quiſar. No, I ſcorn ye,
You and your Courteſie; I hate your Love, Sir;
And e'er I would ſo baſely win his Liberty,
I'd ſtudy to forget he was my Brother;
By force he was ta'en; he that ſhall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.
Pin. As I live, a rare Wench.
Arm. She has a noble Sprite. *Gov.* By force? *Quiſar.* Yes Sir,
By force, and make you glad to let him go too.
Gov. How? You may look nobler on me
And think me no ſuch Boy; by force he muſt not,
For your Love much may be.
Quiſar. Put up your Paſſion,
And pack ye home; I ſay, by Force, and ſuddenly,
He lies there till he rots elſe: though I love him
Moſt tenderly and dearly, as a Brother,
And out of theſe reſpects would joy to ſee him;
Yet to receive him as thy Courteſie,
With all the Honour thou couldſt add unto him
From his Hands that moſt hates him, I had rather,
(Though no condition were propounded for him,)
See him far ſunk i'th' Earth, and there forget him.
Pin. Your hopes are gelt, good Governor.
Arm. A rare Woman.

Gov.

Gov. Lady,
I'll pull this Pride, I'll quench this Bravery,
And turn your glorious ſcorn to tears and howlings;
I will, proud Princeſs; this neglect of me
Shall make thy brother King moſt miſerable;
Shall turn him into Curſes 'gainſt thy Cruelty:
For where before I us'd him like a King,
And did thoſe Royal Offices unto him:
Now he ſhall lie a ſad lump in a Dungeon,
Loaden with Chains and Fetters; Cold and Hunger,
Darkneſs, and lingring Death for his Companions;
And let me ſee who dare attempt his Reſcue,
What deſp'rate Fool? Look tow'rd it; fare ye well,
And when thou know'ſt him thus, lament thy Follies,
Nay, I will make thee kneel to take my Offer:
Once more farewel, and put thy truſt in Puppits. [*Exit.*

Quiſar. If none dare undertake't, I'll live a Mourner.

Bak. You cannot want.

Sya. You muſt not.

Ruy. 'Tis moſt dangerous,
And wiſe Men wou'd proceed with Care and Counſel;
Yet ſome way would I knew———
Walk with me, Gentlemen——— [*Exeunt.*

Manent, Armuſia, *and his Companions.*

Arm. How do you like her Spirit?

Soza. 'Tis a clear one,
Clog'd with no dirty ſtuff, ſhe's all pure Honour.

Ema. The braveſt Wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the ſtrongeſt parts; ſhe is moſt fair,
Yet her Mind ſuch a Mirrour———

Arm. What an Action
(16) Wou'd this be to put forward one, what Glory,
And what an everlaſting Wealth to end it?
Methinks my Soul is ſtrangely rais'd.

Soza. To ſtep into't,
Juſt while they think, and e'er they have determin'd,
To bring th' King off.

(16) *Wou'd this be to put forward* on,—] So read the other Editions. The Text is the Lection of the firſt Folio Copy.

Arm.

Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.
Ema. And proſper'd beſt, when they were leaſt conſider'd.
Arm. Bleſs me my hopes, and you my Friends aſſiſt
Me. None but our Companions—— *Soza.* You deal wiſely,
And if we ſhrink, the name of Slaves die with us.
Ema. Stay not for ſecond Thoughts.
Arm. I am determin'd;
And though I loſe, 't ſhall be ſung, I was valiant,
And my brave Offer ſhall be turn'd to Story,
Worthy the Princeſs Tongue. A Boat, that's all
That's unprovided, and Habits like to Merchants,
The reſt we'll counſel as we go.
Soza. Away then,
Fortune looks fair on thoſe, make haſte to win her.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Keeper, and two or three Moors.

Keep. I Have kept many a Man, and many a great one,
Yet I confeſs, I never ſaw before
A Man of ſuch a ſufferance; he lies now
Where I'd not lay my Dog, (for ſure 'twould kill him,)
Where neither light or comfort can come near him,
Nor Air, nor Earth that's wholſome; it grieves me
To ſee a mighty King with all his Glory,
Sunk o'th' ſudden to the bottom of a Dungeon.
Whither ſhould we deſcend that are poor Raſcals,
If we had our Deſerts?
1 *Moor.* 'Tis a ſtrange wonder;
Load him with Irons, oppreſs him with Contempts,
(Which are the Governor's commands,) give him nothing,
Or ſo little, to ſuſtain Life, 'tis next nothing,
They ſtir not him; he ſmiles upon his Miſeries,
And bears 'em with ſuch ſtrength, as if his Nature
Had been nurs'd up, and foſter'd with Calamities.

2 *Moor.*

2 *Moor.* He gives no ill words, curſes, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of;
And in the midſt of all theſe frights, fears nothing.

Keep. I'll be ſworn
He fears not; for e'en when I ſhake for him,
(As many times my Pity will compel me,)
When other Souls, that bear not half his Burthen,
Shrink in their Powers, and burſt with their Oppreſſions;
Then will he ſing, wooe his Afflictions, and
Court 'em in ſad Airs, as if he wou'd wed 'em.

1 *Moor.* That's more than we have heard yet, we are only
Appointed for his Guard, but not ſo near him;
If we could hear that wonder——

Keep. Many times
I fear the Governor ſhould come to know it;
For his Voice ſo affects me, ſo delights me,
That when I find his hour, I've Muſick ready,
And it ſtirs me infinitely; be but ſtill and private,
And you may chance to hear.

[[*King appears loaden with Chains, his Head and Arms only above.*

2 *Moor.* We will not ſtir, Sir;
This is a ſudden change, but who dares blame it.

Keep. Now hark and melt, for I am ſure I ſhall;
Stand ſilent; what a ſtubborn weight of Chains——

1 *Moor.* Yet he looks temperately.

2 *Moor.* His Eyes not ſunk, and his Complexion firm ſtill,
No wildneſs, no diſtemper'd touch upon him;
How conſtantly he ſmiles, and how undaunted?
With what a Majeſty he heaves his Head up? [*Muſick.*

Keep. Now mark, I know he'll ſing; do not diſturb him. [Sir,
Your allowance from the Governor, wou'd it were more,
Or in my power to make it handſomer.

King. (17) Do not tranſgreſs thy charge, I take his Bounty,
And Fortune, whilſt I bear a Mind contented,
Not

(17) *Do not tranſgreſs thy charge, I take his Bounty, And Fortune, whilſt I bear—*] The Senſe here is ſomewhat obſcure; *whilſt I bear a Mind contented, I take willingly the Bounty*

Not leaven'd with the Glory I am fall'n from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Thou art my Slave, and I appear above thee.
Keep. The Governor himſelf.
Gov. What, at your Banquet?
And in ſuch State, and with ſuch change of Service?
King. Nature's no Glutton, Sir, a little ſerves her.
Gov. This Diet's wholſome then?
King. I beg no better.
Gov. A calm contented Mind, give him leſs next;
Theſe full Meals will oppreſs his Health, his Grace
Is of a tender and pure Conſtitution,
And ſuch Repletions——
King. Mock, mock, 't moves not me, Sir,
Thy Mirths, as do thy Miſchiefs, fly behind me.
Gov. Ye carry't handſomely; but tell me, Patience,
Do not you curſe the brave and royal Lady,
Your gracious Siſter? don't you damn her Pity,
Damn twenty times a Day, and damn it ſeriouſly?
Do not you ſwear aloud too, cry and kick?
The very Soul ſweat in thee with the Agony
Of her Contempt of me? Couldſt not thou eat her
For being ſo injurious to thy Fortune,
Thy fair and happy Fortune? Couldſt not thou wiſh her
A Baſtard, or a Whore, Fame might proclaim her,
Black ugly Fame, or that thou'dſt had no Siſter?
Spitting the general Name out, and the Nature;
Blaſpheming Heav'n for making ſuch a miſchief;
For giving Power to Pride, and Will to Woman?

and Fortune which he beſtows on me; but probably a ſmall Omiſſion has depriv'd us of a more noble Senſe. I read *his Bounty and Fortune's*. The Meaning then will be; *whilſt I bear a Mind contented*, I take this poor Allowance as a Bounty both from him and Fortune, and receive it with Pleaſure, and not Regret. Mr. *Seward*.

My Opinion at firſt reading, and which I have not yet alter'd, was, that the firſt Line ſhould be pointed thus,

Do not tranſgreſs thy Charge, I take his Bounty.

As to the reſt 'tis only an imperfect Speech, interrupted by the Governor's coming before he had finiſh'd it.

King.

King. No, Tyrant, no, I bless and love her for it;
And though her scorn of thee, had laid up for me
As many Plagues as the corrupted Air breeds,
As many Mischiefs as the Hours have Minutes,
As many forms of Death, as Doubt can figure;
(18) Yet I should love her more still, and more honour her.
All thou can'st lay upon me, cannot bend me,
No, not the stroke of Death, that I despise too;
For if Fear could possess me, thou hadst won me:
As little from this hour I prize thy Flatteries,
And less than those thy Prayers, though thou would'st kneel to me;
And if she be not Mistress of this Nature,
She's none of mine, no kin, and I contemn her.

Gov. Are you so valiant, Sir?

King. Yes, and so fortunate;
For he that holds his Constancy, still conquers;
Hadst thou preserv'd me as a noble Enemy,
And as at first, made my Restraint seem to me
But only as the shadow of Captivity,
I had still spoke thee noble, still declar'd thee
A valiant, great, and worthy Man, still lov'd thee,
And still preferr'd thy fair Love to my Sister;
But to compel this from me with a Misery,
A most inhumane, and unhandsome Slavery———

Gov. You will relent for all this talk, I fear not,
And put your Wits a-work again.

King. You're cozen'd;
Or if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to so much Poverty,
How I should curse her Heart, if she consented?

Gov. You shall write, and entreat, or———

King. Do thy utmost,
And e'en in all thy Tortures I'll laugh at thee.
I'll think thee no more valiant, but a Villain;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a Thief,
Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;

(18) *Yet I should love* her *more*———] All the Books but the old Folio leave out *her*.

Nothing thou canſt deſerve, thou art unhoneſt;
Nor no way live to build a Name, thou'rt Barbarous.
Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him Murmur,
And ſee his Diet be ſo light and little,
He grow not thus high-hearted on't; I'll cool ye,
And make ye cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends, and willingly; and your Siſter ta'en down,
Your ſcornful, cruel Siſter, ſhall repent too,
And ſue to me for Grace. Give him no liberty,
But let his Bands be doubled, his Eaſe leſſened;
Nothing his Heart deſires, but vex and torture him:
Let him not ſleep, nothing that's dear to Nature
Let him enjoy, yet take heed that he die not;
Keep him as near Death, and as willing to embrace it,
But ſee h'arrive not at it; I will humble him,
And her ſtout Heart that ſtands on ſuch Defiance;
And let me ſee her Champions that dare venture
Her high and mighty wooers; keep your Guards cloſe,
And as you love your Lives be diligent,
And what I charge, obſerve.
Omnes. We ſhall be Dutiful.
Gov. I'll pull your Courage King, and all your Bravery.
[*Exit Governor.*
1 *Moor.* Moſt certain he's reſolv'd, nothing can ſtir him;
For if he had but any part about him
Gave way to Fear or Hope, he durſt not talk thus,
And do thus ſtoutly too; as willingly,
And quietly he ſunk down to his Sorrows,
(19) As ſome Men to their ſleeps.
Keep. Yes, and ſleeps with 'em,
(So little he regards them, there's the wonder,)
And often ſoundly ſleeps; wou'd I durſt pity him,
Or wou'd 'twere in my Will—but we are Servants,
And tied unto command.
2 *Moor.* I wiſh him better,
But much I fear h'as found his Tomb already;
We muſt obſerve our Guards.

(19) *As Men* do *to their ſleeps.*] *Do* makes no part of this Line in the Copy of 1647.

1 *Moor*

1 *Moor.* He cannot laſt long,
And when he's dead, he's free.
Keep. That's the moſt cruelty,
That we muſt keep him living.
2 *Moor.* That's as he pleaſe;
For that Man that reſolves, needs no Phyſician. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armuſia, Soza, *and* Emanuel *like Merchants, arm'd underneath.*

Arm. Our proſperous Paſſage was an Omen to us,
A lucky and fair Omen.
Omnes. We believe it.
Arm. The Sea and Wind ſtrove who ſhould moſt befriend us,
And as they favour'd our deſign, and lov'd us,
So lead us forth—Where lies the Boat that brought us?
Soz. Safe lodg'd within the Reeds, cloſe by the Caſtle,
That no Eye can ſuſpect, nor thought come near it.
Em. But where ha' you been, brave Sir?
Arm. I've broke the Ice, Boys,
I have begun the Game, fair Fortune guide it;
Suſpectleſs have I travell'd all the Town through,
And in this Merchant's ſhape won much Acquaintance,
Survey'd each ſtrength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his Magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the Priſon is, and what Power guards it.
Soz. Theſe will be ſtrong Attempts.
Arm. Courage is ſtrong;
What we begun with Policy, my dear Friends,
Let's end with manly force; there's no retiring,
Unleſs it be with ſhame.
Em. Shame's his that hopes it.
Arm. Better a few, and clearer Fame will follow us
However, loſe or win, and ſpeak our Memories,
(20) Than if we led our Armies; things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will ſtile us Worthies.

(20) *Than if we led* our *Armies*;———] As theſe are private Adventurers, not Generals of Armies, *our* ſeems a flattening Expletive, and was probably a Miſtake for *o'er*, they having croſs'd the Sea.
Mr. *Seward.*

Soz. Direct, and we have done, bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or fail——
Arm. I'm sure ye dare not.
Then farther know, and let no Ear be near us
That may be false——
Em. Speak boldly on, we're honest;
Our Lives and Fortunes yours.
Arm. Hard by the place then
Where all his Treasure lies, his Arms, his Women,
Close by the Prison too where he keeps the King,
I've hir'd a lodging, as a Trading Merchant,
A cellar to that too, to stow my Wares in,
The very Wall of which joins to his Store-house.
Soz. What of all this?
Arm. Y'are dull, if y' apprehend not;
Into that Cellar, elected Friends, I've convey'd,
And unsuspected too, that that will do it;
That that will make all shake, and smoak too.
Em. Ha!
Arm. My Thoughts have not been idle, nor my practice;
The Fire I brought here with me shall do something,
Shall burst into material Flames, and bright ones,
That all the Island shall stand wondring at it,
As if they had been stricken with a Comet;
Powder is ready, and enough, to work it,
The Match is left a-fire, all husht, and lockt close,
No Man suspecting what I am but Merchant:
An hour hence, my brave Friends, look for the fury,
The Fire to light us to our honour'd purpose,
For by that time 'twill take.
Soz. What are our Duties?
Arm. When all are full of fear and fright, the Governor
Out of his Wits, to see th' Flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to Ashes all he worships,
And all the People there to stop these Ruins,
No Man regarding any private Office;
Then flie we to the Prison suddenly,
Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us.
Em. Then to our Swords and good Hearts, I long for it.

Arm.

Arm. Certain we ſhall not find much Oppoſition,
But what is, muſt be forc'd.
Soz. 'Tis bravely caſt, Sir,
And ſurely too, I hope.
Arm. If the Fire fail not,
And Powder hold his Nature; ſome muſt preſently
Upon the firſt cry of th' amazed People,
(For nothing will be markt then, but the Miſery)
Be ready with the Boat upon an inſtant,
And then all's right and fair.
Em. Bleſs us dear Fortune.
Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our Courage,
And Fortune muſt befriend us; come, all ſever,
But keep ſtill within ſight, when the Flame riſes
Let's meet, or either do, or die.
Soza. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, and Captain.

Gov. No, Captain, for thoſe Troops we need 'em not,
The Town is ſtrong enough to ſtand their Furies;
I'd ſee them come, and offer to do ſomething.
They're high in words.
Capt. 'Tis ſafer, Sir, than doing.
Gov. Doſt think they dare attempt?
Capt. May be by Treaty,
But ſure by Force they will (21) not prove ſo forward.
Gov. No Faith,
I warrant thee, they know me well enough,
And know they have no Child in hand to play with:
They know my Nature too, I have bit ſome of 'em,
And to the Bones, they've Reaſon to remember me:
It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The Fools are in their Promiſes, and how pregnant
Their Wits and Pow'rs are to bring things to paſs;
Am n't I grown lean with loſs of Sleep, and Care
T' prevent theſe Threatnings, Captain?
Capt. You look well, Sir:
Upon my Conſcience you're not like to ſicken

(21) ——*not prove ſo* froward.] Tranſpoſe *fro* into *for*, as Mr. *Seward* conjectur'd with me, and as the old Folio does, and all is right.

Upon any ſuch Conceit;
Gov. I hope I ſhall not——
Well, wou'd I had this Wench, for I muſt have her,
She muſt be mine; and there's another charge, Captain;
What (22) betwixt Love and Brawling I get nothing,
All goes in Maintenance——
Hark, What was that, [*The Train takes.*
That noiſe there? It went with a violence.
Capt. Some old Wall belike, Sir,
That had no neighbour help to hold it up,
Is fall'n ſuddenly.
Gov. I muſt diſcard theſe Raſcals,
That are not able to maintain their Buildings,
They blur the beauty of the Town.
Within. Fire, Fire.
Gov. I hear another tune, good Captain,
It comes on freſher ſtill, 'tis loud and fearful;
Look up into the Town, how bright the Air ſhews;
Upon my Life ſome ſudden Fire. The Bell too?
[*Exit* Captain. *Bell rings.*
I hear the Noiſe more clear.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Fire, Fire.
Gov. Where? Where?
Cit. Suddenly taken in a Merchant's Houſe, Sir,
Fearful and high it blazes; help, good People.
Gov. Pox o' their Paper-houſes, how they ſmother,
They light like Candles, how the Roar ſtill riſes?

Enter Captain.

Capt. Your Magazine's a fire Sir, help, help ſuddenly;
The Caſtle too is in danger, in much danger;
All will be loſt; get the People preſently,
And all that are your Guard, all help, all Hands, Sir,
Your Wealth, your Strength, is burnt elſe, the Town periſht;
The Caſtle now begins to flame.

(22) ——*betwixt Love and Brawling I* got *nothing*,] I ſuſpect the real reading to be *get*; the Text otherwiſe ſeems not to be Senſe.

Gov.

Gov. My Soul ſhakes.
Capt. A Merchant's Houſe next joining? Shame light on him,
That ever ſuch a Neighbour, ſuch a Villain——
Gov. Raiſe all the Garriſon, and bring 'em up,

Enter other Citizens.

And beat the People forward—Oh I've loſt all
In one Houſe, all my hopes; good worthy Citizens
Follow me all, and all your Powers give to me,
I will reward you all. Oh curſed Fortune——
(23) The Flame's more violent; ariſe ſtill, help, help, Citizens,
Freedom and Wealth to him that helps; follow, oh follow.
Fling Wine or any thing, I'll ſee it recompenc'd.
Buckets, more Buckets; Fire, Fire, Fire. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Armuſia, *and his Company.*

Arm. Let it flame on, a comely light it gives up
To our Diſcovery.
Soza. Hark,
What a merry cry theſe Hounds make! Forward fairly,
We're not ſeen i'th' Miſt; we are not noted.
Away, away. Now if we loſe our Fortune—— [*Exit.*

Enter Captain and Citizens.

Capt. Up Soldiers, up, and deal like Men.
Cit. More Water there, more Water, all's conſum'd elſe.
Capt. All's gone, unleſs you undertake it (24) ſtraight; Your Wealth too, that muſt preſerve, and pay your Labour Bravely. Up, up, away.

[*Exeunt Captain and Citizens.*

Enter

(23) *The Flame's more violent; ariſe ſtill, help,* &c.] This appears to be a very confus'd Paſſage, what is *Ariſe ſtill, help?* To ſet the Place right, I propoſe reading, by only daſhing out an Apoſtrophe and removing a Semicolon, thus;

The Flames more violent ariſe ſtill; help, help,——

And then the whole appears eaſy and natural.

(24) ——————*ſtraight;*

Your Wealth too, that muſt preſerve and pay your Labour—] 'Tis evident at firſt Sight, that this Paſſage is Nonſenſe: *All's conſum'd and gone,*

Enter Armuſia *and his Companions breaking open a Door.*

Arm. So, thou art open, keep th' way clear behind ſtill.
Now for the place.
Sold. 'Tis here, Sir.
Arm. Sure this is it.
Force ope the Door—A miſerable Creature!
Yet by his manly Face——— [*The King diſcover'd.*
King. Why ſtare ye on me?
You cannot put on Faces to affright me,
In death I am a King ſtill, and contemn ye;
Where is that Governor? Methinks his Manhood
Should be well pleas'd to ſee my Tragedy,
And come to bath his ſtern Eyes in my Sorrows;
I dare him to the fight, bring his ſcorns with him,
And all his rugged Threats; here's a Throat, Soldiers;
Come, ſee who can ſtrike deepeſt.
Ema Break the Chain there.
King. What does this mean?
Arm. Come, talk of no more Governors,
H'as other buſineſs, Sir, put your Legs forward,
And gather up your courage like a Man,
We'll carry off your Head elſe; we are Friends,
And come to give your Sorrows eaſe.
Soza. On bravely;
Delays may loſe again.

Enter Guard.

Arm. The Guard.
Soza. Upon 'em.
Arm. Make ſpeedy, and ſure Work. *Ema.* They fly.
Arm. Up with him,
And to the Boat; ſtand faſt, and now be ſpeedy;
When this heat's paſt, we'll ſing our Hiſtory.

gone, ſays the *Captain, unleſs you undertake the extinguiſhing of the Fire, nay your Wealth too is periſh'd, which muſt preſerve and pay your Labour.* "Your Wealth that *muſt preſerve* your Labour. The Poets certainly never wrote ſo, but poſſibly might expreſs themſelves thus,

Your Wealth too, that preſerv'd muſt *pay your Labours.*

Away,

Away, like Thoughts, and ſudden as Deſires, Friends;
Now ſacred Chance be ours.

Soza. Pray when we've done, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three or four Citizens ſeverally.

1 *Cit.* What, is the Fire allaid?

2 *Cit.* 'Tis out, 'tis out,
Or paſt the worſt; I never did ſo ſtoutly,
I'll aſſure you Neighbours, ſince I was a Man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a Squib,
I liv'd two hours i' th' Fire, 'twas a hideous matter; but
When Men of Underſtanding come about it,
Men that can judge of things—my Wife gave me
Over, and took her leave a hundred times;
I bore up ſtill, and toſt the Buckets, Boys.

3 *Cit.* We're all meer Martins.

1 *Cit.* I heard a Voice at latter end o' th' hurry,
(Or elſe I dreamt I heard it,) that ſaid Treaſon.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis like enough,
It might cry Murder too, for there was many
Without a joint, but what is that to us:
Let's home and fright our Wives, for we all look
Like Devils.

Enter three Women.

3 *Cit.* Here come ſome of 'em to fright us.

1 *Wom.* Mine's alive Neighbour—Oh ſweet hony Husband.

2 *Cit.* (25) Thou lieſt, I ſtink abominably, and thou hadſt
Been in my place, thou would'ſt have ſtunk at both ends.
Get me ſome Drink, give me whole Tuns of Drink,
Whole Ciſterns, for I have four dozen of fine Firebrands
In my Belly, I have more ſmoke in my Mouth, than would
Blote a hundred Herrings.

2 *Wom.* Art thou come ſafe again?

(25) *Thou lieſt, I* think *abominably*——] It is plain the Poets deſign'd a Contraſt here between the Wife and Husband, which by the preſent reading is quite loſt, but may be thus reſtor'd, by reading as Mr. *Seward* does with me,

——— *Oh ſweet hony Husband.*
1 Cit. *Thou lieſt, I ſtink abominably.*

3 *Wom.*

(26) 3 *Wom.* I pray you what became of my Man, is he well?

2 *Cit.* At Heart's eaſe in a Well, is very well Neighbour;
We left him drinking of a new dozen of Buckets;
Thy Husband's happy, he was thorough-roaſted,
And now he's baſting of himſelf at all Points:
The Clark and he're cooling their Pericranium's;
Body o' me Neighbours, there's Fire in my Codpiece.

1 *Wom.* Bleſs my Husband.

2 *Cit.* Blow it out Wife—Blow, blow, the Gable end o' th' Store-houſe

Women. Some Water, Water, Water.

3 *Cit.* Peace, 'tis but a ſparkle;
Raiſe not the Town again, 'twill be a great hindrance,
I'm glad 'tis out, and't had ta'en in my Hay-loft?
(27) What frights are theſe, marry Heav'n bleſs thy modicum.

3 *Wom* But is a drown'd outright? pray put me out of Fear, Neighbour.

2 *Cit.* Thou'dſt have it ſo, but after a hundred Fires more,
He'll live to ſee thee burnt for brewing muſty Liquor.

1 *Cit.* Come, let's go Neighbour.

2 *Cit.* For I would very fain turn down this Liquor;
Come, come, I fry like a burnt Mary-bone:
Women get you afore, and draw upon us;
Run Wenches, run, and let your Taps run with ye;
Run as the fire were in your Tails, cry Ale, Ale.

Wom. Away, let's nouriſh the poor Wretches.

2 *Cit.* We'll rally up the reſt of the burnt Regiment.

(26) 3 Wom. *I pray what's become of my Husband? Is he* in a Well.] The pleaſant Anſwer which the Man makes to this Queſtion, evidently ſuppoſes it to have been wrote thus,

What's become of my Husband? Is he well?
2 Cit. *At Heart's eaſe in a* Well, *is very well Neighbour.*

(27) *What frights are theſe*—] Mr. *Seward* ſuſpects that this Line belongs to the firſt Woman, and that the Dialogue will then be more natural.

Enter

Enter Governor, Captain, Soldier, and Guard.

Gov. The Fire's quench'd Captain, but the Miſchief hangs ſtill; [one:
The King's redeem'd, and gone too; a Trick, a damn'd
Oh I am overtaken poorly, tamely.

Capt. Where were the Guard that waited on the Priſon?

Sol. Moſt of 'em ſlain, yet ſome ſcap'd, Sir, and they deliver,
They ſaw a little Boat ready to receive him,
And thoſe redeem'd him, making ſuch haſte and Fighting;
Fighting beyond the Force of Men.

Gov. I'm loſt, Captain,
And all the World will laugh at this, and ſcorn me:
Count me a heavy ſleepy Fool, a Coward,
A Coward paſt recovery, a confirm'd Coward,
One without Carriage, or common Senſe.

Sol. He's gone, Sir,
And put to Sea amain, paſt our recovery,
Not a Boat ready to purſue; if there were any,
The People ſtand amaz'd ſo at their Valour,
And th' ſudden fright of Fire, none knows to execute.

Gov. Oh, I could tear my Limbs, and knock my Boys Brains
'Gainſt every Poſt I meet; fool'd with a Fire?

Capt. It was a crafty Trick.

Gov. No, I was lazy,
Confident, ſluggiſh lazy, had I but met 'em,
And chang'd a dozen Blows, I had forgiv'n em;
By both theſe Hands held up, and by that brightneſs
That gilds the World with Light, by all our Worſhips,
The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue Ocean,
I will not reſt; no Mirth ſhall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my Mouth, nor any thing refreſh me,
Till I be wholly quit of this Diſhonour:
Make ready my *Barrato's* inſtantly,
And what I ſhall intend———

Capt. We are your Servants. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Quiſara, *and* Ruy Dias.

Quiſar. Never tell me, you never car'd to win me,
Never for my ſake to attempt a Deed,
Might draw me to a Thought, you ſought my Favour:
If not for love of me, for love of Arms, Sir,
For that cauſe you profeſs, for love of Honour,
Of which you ſtile your ſelf the mighty Maſter,
You might have ſtept out nobly, and made an Offer,
(As if you had intended ſomething excellent,)
Put on a forward Face——

Ruy. Dear Lady, hold me——

Quiſar. I hold ye, as I find ye, a faint Servant.

Ruy. By—I dare do———

Quiſar. In a Lady's Chamber
I dare believe ye, there's no mortal danger;
Give me the Man that dares do, to deſerve that:
I thought you *Portugals* had been rare Wonders,
Men of thoſe haughty Courages and Credits,
That all things were confin'd within your Promiſes,
The Lords of Fate and Fortune I believ'd ye:
But well I ſee I am deceiv'd *Ruy Dias*,
And blame, too late, my much Belief.

Ruy. I am aſham'd, Lady,
I was ſo dull, ſo ſtupid to your Offer:
Now you have once more ſchool'd me, I am right,
And ſomething ſhall be thought on ſuddenly,
And put in Act as ſoon, ſome preparation——

Quiſar. And give it out?

Ruy. Yes, Lady, and ſo great too;
(28) In which, the Noiſe of all my Countrymen———

Quiſar. Thoſe will do well, for they are all approv'd ones,
(29) And though he be reſtor'd alive.

(28) *In which, the* Noiſe *of all my Countrymen*—] Inſtead of *Noiſe*, Mr. *Seward* ſuppoſes *Choice*, or with equal Probability, as I imagine, *Voice*, i. e. *Approbation, Conſent*, &c. was originally wrote in our Poets Manuſcript.

(29) *And though he be reſtor'd alive*] A negative ſeems evidently loſt here, which makes the Hint very plain.

And though he ben't *reſtor'd alive.*

The Mixture of Character in *Quiſara* is finely drawn, and from great Inſight into human Nature. Mr. *Seward.*

Ruy.

Ruy. I have ye.
Quisar. For then we are both Servants.
Ruy. I conceive ye,
Good Madam give me leave to turn my Fancies.
(30) *Quisar.* Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you. [*Exit.*
Ruy. My self, my Cousin, and the Garrison,
The Neighbours of the out-Isles of our Nation,
Syana's strength, for I can humour him:
And proud *Bakam*, I shall deceive his Glory. [*A shout.*
What ringing sound of Joy is this? Whence comes it?
May be the Princes are in sport.

Enter Piniero, *and* Christophero.

Pin. Where are ye?
Ruy. Now *Piniero*, what's the haste you seek me?
Pin. Do you know this Sign, Sir?
Ruy. Ha!
Pin. Dou you know this Emblem?
Your Nose is bor'd.
Ruy. Bor'd? What is that?
Pin. You're topt, Sir:
(31) The King's come home again, the King.
Ruy. The Devil?

(30) Quisar. *Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you.*] As we oft have no Names where they ought to be, so here we have probably one more than there is occasion for. The Princess hardly can be supposed to make herself so cheap, as to say, that she would visit or wait upon *Ruy Dias*; no surely, that Duty was owing to her from him. And I can't for this Reason help thinking, but *Quisara*'s Name has been inadvertently put before *Do, and make*, &c. and that the whole ran formerly thus,

Good Madam, give me leave to turn my Fancies,
Do, and make all things fit; and then I'll visit you. [Exit.

Ruy Dias *solus.*

My self, &c.

(31) *The King's come home, the King*———
Ruy. *The Devil?*] The Poets might possibly, with more Emphasis, have wrote thus,
The King's come home———
Ruy. *The King? The Devil.*

Pin.

Pin. Nay ſure he came a God's Name home;
He's return'd, Sir.
Chriſt. And all this Joy ye hear——
Ruy. Who durſt attempt him?
The Princes are all here.
Chriſt. They're worthy Princes,
They're ſpecial Princes, all they, love by Ounces.
Believe it Sir, 'tis done, and done moſt bravely
And eaſily. What fortune have you loſt, Sir?
What * Juſtice have you now unto this Lady?
Pin. How ſtands your Claim? That e'er Man ſhould be fool'd ſo,——
When he ſhould do and proſper; ſtand proteſting,
Kiſſing the Hand, and farting for a Favour,
When he ſhould be about his Buſineſs ſweating;
She bid you go, and pick'd you out o' purpoſe,
To make yourſelf a fortune by, a Lady,
A Lady, and a luſty one, a lovely,
That now you may go look, ſhe pointed ye,
Knowing you were a Man of Worth and Merit,
And bid you fly; you've made a fair flight on't,
You've caught a Gooſe.
Ruy. How dare you thus moleſt me? [*A ſhout.*
It cannot be.
Chriſt. Hark how the general Joy rings!
Pin. Have you your hearing left? Is not that Drunk too?
For if you had been ſober, you'd been wiſe ſure.
Ruy. Done? Who dares do?
Pin. It ſeems an honeſt Fellow,
That has ended his Market before you be up.
Chriſt. The ſhame on't he's a Stranger too.
Pin. 'Tis no ſhame?
He took her at her Word and tied the Bargain,
Dealt like a Man indeed, ſtood not demurring,
But clapt cloſe to th' Cauſe, as he will do to th' Lady:
'Is a Fellow of that ſpeed and handſomneſs,
He'll get her with Child too, e'er you'll come to know him;
Is it not brave, a Gentleman ſcarce landed,

* *Juſtice*, i. e. *Right, Claim*, or *Pretence.*

Scarce

Scarce eating of the Air here, not acquainted,
No circumſtance of Love depending on him,
Nor no command to ſhew him, muſt ſtart forth,
At th' firſt ſight too——
Ruy. I'm undone.
Pin. Like an Oyſter :
She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto ſuch Deeds as theſe ? — Pox o' theſe,
Theſe wiſe delayings———
They make Men Cowards.
You're undone as a Man would undo an Egg,
A hundred ſhames about ye.

Enter Quiſara, Panura, *and Train.*

Quiſar. Can it be poſſible,
A Stranger that I have not known, not ſeen yet,
A Man I never grac'd ? O Captain, Captain,
What ſhall I do ? I am betray'd by Fortune,
It cannot be, it muſt not be.
Pin. It is, Lady,
And by my Faith a handſome Gentleman ;
'Tis his poor Scholar's Prize.
Quiſar. Muſt I be given
Unto a Man I never ſaw, ne'er ſpoke with,
I know not of what Nation ?
Pin. He's a *Portugal*,
And of as good a pitch ; he'll be giv'n to you, Lady,
For he's given much to handſome Fleſh.
Quiſar. Oh, *Ruy Dias*,
This was your ſloth, your ſloth, your ſloth, *Ruy Dias.*
Pin. Your Love-ſloth, Uncle, do you find it now ?
You ſhould have done at firſt, and faithfully, [*A ſhout.*
And then the other had laid ready for ye ;
Madam, the general joy comes. *Quiſar.* We muſt meet it——
But with what comfort ?

Enter Citizens carrying Boughs, Boys, ſinging after 'em; Then King, Armuſia, Soza, Emanuel; *the Princes and Train following.*

Quiſar. Oh my dear Brother, what a joy runs through me,
To ſee you ſafe again, your ſelf, and mighty,
What a bleſt Day is this?
King. Riſe up fair Siſter,
I am not welcome till you have embrac'd me.
Ruy. A general gladneſs, Sir, flies through the City,
And Mirth poſſeſſes all to ſee your Grace arriv'd,
Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly;
'Twas a brave venture who ſo e'er put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much Honour;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd, great Sir,
And in ſhort time too, to have forc'd the Governor,
In ſpight of all his Threats.——
King. I thank ye, Gentlemen.
Ruy. And all his Subtilties, to ſet you free,
With all his Heart and Will too.
King. I know ye love me.
Pin. This had been good with ſomething done before it,
(32) Something ſet off to beautifie it;
Now it ſounds empty, like a Barber's Baſon,
Pox, there's no Metal in't, no noble Marrow.
Bak. I've an Army, Sir, (but that the Governor,
The fooliſh Fellow was a little provident,
And wiſe in letting ſlip no time, became him too,)
That would have ſcour'd him elſe, and all his Confines;
That would have rung him ſuch a Peal——
Pin. Yes, backward,
To make Dogs howl; I know thee to a farthing;
Thy Army's good
For Hawks, there's nothing but Sheeps Hearts in it.

(32) *Something ſet off to beautifie it;*] On account of the Meaſure chiefly, this Line ſeems deficient, but the Senſe too will be improv'd by filling up the other thus.

Something to *ſet* it *off, to beautifie it.*

Mr. *Seward.*

Sya.

Sya. I have done nothing, Sir, therefore I think it
Convenient I ſay little what I purpoſed,
And what my Love intended.
King. I like your Modeſty,
And thank ye royal Friends, I know it griev'd ye
To know my Miſery; (33) but this Man, Princeſs,
I muſt thank heartily, indeed, and truly,
For this Man ſaw me in it, and redeem'd me:
He lookt upon me ſinking, and then caught me.
This, Sifter, this, this all Man, this all Valour,
This pious Man——
Ruy. (34) My Countenance, it ſhames me!
One ſcarce arriv'd, not harden'd yet, not read
In dangers and great deeds, Sea-ſick, not ſeaſon'd—
Oh I have boy'd my ſelf!——
King. This noble Bulwark,
This Launce and Honour of our Age and Kingdom,
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the Name of Friend to,
This, this Man from the Bowels of my Sorrows
Has new begot my Name, and once more made me:
Oh Sifter, if there may be Thanks for this,
Or any thing near Recompence invented.
Arm. You are too noble, Sir, there is Reward
Above my Action too by Millions:
A Recompence ſo rich and glorious,
I durſt not dream it mine; but that 'twas promis'd,
But that it was propounded, ſworn and ſealed
Before the Face of Heav'n, I durſt not hope it;
For nothing in the Life of Man or Merit,
It is ſo truly great, can elſe embrace it.
King. O ſpeak it, ſpeak it, bleſs mine Ears to hear it,
Make me a happy Man, to know it may be,

(33) ——— *but this Man,* Princeſs,] 'Tis not improbable, as Mr. *Seward* conjectures with me, that *Princes*, and not *Princeſs*, was the original Reading: But we ſhall have Occaſion, before the End of this Play, to ſpeak again of this Inadvertency.

(34) *My* Countenance, *it ſhames me,*] To make *Ruy Dias*, or any one elſe to proteſt by his Countenance, is ſeemingly odd; I would propoſe *My Conſcience*, as a more natural and ſenſible Reading.

For ſtill methinks I am a Priſoner,
And feel no Liberty before I find it.

Arm. Then know it is your Siſter, ſhe is mine, Sir,
I claim her by her own word, and her Honour;
It was her open Promiſe to that Man
That durſt redeem ye; Beauty ſet me on,
And Fortune crowns me fair, if ſhe receive me.

King. Receive ye, Sir——why, Siſter——ha——ſo backward,
Stand as you knew me not? nor what h'as ventured?
My deareſt Siſter.

Arm. Good Sir, pardon me,
There is a bluſhing Modeſty becomes her,
That holds her back; Women are nice to wooe, Sir;
I would not have her forc'd, give her fair Liberty;
For things compell'd and frighted, of ſoft Natures,
Turn into Fears, and fly from their own wiſhes.

King. Look on him my *Quiſara*; ſuch another,
Oh all ye Powers, ſo excellent in Nature!
In Honour ſo abundant!——

Quiſar. I confeſs, Sir,
Confeſs my word is paſt too, he has purchas'd;
Yet, good Sir, give me leave to think; but time
To be acquainted with his Worth and Perſon;
To make me fit to know it; we're both Strangers,
And how we ſhould believe ſo ſuddenly,
Or come to faſten our Affections——
Alas, Love has his Complements.

King. Be ſudden
And certain in your way, no Woman-doubles,
Nor coy delays, you're his, and ſo aſſure it,
Or caſt from me and my remembrance ever;
Reſpect your word, I know you will; come, Siſter,
Let's ſee what welcome you can give a Priſoner,
And what fair looks a Friend——Oh my moſt Noble
Princes, no Diſcontents, but all be luſty,
He that frowns this Day is an open Enemy:
Thus in my Arms, my dear.

Arm. You make me bluſh, Sir.

King.

King. And now lead on——
Our whole Court crown'd with Pleaſure.
Ruy. Madam, deſpair not, ſomething ſhall be done yet,
And ſuddenly, and wiſely.
Quiſar. O, *Ruy Dias!*—— [*Exit.*
Pin. Well, he's a brave Fellow, and h'as deſerv'd her richly;
And you have had your Hands full I dare ſwear, Gentlemen.
Soza. We have done ſomething, Sir, if it hit right.
Chriſt. The Woman has no Eyes elſe, nor no Honeſty,
So much I think.
Pin. Come, let's go bounce amongſt 'em,
To the King's Health, and my brave Country-man's.
My Uncle looks as he were ſick o'th' Worms, Friends.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Piniero.

MY Uncle haunts me up and down, looks melancholy,
Wondrous proof-Melancholy; ſometimes ſwears,
Then whiſtles, ſtarts, cries, groans as if h'ad th' Bots,
As to ſay truth, I think h'as little better,
And wou'd fain ſpeak; bids me good Morrow at Midnight,
And good Night when 'tis Noon; has ſomething hovers
About his Brains, that would fain find an iſſue,
But cannot out, or dares not; ſtill he follows.

Enter Ruy Dias.

How he looks ſtill, and how he beats about,
Like an old Dog at a dead ſcent? I marry,
There was a Sigh wou'd a ſet a Ship a ſailing;
Theſe winds of love and honour, blow at all ends.
Now ſpeak and't be thy Will: Good morrow, Uncle.
Ruy. Good morrow, Sir.
Pin. This is a new Salute:

Sure h'as forgot me ; this is pur-blind *Cupid.*
Ruy. My Nephew?
Pin. Yes, Sir, if I be not chang'd.
Ruy. I wou'd fain ſpeak with you.
Pin. I wou'd fain have ye, Sir,
For to that end I ſtay.
Ruy. You know I love ye,
And I have lov'd ye long, my dear *Piniero*,
Bred and ſupply'd you——
Pin. Whither walks this Preamble?
Ruy. You may remember, though I'm but your Uncle,
I'd ſure a Father's Care, a Father's Tenderneſs.
Pin. Sure he would wrap me into ſomething ſuddenly,
He doubts my Nature in, for mine is honeſt,
He winds about me ſo.
Ruy. A Father's Diligence.
(35) My private Benefits I have forgot, Sir,
But thoſe you might lay claim to as my Follower;
Yet ſome Men wou'd remember——
Pin. I do daily. *Ruy.* The Place
Which I have put ye in, which is no weak one:
Next to my ſelf you ſtand in all Employments,
Your Counſels, Cares, Aſſignments with me equal,
So is my ſtudy ſtill to plant your Perſon;
Theſe are ſmall Teſt'monies I've not forgot ye,
Nor wou'd not be forgotten.
Pin. Sure you cannot.
Ruy. Oh *Piniero*——

(35) *My private Benefits I have forgot, Sir,*
But thoſe you might lay claim to as my Follower;
Yet ſome Men would remember——] The Benefits *Ruy Dias* means here ſeem to be *publick ones*, which he had conferred upon *Piniero* in his *publick Capacity* as Governor of the Fort, and for this Cauſe one ſhould think the Place ſhould be read thus,
My publick *Benefits I have forgot,*
Be it *thoſe you might lay claim to as* &c.
The Meaning is, "My publick Benefits (*viz.* the Places you hold "under me) I omit to mention. Say that being my Follower gives you "a ſort of Right to 'em; yet, for all that, a grateful Man would re- "member how careful I have been of your Intereſts; that I have "plac'd you next myſelf in Rank and Power, and that your Aſſign- "ments are equal with mine." I muſt confeſs the Change here made is great enough, but, ſeemingly, it appears no more than is neceſſary.

Pin.

Pin. Sir, what hangs upon you,
What heavy weight oppreſſes ye? ye've loſt
(I muſt confeſs, in thoſe that underſtand ye)
Some little of your Credit, but time will cure that;
(36) The beſt may ſlip ſometimes.

Ruy. Oh, my beſt Nephew——

Pin. It may be ye fear her too, that diſturbs ye,
That ſhe may fall her ſelf, or be forc'd from ye.

Ruy. She's ever true, but I undone for ever.
Oh that *Armuſia*, that new thing, that Stranger,
That Flag ſtuck up to rob me of mine Honour;
That murd'ring Chain ſhot at me from my Country;
That goodly Plague that I muſt court to kill me.

Pin. Now it comes flowing from him, I fear'd this,
Knew, he that durſt be idle, durſt be ill too.
Has he not done a brave thing?

Ruy. I muſt confeſs it Nephew, muſt allow it:
But that brave thing has undone me, has ſunk me,
Has trod me like a Name in Sand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threats my ruin;
And if he riſe and blaze, farewel my Fortune,
And when that's ſet, where's thy Advancement, Couſin?
That were a Friend, that were a noble Kinſman,
That would conſider theſe; that Man were grateful;
And he that durſt do ſomething here, durſt love me.

Pin. You ſay true, it is worth Conſideration,
Your Reaſons are of weight, and mark me, Uncle,
For I'll be ſudden, and to th' purpoſe with you.
Say this *Armuſia* then were taken off,
(As't may be eaſily done,)
How ſtands the Woman?

Ruy. She's mine for ever;
For ſhe contemns his deed and him.

Pin. (37) Pox on him.
Or if the ſingle Pox be not ſufficient,
The Hogs, the Dogs, the Devils Pox poſſeſs him: } *Aſide.*

(36) *The beſt* my *ſlip*——] *May* is the Reading of the old Folio.

(37) *Pox on him.* &c.] This not being directed by former Editions to be ſpoke aſide, ſeems to relate to *Armuſia*, and does not correſpond with what follows; but when ſpoke of the Uncle, 'tis perfectly ſuitable to the gay Honeſty of *Piniero*'s Character. Mr. *Seward.*

'Faith this *Armuſia* ſtumbles me, 'is a brave Fellow;
And if h' could be ſpar'd, Uncle——
Ruy. I muſt periſh;
Had he ſet up at any reſt but this,
Done any thing but what concern'd my Credit,
The everlaſting loſing of my worth——
Pin. I underſtand you now, who ſet you on too;
I had a reaſonable good Opinion of the Devil
Till this hour, and I ſee he is a Knave indeed,
An arrant, ſtinking Knave, for now I ſmell him.
I'll ſee what may be done then, you ſhall know
You have a Kinſman, (but no Villain, Uncle,
Nor no betrayer of fair Fame, I ſcorn it;
I love and honour Virtue;) I muſt have
Acceſs unto the Lady, to know her Mind too,
A good word from her Mouth you know may ſtir me;
A Lady's look at ſetting on——
Ruy. You ſay well;
Here Couſin, here's a Letter ready for you,
And you ſhall ſee how nobly ſhe'll receive you,
(38) And with what Care direct.
Pin. Farewel then Uncle,
After I've talk'd with her, I am your Servant,
To make you honeſt if I can——elſe hate you.
Pray ye no more Compliments, my Head is buſie.
[*Exit* Ruy Dias.
Heav'n bleſs me,
What a malicious Soul does this Man carry?
And to what ſcurvy things this Love converts us,
What ſtinking things? and how ſweetly they become us?
Murther's a moral Virtue with theſe Lovers,
A ſpecial piece of Divinity, I take it.
I may be mad, or violently drunk,
Which is a Whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
And learn to murther Men's Eſtates, that's baſe too;
Or proud, but that's a Paradiſe to this;

(38) *And with what* dare *direct.*] 'Tis evident at firſt Sight that here is a Blunder, and as evident what muſt have been the original Reading. Mr. *Seward*'s Conjecture and mine is confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.

Or

Or envious, and ſit eating of my ſelf
At others Fortunes; I may lie, and damnably,
Beyond the Patience of an honeſt hearer;
(39) Cozen, cut purſes, ſit i'th' Stocks for Apples.
(40) But when I am a Lover, Lord have mercy.
Theſe are poor pelting Sins, or rather Plagues,
Love and Ambition draw the Devil's Coach.

Enter Quiſana, *and* Panura.

How now! who're theſe? Oh my great Lady's followers,
Her Riddle-founders, and her Fortune-tellers,
Her Readers of Love-lectures, her Inflamers.
Theſe Doors I muſt paſs through, I hope they're wide.
Good day to your Beauties; how they take it to 'em?
As they were fair indeed.

Quiſan. Good morrow to you, Sir.

Pin. That's the old Hen, the Brood-bird; how ſhe buſles.
How like an Inventory of Lechery ſhe looks.
Many a good piece of Iniquity

(39) *Cozen* Cutpurſes,———] As *Piniero* is numbering up the Sins Men are ſubject to, he would not mention *cheating Thieves*, which is ſcarce any Sin, but *cheating and thieving*; and this Change in the Pointing, which greatly improves the Senſe of the Place, is countenanced by the Copy of 1647. Mr. *Seward.*

(40) *But when I am a Lover, Lord have mercy,*
Theſe are poor pelting Sins, or rather Plagues,] To make way for a pretty bold Emendation, the Reader will pleaſe to obſerve, that there is a fine Sentiment aim'd at here, but not compleated. *Lord have mercy*, in the firſt Line, refers to the Writing over the Doors of Houſes infected by the Plague; the former Sins therefore are compared to common Diſeaſes, and when Love, in Compariſon of them, ſhould be called the *Plague*, the Metaphor is ſpoilt by calling them *Plagues*. It is highly probable that this has happened by an Error either of Tranſcriber or Printer, and as the Senſe may be eaſily reſtored, though we have no Trace to lead us to any Certainty of the true Words, yet I think we ſhould venture to change the Text rather than ſuffer ſo beautiful a Paſſage to remain ſo mangled. I propoſe, therefore, either

Theſe are poor pelting Sins, but that the Plague.

Or

Theſe are poor pelting Sins, the other Plagues,
Love and Ambition, draw the Devil's Coach.

This latter being nearer the Trace of the Letters than the former, bids faireſt for having been the Original. Mr. *Seward.*

Has

Has paſt her Hands, I warrant her——I beſeech you,
Is the fair Princeſs ſtirring?
Pan. Yes, marry is ſhe, Sir,
But ſomewhat private; you've a Buſineſs with her?
Pin. Yes forſooth have I, and a ſerious Buſineſs.
Pan. May not we know?
Pin. Yes, when you can keep Counſel.
Pan. How prettily he looks? he's a Soldier ſure,
His rudeneſs fits ſo handſomely upon him.
Quiſan. A good blunt Gentleman.
Pin. Yes, marry am I:
Yet for a puſh or two at ſharp, and't pleaſe you——
Pan. My honeſt Friend, you know not who you ſpeak to:
This is the Princeſs's Aunt.
Pin. I like her th' better
And ſhe were her Mother (Lady) or her Grandmother,
I'm not ſo baſhful, but I can Buckle with her.
Pan. Of what ſize is your Buſineſs?
Pin. O'th' long Sixteens,
And will make way I warrant ye. *Pan.* How fine he Talks. *Pin.* Nay, in troth I talk but courſely, Lady,
But I hold it comfortable for the Underſtanding:
How fain they'd draw me into Ribaldry.
Theſe Wenches that live eaſily, live high,
(41) And love theſe broad Diſcourſes, as they love Poſſets;
Theſe dry Delights ſerve for Preparatives.
Pan. Why do you look ſo on me?
Pin. I am gueſſing
By th' caſt of your Face, what th' Property of your Place ſhould be;
For I preſume you turn a Key, ſweet Beauty,
And you another, Gravity, under th' Princeſs,
And by my — I warrant ye good Places,
Comely commodious Seats.
Quiſan. Prithee let him talk ſtill,
For methinks he talks handſomely.

(41) *Love theſe broad Diſcourſes,*——] So read all the Copies but that of 1647.

Pin.

Pin. And truly,
As near as my Underſtanding ſhall enable me,
You look as if you kept my Lady's Secrets;
Nay, do not laugh, for I mean honeſtly.
How theſe young things tattle, when they get a toy by th' end?
And how their Hearts go Pit-a-pat, and look for't.
Wou'd it not dance too, if it had a Fiddle?
Your Gravity's, I gueſs, to take th' Petitions,
And hear the lingring ſuits in Love diſpos'd,
Their Sighs and Sorrows in their proper Place,
You keep the Ay-me Office.

Quiſan. Prithee ſuffer him,
For as I live he is a pretty Fellow;
I love to hear ſometimes what Men think of us,
And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no Malice:
Proceed, good honeſt Man.

Pin. I will, good Madam.
According to Mens States and Dignities,
Monies and Moveables, you rate their Dreams,
And caſt th' Nativity of their Deſires.
If he reward well, all he thinks is proſperous;
And if he promiſe Place, his Dreams are Oracles:
Your antient practique Art too in theſe Diſcoveries,
Who loves at ſuch a length, who a ſpan farther,
And who draws home, yields you no little Profit,
For theſe ye milk by Circumſtance.

Quiſan. Ye're cunning.

Pin. And as they Oil ye, and advance your Spindle,
So you draw out the Lines of Love; your Doors too,
The Doors of deſtiny, that Men muſt paſs through;
Theſe are fair Places.

Pan. He knows all.

Pin. Your Trap-doors,
To pop Fools in at, that have no Providence;
Your little Wickets, to work Wiſe-men, like Wires, thro' at,
And draw their States and Bodies into Cobwebs;
Your Poſtern Doors, to catch thoſe that are cautelous,
And would not have the World's Eye find their Knaveries;

Your

Your Doors of Danger; some Men hate a Pleasure,
Unless that may be full of Fears; your Hope Doors;
And those are fine Commodities, where Fools pay
For every new Encouragement, a new Custom;
You have your Doors of Honour, and of Pleasure;
But those are for great Princes, glorious Vanities,
That travel to be famous through Diseases;
There be the doors of Poverty and Death too,
But these you do (42) the best you can to dam up,
For then your gain goes out. *Quisan.* This is a
Rare Lecture. *Pin.* Read to them that understand.

Pan. Beshrew me, Sir, I dare not venture on ye,
Ye cut too keen,

Enter Quisara.

Quisan. We thank you, Sir, for your
Good Mirth, you are a good Companion.
Here comes the Princess now, attend your Business.

Quisar. Is there no Remedy, no Hopes can help me?
No Wit to set me free? Who's there ho? *Quisan.* Troubled?
Her looks are almost Wild: What ails the Princess?
I know nothing she wants.

Quisar. Who's that there with you?
Oh, Signior *Piniero*, you're most welcome:
How does your noble Uncle?

Pin. Sad as you are, Madam:
But he commends his Service, and this Letter.

Quisar. Go off, attend within—Fair Sir, I thank ye,
Pray be no Stranger, for indeed you're welcome;
For your own Virtues welcome.

Quisan. We're mistaken,
This is some brave Fellow sure.

Pan. I'm sure he's a bold Fellow:
But if she hold him so, we must believe it. [*Exit.*

Quisar. Do you know of this, fair Sir?

Pin. I guess it, Madam,
And whither it intends: I had not brought it else.

(42) —— *the best you can to* damn *up,*] That *damn* is wrong is plain, and what it should be obvious: The Folio of the first Date exhibits the same Reading.

Quisan.

Quiſan. It is a Buſineſs of no common reckoning.
Pin. The handſomer for him that goes about it;
Slight Actions are rewarded with ſlight Thanks:
Give me a matter of ſome weight to wade in.
Quiſar. And can you love your Uncle ſo directly,
So ſeriouſly, and full, to undertake this?
Can there be ſuch a Faith?
Pin. (43) Dare you ſay Ay to it,
And ſet me on? 'Tis no matter for my Uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wiſh it?
Quiſar. I wou'd fain———
Pin. Have it done, ſay but ſo, Lady.
Quiſan. Conceive it ſo.
Pin. I will, 'tis that I'm bound to:
Your Will that muſt command me, and your Pleaſure,
Th' fair aſpects of thoſe Eyes that muſt direct me:
I am no Uncle's Agent, I'm mine own, Lady;
I ſcorn my able Youth ſhould plough for others,
Or my Ambition ſerve for Pay; I aim,
Although I never hit, as high as any Man,
And the Reward I reach at, ſhall be equal,
And what Love ſpurs me on to; (44) this deſire,
Makes me forget an honeſt Man, a brave Man,
A valiant, and a virtuous Man, my Countryman,
Armuſia, the delight of all the *Minions*,
This love of you, doting upon your Beauty,
The Admiration of your Excellence,
Make me but Servant to the pooreſt ſmile,

(43) *Dare you ſay* Ay *to it,*] 'Tis not impoſſible but this might come from our Poets Pen, but the general Word on ſuch Occaſions is moſtly *Ay-me*, as the Reader can't but remember in ſeveral Places in theſe Plays, and ſo I conjecture they wrote here.

(44) ——————— *this deſire,*
Makes me forget an honeſt Man, a brave Man,
A valiant, and a virtuous Man, my Countryman,
Armuſia, *the delight of all the* Minions,
This love of you, doting upon your Beauty,
The admiration of your Excellence,] The latter Part of this Paſſage the Reader will ſee does not at all tally with what follows: In ſhort, either ſome Line or Lines are dropt, which once were inſerted betwixt

Or

Or the least Grace you have bestow'd on others,
And see how suddenly I'll work your safety,
And set your Thoughts at Peace; I am no Flatterer,
To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lie a-bed, and swear Men into Fevers,
Like some of your trim Suiters; when I promise,
The light is not more constant to the World,
Than I am to my Word——She turns for Millions.

Quisar. I have not seen a braver confirm'd Courage.

Pin. For a Tun of Crowns she turns; she is a Woman,
And much I fear, a worse than I expected.
You are the Object, Lady, you're the Eye
In which all Excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all Hearts take Fire, all Hands their Valour:
And he who stands disputing, when you bid him,
But thinks of his Estate, Father or Mother,
Friend, Wife, and Children, he is a Fool, I scorn him,
(44) And't be but to make clean his Sword, a Coward;
Men have forgot their Fealty to Beauty.
Had I the place in your Affections,
My most unworthy Uncle's fit to fall from,
Liv'd in those blessed Eyes, and read the Stories
Of everlasting Pleasures figur'd there,
I'd find out your Commands before you thought 'em,
And bring 'em t' you done, e'er you dream't of 'em.

Quisar. I admire his Boldness.

Pin. This, or any thing;
Your Brother's Death, mine Uncle's, any Man's,
No State that stands secure, if you frown on it.
Look on my Youth, (I bring no blastings to you,)
The first flower of my Strength, my Faith.

betwixt *The admiration of your Excellence*, and *Make me but Servant*--- or else, which I am more inclin'd to think, the Lines have suffered a Transposition, which I would reform thus,

——— ——— *this desire*
This love of you, doting upon your Beauty.
The admiration of your Excellence,
Makes me forget &c.

And then the Sense runs roundly off.

(44) *And't be but to make* clear *his Sword,*——] The oldest Copy gives *clean*, and that I have adapted as the properer Word.

Quisar.

Quiſar. No more, Sir,
I am too willing to believe; reſt ſatisfied,
If you dare do for me, I ſhall be thankful:
You are a handſome Gentleman, a fair one,
My Servant if you pleaſe; I ſeal it thus, Sir.
No more, till you deſerve more. [*Exit.*

Pin. I'm rewarded:
This Woman's cunning, but ſhe's bloody too;
Although ſhe pulls her Tallons in, ſhe's miſchievous;
Form'd like the Face of Heav'n, clear and tranſparent;
I muſt pretend ſtill, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear ſome bloody Slave thruſt in indeed,
Faſhion'd and fleſh'd, to what they wiſh; well, Uncle,
What will become of this, and what Diſhonour
Follow this fatal ſhaft, if ſhot, let Time tell;
I can but only fear, (45) and ſtrive to croſs it. [*Exit.*

Enter Armuſia, Emanuel, *and* Soza.

Ema. Why are you thus ſad? What can grieve or vex you,
That have the Pleaſures of the World, the Profits,
The Honour, and the Loves at your diſpoſes?
Why ſhould a Man that wants nothing, want his Quiet?
Arm. I want
What Beggars are above me in, Content;
I want the Grace I've merited, the Favour,
The due Reſpect. *Soza.* Does not the King allow it?
Arm. Yes, and all Honours elſe, all I can ask,
That he has Power to give; but from his Siſter,
The ſcornful Cruelty, (forgive me Beauty,
That I tranſgreſs) from her that ſhould look on me,
That ſhould a little ſmile upon my Service,
And foſter my Deſerts for her own Faith's ſake;
That ſhould at leaſt acknowledge me, ſpeak to me——

(45) —— *and* ſtrive *to* croſs *it.*] The Reader may be ſurpriſed to find this Line run otherwiſe in the 1647 Edition.

——— *and* croſs *to croſs it.*

For though *ſtrive* be the Senſe of the Place here cited, and *croſs to croſs it* be but an odd Expreſſion, yet I fancy the original Word, of which *croſs* is but a Corruption, might be once wrote thus,

I can but only fear, and courſe——

i. e. run, ſtrive, endeavour to croſs it.

Soza.

Soza. And you go whining up and down for this, Sir?
Lamenting and diſputing of your Grievances?
Sighing and ſobbing like a ſullen School-boy,
And curſing good-wife Fortune for this Favour?
Arm. What would you have me do?
Soza. Do what you ſhould do,
What a Man would do in this caſe, a wiſe Man,
An underſtanding Man that knows a Woman,
Knows her
And all her tricks, her ſcorns, and all her trifles:
Go t' her, and take her in your Arms, and ſhake her,
Take her and toſs her like a Bar.
Ema. But be ſure you pitch her on a Feather-bed,
Shake her between a pair of Sheets, Sir, there ſhake
Theſe ſullen fits out of her, ſpare her not there;
There you may break her Will, and bruiſe no Bone, Sir.
Soza. (46) Go to her.
Ema. That's the way.
Soza. And tell her, boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock your ſelf,
With being too indulgent to her Pride:
Let her hear roundly from ye, what ye are,
And what ye have deſerved, and what ſhe muſt be.
Ema. And be not put off like a common Fellow,
With——The Princeſs would be private,
Or that ſh'as taken Phyſick, and admits none;
I would talk to her any where.
Arm. It makes me ſmile.
Ema. Now you look handſomely:
Had I a Wench to win, I would ſo flutter her.
They love a Man that cruſhes 'em to Verjuce;
A Woman held at hard Meat, is your Spaniel.
Soza. Pray take our Council, Sir.
Arm. I ſhall do ſomething,

(46) *Go to her.*
Ema. *That's the way.*] To put theſe Words *Go to her* in *Soza*'s Mouth, who had ſo lately made uſe of 'em before, ſeems not at all in Character; but haply they belong to *Armuſia*, who demurring upon the Advice of his Friends, repeats part of *Soza*'s Words, *Go to her?* Upon which *Emanuel* takes him up, and aſſures him *That's the way.* But let this ſtand or fall in the Reader's Judgment.

But

But not your way, it shews too boisterous;
For my Affections are as fair and gentle,
As her they serve.

Enter King.

Soza. The King.

King. Why, how now, Friend?
Why do you rob me of the Company
I love so dearly, Sir? I have been seeking you;
For when I want you, I want all my Pleasure:
Why sad? Thus sad still, Man? I will not have it;
I must not see the Face I love thus shadowed. [him:

Ema. And't please your Grace, methinks it ill becomes
A Soldier should be jovial, high and lusty.

King. He shall be so; come, come, I know your reason,
It shall be none to cross you, ye shall have her,
Take my Word, ('tis a King's word) ye shall have her,
She shall be yours or nothing, pray be merry.

Arm. Your Grace has given me cause, I shall be, Sir,
And ever your poor Servant.

King. Me my self, Sir,
My better self; I shall find time, and suddenly,
To gratifie your Loves too, Gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you:
Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks, no further Compliment;
Will you go with me, Friend?

Arm. I beseech your Grace,
Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you;
Some little private Business with my self, Sir,
For such a time.

King. I'll hinder no Devotion,
For I know you're regular; I'll take you, Gentlemen,
Because he shall have nothing to disturb him;
I shall look for you, Friend. [*Exeunt. Manet* Armusia.

Enter Panura.

Arm. I dare not fail, Sir:
What shall I do to make her know my Misery,
To make her sensible? This is her Woman,
I have a Toy come to me suddenly,
It may work for the best, she can but scorn me,

And lower than I am I cannot tumble;
I'll try, what e'er my Fate be——Good Ev'n, fair one.
Pan. 'Tis the brave Stranger——— A good Night to you, Sir.
Now by my Lady's Hand, a goodly Gentleman!
How happy ſhall ſhe be in ſuch a Husband!
Wou'd I were ſo provided too.
Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you Company for an hour or two?
I want employment for this Evening;
I am an honeſt Man.
Pan. I dare believe ye:
Or if ye were not, Sir, that's no great matter,
We take Mens Promiſes; wou'd ye ſtay with me, Sir?
Arm. So it pleaſe you, pray let's be better acquainted,
I know you are the Princeſs' Gentlewoman,
And wait upon her near——
Pan. 'Tis like I do ſo.
Arm. And may befriend a Man, do him fair Courteſies,
If he have buſineſs your way——
Pan. I underſtand ye.
Arm. So kind an Office, that you may bind a Gentleman
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too,
And ye may bleſs the hour you did this benefit:
Sweet handſome Faces ſhould have courteous Minds,
And ready Faculties.
Pan. Tell me your buſineſs.
Yet if I think it be to her, your ſelf, Sir,
(For I know what you are, and what we hold ye,
And in what grace ye ſtand,) without a ſecond,
(For that but darkens you,) wou'd do it better:
The Princeſs muſt be pleas'd with your Acceſſes;
I'm ſure I ſhould.
Arm. I want a Courtier's boldneſs,
And am yet but a Stranger; I'd fain ſpeak with her.
Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hour of ſleep, Sir.
Arm. Pray ye wear this, and believe my Meaning civil,
[*Gives her a Jewel.*
My buſineſs of that fair Reſpect and Carriage;
This for our more Acquaintance.

Pan.

Pan. How close he kisses! and how sensible
The passings of his Lips are! I must do it,
And I were to be hang'd now, and I will do't:
He may do as much for me, that's all I aim at;
And come what will on't, Life or Death, I'll do it,
For ten such Kisses more, and 'twere High Treason.
Arm. I would be private with her. *Pan.* So you shall, 'tis
Not worth thanks else; you must dispatch quick. *Arm.* Suddenly.
Pan. And I must leave you in my Chamber, Sir,
Where you must lock yourself that none may see you;
'Tis close to hers, you cannot miss the entrance,
When she comes down to Bed. *Arm.* I understand ye,
And once more thank ye, Lady. *Pan.* Thank me but thus.
Arm. (47) If I fail thee———
Come close then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Quisara, *and* Quisana.

Quisar. 'Tis late good Aunt, to Bed, I'm e'en unready,
My Woman won't be long away. *Quisan.* I'd have you
A little merrier first; Let me sit by ye,
And read or discourse something that ye fancy,
Or take my Instrument. *Quisar.* No, no, I thank you,
I shall sleep without these; I wrong your Age, Aunt,
To make ye wait thus, pray let me intreat ye;
To Morrow I will see y', I know you're sleepy,
And Rest will be a welcome Guest; you shall not,
Indeed you shall not stay; oh, here's my Woman.

Enter Panura.

Good Night, good Night, and good Rest, Aunt, attend you.
Quisan. Sleep dwell upon your Eyes, and fair Dreams court ye.
Quisar. Come, where have you been, Wench? Make me unready,
I slept but ill last Night.

(47) Arm. *If I fail thee———*
Come close then.] Mr. *Seward* supposes with me, that *Panura*'s Name is unhappily dropt here; for who can imagine these Words could be spoke with the least Propriety by *Armusia?*

Pan. You'll sleep the better
I hope to Night, Madam.

Quisar. A little Rest contents me;
Thou lov'st thy Bed, *Panura.*

Pan. I'm not in Love, Lady,
Nor seldom dream of Devils, I sleep soundly. [so well,

Quisar. I'll swear thou dost, thy Husband wou'd not take't
If thou wert married, Wench.

Pan. Let him take, Madam,
The way to waken me, I am no Dormouse;
Husbands have larum Bells, if they but ring once.

Quisar. Thou art a merry Wench.

Pan. I shall live the longer.

Quisar. Prithee fetch my Book.

Pan. I'm glad of that.

Quisar. I'll read a while before I sleep.

Pan. I will, Madam.

Quisar. And if *Ruy Dias* meet you, and b' importunate,
He may come in.

(48) *Pan.* I have a better fare for you;
Now least in sight play I. [*Exit.*

Enter Armusia, *locks the Door.*

Quisar. Why should I love him?
Why should I doat upon a Man deserves not,
Nor has no Will to work it? Who's there, Wench?
What are you? Or whence come you?

Arm. Ye may know me,
I bring not such amazement, noble Lady.

Quisar. Who let you in?

Arm. My restless Love that serves ye.

Quisar. This is an Impudence I have not heard of,
A Rudeness that becomes a Thief or Ruffian;
Nor shall my Brother's Love protect this Boldness,

(48) Pan. *I have a better* fare *for you,*] *Panura*'s Meaning is, *that she has better Entertainment than* Ruy Dias *for the Princess*; but the Words don't clearly convey this to us. I would suppose it might originally run thus,

I have a better far *for you,*
Or, which I prefer,
I have a better fere [*i. e.* Companion] *for you,*

You

You build ſo ſtrongly on; my Rooms are Sanctuaries,
And with that Reverence, they that ſeek my Favours,
And humble Fears, ſhall render their Approaches.
Arm. Mine are no leſs.
Quiſar. I'm Miſtreſs of my ſelf, Sir,
And will be ſo; I will not be thus viſited,
Theſe Fears and Dangers thruſt into my Privacy.
Stand further off, I'll cry out elſe.
Arm. Oh, dear Lady!
Quiſar. I ſee Diſhonour in your Eyes.
Arm. There's none:
By all that Beauty they are innocent;
Pray ye tremble not, you have no cauſe.
Quiſar. I'll die firſt;
Before you have your Will, be torn in Pieces;
The little ſtrength I've left me to reſiſt you,
The Gods will give me more, before I'm forc'd
To that I hate, or ſuffer———
Arm. You wrong my Duty.
Quiſar. So baſe a Violation of my Liberty.
I know you're bent unnobly; I'll take to me
The Spirit of a Man, borrow his boldneſs,
And force my Woman's Fears into a Madneſs,
And e'er y' arrive at what you aim at———
Arm. Lady,
If there be in you any Woman's Pity,
And if your Fears have not proclaim'd me monſtrous,
Look on me, and believe me; is this Violence?
Is it to fall thus proſtrate to your Beauty
A Ruffian's boldneſs? Is Humility a Rudeneſs?
The Griefs and Sorrows that grow here, an Impudence?
Theſe Forcings, and theſe Fears I bring along with me;
Theſe impudent Abuſes offered ye;
And thus high has your Brother's Favour blown me.
Alas, dear Lady of my Life, I came not
With any purpoſe rough or deſperate,
With any Thought that was not ſmooth and gentle,
As your fair Hand, with any doubt or danger;
Far be it from my Heart to fright your Quiet;
A heavy curſe light on't, when I intend it.

Quiſar. Now I dare hear you.

Arm. If I had been miſchievous,
As then I muſt be mad, or were a Monſter;
(49) If any ſuch baſe Thought had harbour'd here,
Or Violence that became not Man,
You have a thouſand Bulwarks to aſſure you.
The holy Powers bear Shields to defend Chaſtity;
Your Honour, and your Virtues are ſuch Armours;
Your clear Thoughts ſuch Defences; if you miſ-doubt ſtill,
And yet retain a fear, I am not honeſt,
But come with impure Thoughts into this Place;
Take this, and ſheath it here; be your own Safety;
Be wiſe, and rid your fears, and let me periſh;
How willing ſhall I ſleep to ſatisfie you.

Quiſar. No, I believe now, you ſpeak worthily;
What came you then for?

Arm. To complain me, Beauty,
But modeſtly.

Quiſar. Of what?

Arm. Of your fierce Cruelty,
(For though I die, I will not blame the Doer;)
Humbly to tell your Grace, ye had forgot me;
A little to have touch'd at, not accus'd,
For that I dare not do, your Scorns; pray Pardon me,
And be not angry that I uſe the Liberty
To urge that word; a little to have ſhew'd you
What I have been, and what done to deſerve ye,
If any thing that Love commands may reach ye;
To have remembred ye, but I'm unworthy,
And to that Miſery falls all my Fortunes,
T' have told ye, and by my Life ye may believe me,
That I am honeſt, and will only marry
You, or your Memory; pray be not angry.

Quiſar. I thank you, Sir, and let me tell you ſeriouſly,

(49) *If any ſuch baſe Thought had harbour'd here,*
Or Violence that became not Man,] It has been often obſerv'd, that Words belonging to one Line have been repeated in that above or below, but here the Reverſe has happened; for when the ſame Adjective ſhould have been repeated, it was in the ſecond Line omitted. Mr. *Seward.*

Ye have taken now the right way to befriend ye,
And to beget a fair and clear Opinion.
Yet to try your Obedience——
Arm. (50) I ſtand ready, Lady,
Without preſuming to ask any thing.
Quiſar. Or at this time to hope for further Favour;
Or to remember Services or Smiles;
Dangers you have paſt through, and reward due to 'em;
Loves or deſpairs, but leaving all to me:
Quit this Place preſently.
Arm. I ſhall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ruy. Ha?
Arm. Who's this?
What art thou?
Ruy. A Gentleman.
Arm. Thou art no more, I'm ſure: O^h, 'tis *Ruy Dias*;
How high he looks, and harſh!
Ruy. Is there not Door enough,
You take ſuch Elbow room?
Arm. If I take it, I'll carry it.
Ruy. Does this become you, Princeſs?
Arm. The Captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durſt deſerve yet;
Go freely, go, I'll give thee leave.
Ruy. Your leave, Sir?
Arm. Yes, my leave, Sir; I'll not be troubled neither,
Nor ſhall my Heart ake, or my Head be jealous,
Nor ſtrange ſuſpicious Thoughts reign in my Memory;
Go on, and do thy worſt, I'll ſmile at thee;
I kiſs your fair Hand firſt, then farewel Captain. [*Exit.*
Quiſar. What a pure Soul inherits here? what Innocence?
Sure I was blind when I firſt lov'd this Fellow,
And long to live in that Fog ſtill; how he bluſters!

(50) *I ſtand ready, Lady,*
Without preſuming to ask any thing.] This ſecond Line evidently belongs to the Princeſs, or elſe her Speech will not be Grammar.

(51) *Ruy.* Am I your Property? or thoſe your Flatteries,
The Banquets that ye bid me to, the truſt
I build my goodly Hopes on?
Quiſar. Be more temperate.
Ruy. Are theſe the ſhews of your reſpect and favour?
What did he here, what Language had he with ye?
Did ye invite him? could ye ſtay no longer?
Is he ſo gracious in your Eye?
Quiſar. You're too forward.
Ruy. Why at theſe private Hours?
Quiſar. You are too ſaucy,
Too impudent to task me with thoſe Errors.
D' ye know what I am, Sir, and my Prerogative?
Though you be a thing I've call'd by the Name of Friend,
I never taught you to diſpoſe my Liberty;
How durſt you touch mine Honour? blot my Meanings?
And name an Action, and of mine, but Noble?
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee,
How have I nouriſht thee and raiſed thee hourly!
Are theſe the Gratitudes you bring, *Ruy Dias?*
The Thanks? the Services? I'm fairly paid;
Was't not enough I ſaw thou wert a Coward,
And ſhadowed thee? no noble Sparkle in thee?
Daily provok'd thee, and ſtill found thee Coward?
Rais'd noble Cauſes for thee, Strangers ſtarted at;
Yet ſtill, ſtill, ſtill a Coward, ever Coward;
And with thoſe Taints, doſt thou upbraid my Virtues?
Ruy. I was to blame, Lady.
Quiſar. So blindly bold to touch at my Behaviour?
Durſt thou but look amiſs at my Allowance?
If thou hadſt
Been a brave Fellow, thou hadſt had ſome Licence,
Some Liberty? I might have then allowed thee
For thy good Face, ſome ſcope to have argued with me;

(51) Ruy. *Am I your Property?* or *thoſe your Flatteries,*
The Banquets that you bid me to,——] 'Tis likely we ſhould read, by the Change of one Letter and the Addition of another, thus:
——are *thoſe your Flatteries.*

But

But being nothing but a ſound, a ſhape,
The meer ſign of a Soldier,——of a Lover,
The dregs and draffy part, Diſgrace and Jealouſie,
I ſcorn thee, and contemn thee,
Ruy. Deareſt Lady,
If I have been too free——
Quiſar. Thou'ſt been too fooliſh,
And go on ſtill, I'll ſtudy to forget thee,
I would I could, and yet I pity thee, [*Exit.*
Ruy. I am not worth it, if I were, that's Miſery,
The next Door is but Death, I muſt aim at it. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King, and Governor like a Moor-Prieſt.

King. SO far and truly you've diſcovered to me
The former Currents of my Life and Fortune,
That I am bound t' acknowledge ye moſt holy,
And certainly to credit your Predictions,
Of what are yet to come.
Gov. I am no Liar,
'Tis ſtrange I ſhould, and live ſo near a Neighbour;
But theſe are not my Ends.
King. Pray ye ſit, good Father,
Certain a reverend Man, and moſt religious.
Gov. [*Aſide.*] Ay, that Belief's well now, and let me work then,
I'll make ye curſe Religion e'er I leave ye.
I've liv'd a long time, Son, a mew'd up Man,
Sequeſter'd by the ſpecial Hand of Heav'n
From the World's Vanities, bid farewel to Follies,
And ſhook Hands with all heats of Youth and Pleaſures;
As in a Dream theſe twenty Years I've ſlumber'd,
Many a cold Moon have I, in Meditation
And ſearching out the hidden Wills of Heav'n,
Lain ſhaking under; many a burning Sun
Has ſear'd my Body, and boil'd up my Blood,
Feebl'd my Knees, and ſtampt a Meagerneſs
Upon my figure, all to find out Knowledge,

Which

Which I have now attain'd to, Thanks to Heav'n,
All for my Country's good too: and many a Vision,
Many a mystick Vision have I seen, Son,
And many a sight from Heav'n which has been terrible,
Wherein the Goods and Evils of these Islands
Were lively shadow'd; many a charge I've had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,
To travel and discover; now I'm come, Son,
The hour's now appointed, my Tongue's touch'd,
And now I speak. *King.* Do, Holy Man, I'll hear ye.

Gov. Beware these *Portugals*, I say beware 'em,
These smooth-fac'd Strangers, have an Eye upon 'em,
The cause is now the Gods, hear, and believe King.

King. I do hear, but before I give rash Credit, or
Hang too light on belief, which is a Sin, Father,
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to some, for my most strange Deliverance.

Gov. Oh Son, the future aims of Men, observe me,
Above their present Actions, and their Glory,
Are to be look'd at; the Stars shew many turnings,
If you could see, mark but, with my Eyes, Pupil;
These Men came hither, as my Vision tells me,
Poor, weather-beaten, almost lost, starv'd, feebled,
Their Vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long suite for Traffick, and for Comfort,
To vent their Childrens Toys, cure their Diseases:
They had their suite, they landed, and to th' rate
Grew rich and powerful, suckt the fat and freedom
Of this most blessed Isle, taught her to tremble,
Witness the Castle here, the Citadel,
They've clapt upon the Neck of your *Tidore*,
This happy Town, till that she knew these Strangers,
To check her when she's jolly.

King. They have so indeed, Father.

Gov. Take heed, take heed, I find your fair delivery,
Though you be pleas'd to glorifie that Fortune,
And think these Strangers Gods, take heed I say,
I find it but a handsome Preparation,
A fair-fac'd Prologue to a further Mischief;

Mark

Mark but the end, good King, the Pin he ſhoots at
That was the Man deliver'd ye, the Mirror:
Your Siſter is his due; what's ſhe? your Heir, Sir.
And what is he a-kin then to the Kingdom?
But Heirs are not ambitious, who then ſuffers?
What rev'rence ſhall the Gods have? and what Juſtice
The miſerable People? what ſhall they do?

King. He points at Truth directly.

Gov. Think of theſe, Son;
The Perſon, nor the manner I miſlike not
Of your preſerver, nor the whole Man together,
Were he but ſeaſon'd in the Faith we are,
In our Devotions learn'd.

King. You ſay right, Father.

Gov. To change our Worſhips now, and our Religion?
To be Traitor to our Gods?

King. You've well adviſed me,
And I will ſeriouſly conſider, Father;
I'th' mean time you ſhall have your fair acceſs
Unto my Siſter, adviſe her to your purpoſe,
And let me ſtill know how the Gods determine.

Gov. I will: But my main end is to adviſe
The Deſtruction of you all, a general Ruin;
And when I am reveng'd, let the Gods whiſtle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ruy Dias *and* Piniero.

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad ye were not greedy,
And ſudden in performing what I will'd you,
Upon the Perſon of *Armuſia*;
I was afraid, for I well knew your Valour,
And Love to me——

Pin. 'Twas not a fair thing, Uncle,
It ſhew'd not handſome, carried no Man in it.

Ruy. I muſt confeſs 'twas ill, and I abhor it;
Only this Good has riſen from this Evil,
I've tried your Honeſty, and find it Proof,
A Conſtancy that will not be corrupted,
And I much honour it.

Pin. This Bell ſounds better.

Ruy. My Anger now, and that Diſgrace I've ſuffer'd,

Shall

Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
And my ſick Honour cur'd the right and ſtraight way;
My Sword's in my Hand now Nephew, my cauſe upon it,
And Man to Man, one Valour to another,
My hope to his——

Pin. Why, this is like *Ruy Dias*;
This carries ſomething of ſome ſubſtance in it,
Some Mettle and ſome Man, this ſounds a Gentleman;
And now methinks ye utter what becomes ye;
To kill Men ſcurvily, 'tis ſuch a Dog-trick,
Such a Rat-catcher's Occupation——

Ruy. It is no better,
But *Piniero*, now——

Pin. Now you do bravely.

Ruy. The diff'rence of our States flung by, forgotten,
The full Opinion I have won in Service,
And ſuch Reſpects that may not ſhew us equal,
Laid handſomely aſide, only our Fortunes,
And ſingle Manhoods——

Pin. In a Service, Sir,
Of this moſt noble Nature, all I am,
If I had ten Lives more, thoſe and my Fortunes
Are ready for ye; I had thought ye had
Forſworn fighting, or baniſh'd thoſe brave Thoughts
Were wont to wait upon you, I am glad
To ſee 'em call'd home again. *Ruy.* They are Nephew,
And thou ſhalt ſee what Fire they carry in them;
Here, you gueſs what this means? [*Shews a Challenge.*

Pin. Yes very well, Sir.
A portion of Scripture that puzles many an Interpreter.

Ruy. As ſoon as you can find him——

Pin. That will not be long Uncle,
And o' my Conſcience he'll be ready as quickly.

Ruy. I make no doubt good Nephew; carry't ſo
If you can poſſible, that we may fight.

Pin. Nay you ſhall fight, aſſure your ſelf.

Ruy. Pray ye hear me,
In ſome ſuch Place where 't may be poſſible
The Princeſs may behold us.

Pin. I conceive ye,
Upon the Sand behind the Caſtle, Sir,

A place remote enough, and there be Windows
Out of her Lodgings too, or I'm miſtaken.
Ruy. Y're i'th' right, if ye can work that handſomely—
Pin. Let me alone, and pray be you prepar'd
Some three Hours hence.
Ruy. I'll not fail.
Pin. Get you home,
And if you have any things to diſpoſe of,
Or a few light Prayers
That may befriend you, run 'em over quickly,
I warrant, I'll bring him on.
Ruy. Farewel, Nephew,
And when we meet again ——— [*Exit.*
Pin. Ay, ay, fight handſomely;
Take a good draught or two of Wine to ſettle ye,
'Tis an excellent Armour for an ill Conſcience, Uncle;
I am glad to ſee this Man's Converſion,
I was afraid fair Honour had been Bed-rid,
Or beaten out o'th' Iſland. Soldiers, and good ones,
Intended ſuch baſe Courſes? he will fight now,
And I believe too bravely; I have ſeen him
Curry a Fellow's Carkaſs handſomely;
And i'th' Head of a Troop, ſtand as if he had
Been rooted there, dealing large doles of Death;
What a Raſcal was I, I did not ſee
His Will drawn?
What does ſhe here?

Enter Quiſara.

If there be any
Miſchief towards, a Woman makes one ſtill;
Now what new Buſineſs is for me? *Quiſar.* I was
Sending for ye, but ſince we've met ſo fair,
You've ſav'd that labour; I muſt intreat you, Sir ——
Pin. Any thing, Madam;
Your Wills are my Commands.
Quiſar. You're nobly courteous.
Upon my better Thoughts, Signior *Piniero*,
And my more peaceable Conſiderations,
(Which now I find the richer Ornaments,)

I would deſire you to attempt no farther
Againſt the Perſon of the noble Stranger,
(In truth I am aſham'd of my ſhare in it;)
Nor be incited farther by your Uncle;
I ſee it will ſit ill upon your Perſon,
I have conſider'd, and it will ſhew ugly,
Carried at beſt, a moſt unheard of cruelty;
Good Sir, deſiſt ——

Pin. You ſpeak now like a Woman,
And wondrous well this Tenderneſs becomes ye;
But this you muſt remember — your Command
Was laid on with a Kiſs, and ſeriouſly
It muſt be taken off the ſame way, Madam,
Or I ſtand bound ſtill.

Quiſar. That ſhall not endanger ye,
Look ye fair Sir, thus I take off that Duty.

Pin. By th' Maſs 'twas ſoft and ſweet. Some Bloods would bound now,
And run a tilt; do not you think, bright Beauty,
You've done me, in this Kiſs, a mighty Favour,
And that I ſtand bound by virtue of this Honour,
To do whatever you command me?

Quiſar. I think, Sir,
From me theſe are unuſual courteſies,
And ought to be reſpected ſo; there are ſome,
And Men of no mean Rank, would hold themſelves
Not poorly bleſt to taſte of ſuch a Bounty.

Pin. I know there are, that wou'd do many unjuſt things
For ſuch a Kiſs, (and yet I hold this modeſt;)
All Villanies, Body and Soul diſpenſe with;
For ſuch a Provocation, kill their Kindred,
Demoliſh the fair Credits of their Parents;
Thoſe Kiſſes I am not acquainted with;
Moſt certain, Madam,
Th' Appurt'nance of this Kiſs wou'd not provoke me
To do a Miſchief; 'tis the Devil's own Dance
To be kiſs'd into Cruelty.

Quiſar. I'm glad you make that uſe, Sir.

Pin.

Pin. (52) I am gladder
That you made me believe you were cruel;
For by this Hand, I know I am ſo honeſt,
However I deceiv'd ye, ('twas high time too,
Some common Slave might have been ſet upon it elſe;)
That willingly I would not kill a Dog
That could but fetch and carry for a Woman,
She muſt be a good Woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find; to kill a Man,
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any ſhe that plaid the beſt Game at it,
And 'fore a Woman's Anger, prefer her Fancy.
Quiſar. I take it in you well.
Pin. I thank ye Lady,
And I ſhall ſtudy to confirm it.
Quiſar. Do Sir,
For this Time, and this preſent Cauſe, I 'low it.
[*Exit* Pin.
Moſt holy, Sir.

Enter Governor, Quiſana, *and* Panura.

Gov. Bleſs ye my Royal Daughter,
And in you, bleſs this Iſland, Heav'n.
Quiſar. Good Aunt.
What think ye of this Man?
Quiſar. Sure he's a wiſe Man,
And a Religious; he tells us things have happened
So many years ago, almoſt forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.
Quiſar. Does he not meet with your ſharp Tongue?
Pan. He tells me, Madam,
Marriage and mouldy Cheeſe will make me tamer.
Gov. A ſtubborn Keeper, and worſe Fare,

(52) *I am gladder*
That you made me believe you were cruel;] I read this Line ſo,
You made me but *believe that you were cruel*;
The Monoſyllable wanting to give Propriety to the Sentiment, is equally neceſſary to the Verſe as is a ſmall Change in the poſition of the Words; both Changes are ſo eaſy that there can be little reaſon to doubt of their being the Original. Mr. *Seward.*

An

An open Stable, and cold Care,
Will tame a Jade, may be your Share.

Pan. Bir Lady, a ſharp Prophet, when this proves good, I'll bequeath you a Skin to make ye a Hood.

Gov. Lady, I'd talk with you.

Quiſar. Do, Reverend Sir.

Gov. And for your good, for that that (53) muſt concern ye,
And give ear wiſely to me.

Quiſar. I ſhall, Father.

Gov. You are a Princeſs of that Excellence,
Sweetneſs, and Grace, that Angel-like fair Feature,
Nay, do not bluſh, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this, I am amazed Lady,
And as I think the Gods beſtow'd theſe on ye,
The Gods that love ye———

Quiſar. I confeſs their Bounty.

Gov. Apply it then to their Uſe, to their Honour,
To them, and to their Service give this ſweetneſs;
They have an inſtant great uſe of your Goodneſs;
You are a Saint eſteem'd here for your Beauty,
And many a longing Heart ———

Quiſar. I ſeek no Fealty.
Nor will I blemiſh that Heav'n has ſeal'd on me,
I know my worth; indeed the *Portugals*
I have at thoſe Commands, and their laſt Services,
Nay e'en their Lives, ſo much I think my Handſomeneſs,
That what I ſhall enjoin ——

Gov. Uſe it diſcreetly.
For I perceive ye underſtand me rightly,
For here the Gods regard your help, and ſuddenly;
The *Portugals* like ſharp Thorns (mark me, Lady)
Stick in our Sides; like Razors, wound Religion,
Drawn deep, they wound, until the Life-blood follows;
Our Gods they ſpurn at, and their Worſhips ſcorn,

(53) ——— *muſt concern ye,*] I don't reject this as Nonſenſe, but as flat in compariſon of what ſeems the true Reading, *i. e.* that that *moſt concerns ye*, *much* being probably by accident chang'd into *muſt*, it was afterwards natural to change the Verb too into a wrong Mood. Mr. *Seward.*

A mighty hand they bear upon our Government;
These are the Men your Miracle must work on,
Your Heav'nly Form, either to root them out,
(Which as you may endeavour, will be easie,
Remember whose great Cause you have to execute,)
To nip their Memory, that may not spring more,
Or fairly bring 'em home to our Devotions,
Which will be blessed, and for which you Sainted,
But cannot be, and they go; let me busle.

Quisar. Go up with me,
Where we'll converse more privately;
I'll shew ye shortly how I hold their Temper;
And in what Chain their Souls.

Gov. Keep fast that hold still,
And either bring that Chain, and those bound in it,
And link it to our Gods, and their fair Worships;
Or Daughter, pinch their Hearts apieces with it.
I'll wait upon your Grace.

Quisar. Come, Reverend Father.
Wait you below. [*Ex.* Quisar. *and Gov.*

Pan. If this Prophet were a young thing,
I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to her;
These holy Coats are long, and hide Iniquities.

Quisan. Away, away Fool; a poor Wretch!

Pan. These poor ones,
Warm but their Stomachs once——

Quisan. Come in, thou'rt foolish.
[*Ex.* Quisana *and* Panura.

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, *and* Piniero.

Arm. I'm sorry, Sir, my Fortune is so stubborn,
To court my Sword against my Countryman:
I love my Nation well; and where I find
A *Portugal*, of noble Name and Virtue,
I am his humble Servant: Signior *Piniero*,
Your Person, nor your Uncle's, am I angry with,
You're both fair Gentlemen in my Opinion,
And I protest, I'd rather use my Sword
In your Defences, than against your Safeties;
Methinks 'tis a strange dearth of Enemies,

When we ſeek Foes among ourſelves.

Ema. You're injur'd,
And you muſt make the beſt on't now, and readieſt——

Arm. You ſee I'm ready in the place, and arm'd
To his deſire that call'd me.

Pin. Ye ſpeak honeſtly,
And I could wiſh ye'd met on terms more friendly,
But it can't now be ſo.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ema. Turn Sir, and ſee.

Pin. I have kept my word with ye Uncle,
The Gentleman is ready.

Enter Governor and Quiſara *above.*

Arm. Ye are welcome.

Ruy. Bid thoſe Fools welcome that affect your courteſie,
I come not to uſe Compliment; ye've wrong'd me,
And ye ſhall feel, proud Man, e'er I part from ye,
Th' effects of that, if Fortune do not fool me;
Thy Life is mine, and no hope ſhall redeem thee.

Arm. That's a proud Word, more than your Faith can juſtifie.

Quiſar. Sure they will fight.

Ruy. She's there, I am happy.

Gov. Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another.
Theſe are the main Poſts, if they fall, the Buildings
Will tumble quickly.

Quiſar. How temperate's *Armuſia!*
(54) No more, be quiet yet.

Arm. I am not bloody,
Nor do not feel ſuch mortal Malice in me;
But ſince we cannot both enjoy the Princeſs,
I am reſolv'd to fight.

Ruy. Fight home, *Armuſia*,
For if thou faint'ſt, or fall'ſt——

Arm. D'ye make all vantages?

(54) Quiſar. *No more, be quiet yet.*] Poſſibly theſe Words belong to the Governor.

Ruy.

Ruy. Always, unto thy Life, I will not ſpare thee,
Nor look not for thy Mercy.
Arm. I am arm'd then.
Ruy. Stand ſtill I charge ye Nephew, as ye honour me.
Arm. And good *Emanuel* ſtir not ——
Pin. Ye ſpeak fitly,
For we had not ſtood idle elſe.
(55) *Gov.* I'm ſorry for't.
Ema. But ſince you'll have it ſo ——
Ruy. Come, Sir.
Arm. I wait ye.
Pin. Ay marry, this looks handſomely,
This is warm work.
Gov. Both fall and't be thy Will. [Ruy *falls.*
Pin. My Uncle dead?
Ema. Stand ſtill, or my Sword's in ——
Arm. Now brave *Ruy Dias*,
Now where's your Confidence? Your Prayers, quickly;
Your own Spite has condemn'd ye.
Quiſar. Hold, *Armuſia.*
Arm. Moſt happy Lady.
Quiſar. Hold, and let him riſe,
Spare him for me.
Arm. A long Life may he enjoy, Lady.
Gov. What ha' you done? 'Tis better they'd all periſht.
Quiſar. Peace Father, I work for the beſt; *Armuſia*,
Be in the Garden an hour hence. [*Ex.* Qui. *and Gov.*
Arm. I ſhall, Madam.
Pin. Now as I live, a Gentleman at all Inches,
So brave a mingled Temper ſaw I never.
Arm. Why are ye ſad, Sir? How would this have
griev'd you,
If ye had fall'n under a profeſt Enemy?

(55) Gov. *I'm ſorry for't.*
Ema. *But ſince you'll have it ſo*—] The ſame Cauſe of Complaint returns upon us again which was mention'd above, *viz.* the Multiplication of Names, for here the *Governor* has nothing to do. Both theſe Lines belong to *Emanuel*, ſorry that the Seconds are not permitted to fight; or both to *Armuſia*, for the unhappy Neceſſity he lay under of fighting with his Countryman. If it was left to me, I believe I ſhould determine in favour of *Emanuel.*

Under one had taken vantage of your Shame too?
Pray ye be at Peace, I am ſo far from wronging ye,
Or glorying in the Pride of ſuch a Victory,
That I deſire to ſerve ye; pray look chearfully.

Pin. Do you hear this, Sir?
This love, Sir? Do you ſee this Gentleman
How he courts ye? Why do you hold your Head down?
'Tis no High Treaſon, I take't, to be equall'd;
To have a ſlip i'th' Field, no Sin that's mortal;
Come, come, thank Fortune and your Friend.

Arm. It may be
You think my Tongue may prove your Enemy,
And though reſtrain'd ſometimes, out of a bravery,
May take a Licence (56) to diſable ye:
Believe me Sir, ſo much I hate that liberty,
That in a Stranger's Tongue 'twill prove an injury,
And I ſhall right you in't.

Pin. Can you have more, Uncle?

Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both ways, yet ſo nobly,
That I ſhall ever love the Hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthy of ſome Title
That may be near your Friend.

Arm. Sir, I muſt leave ye,
But with ſo hearty Love — and pray be confident,
I carry nothing from this place ſhall wrong ye.
[*Ex.* Arm. *and* Ema.

Pin. Come, come, you're right again, Sir, love your Honour,
And love your Friend, take heed of bloody Purpoſes,
And unjuſt Ends, (57) good Heav'n is angry with 'em;
Make your fair Virtues and your Fame your Miſtreſs,
And let theſe Trinkets go.

Ruy. You teach well, Nephew;

(56) ——— *to diſable ye.*] i. e. *Diſgrace you, tear your Character to pieces.* The ſimple Verb *able*, is us'd by *Shakeſpear* and *Chapman*, for to *ſupport, maintain, uphold*; but its compound and oppoſite in Signification, I don't remember to have met with any where, but in this place.

(57) —— *good Heav'n is angry with* ye;] Tho' this is good Senſe, 'tis not the reading of the oldeſt Folio which I have adopted into the Text.

Now

(58) Now to be honourable even with this Gentleman,
Shall be my Buſineſs, and my Ends his.

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Sir, Sir,
You muſt do ſomething ſuddenly, to ſtop
His Pride, ſo great and high he is ſhot up,
Upon his Perſon too, your ſtate is ſunk elſe:
You muſt not ſtand now upon terms of Gratitude,
And let a ſimple tenderneſs beſot ye;
I'll bring ye ſuddenly where you ſhall ſee him,
Attempting your brave Siſter, privately,
Mark but his high behaviour then.

King. I will, Father.

Gov. (59) And with ſcorn, I fear contempt too.

King. I hope not.

Gov. I will not name a Luſt; it may be that alſo;
A little force muſt be applied upon him,
Now, now applied, a little force to humble him:
Theſe ſweet Intreaties do but make him wanton.

King. Take heed ye wrong him not.

(58) *Now to be* honourably *even with this Gentleman,*] The Edition of 1647, repreſents the true Lection: I have I believe ſhewn before that our Authors take the ſame Liberty in our Language that the *Greeks* and *Latins* do in theirs, *viz.* of uſing an Adjective adverbially; ſo at the End almoſt of this Play we have the ſame Licence took again.

Quiſar. *Which way you go Sir,*
I muſt follow neceſſary, *i. e.* neceſſarily.

(59) *And with ſcorn, I fear contempt too.*
King. *I hope not.*
Gov. *I will not name a Luſt;*
It may be that alſo;] This odd Paſſage I wou'd reform thus,
Gov. *And with* what *ſcorn, I fear too*———
King. *I hope not.*
Gov. *I will not name a Luſt; it may be that alſo;*
That *what* is dropt in the firſt Line ſeems evident; but how comes *Contempt* to be inſerted after *Scorn,* as if that was to be fear'd much more than the other when it is ſo nearly the ſame thing? I take the whole Paſſage to have been confus'd in the Manuſcript, and that *Contempt* was put in by an unſucceſsful attempt to reſtore it; for its abſence with a change of the Points and a proper diſpoſition of the Words, reſtores both Senſe and Meaſure. Mr. *Seward.*

Gov. Take heed t' your ſafety,
I but forewarn ye, King; if you miſtruſt me,
Or think I come un-ſent ——
King. No, I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armuſia, *and* Quiſara.

Arm. Madam, you ſee there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my Obedience, or my Service,
That may deſerve your Love, or win a liking,
(60) But a poor Thought, but I purſue it ſeriouſly,
Take pleaſure in your Will, e'en in your Anger,
Which other Men would grudge at, and grow ſtormy;
I ſtudy new Humility to pleaſe ye,
And take a kind of joy in my Afflictions,
Becauſe they come from you, I love my Sorrows:
Pray Madam, but conſider ——
Quiſar. Yes, I do Sir,
And to that honeſt end I drew ye hither;
I know ye have deſerv'd as much as Man can,
And know it is a Juſtice to requite you:
I know ye love.
Arm. If ever love was Mortal,
And dwelt in Man; and (61) for that Love command me,
(So ſtrong I find it, and ſo true, here Lady,)
Something of ſuch a Greatneſs to allow me,
Thoſe things I've done already, may ſeem foils to:
'Tis Equity, that Man aſpires to Heav'n,
Should win it by his worth, and not ſleep to it.

(60) But *a poor Thought, but I purſue it ſeriouſly,*] I wiſh the Authors had wrote here.

Not *a poor Thought, or*

Be't *a poor Thought.* The Senſe of the Place manifeſtly requires ſome ſuch Alteration.

(61) ——*for that Love command me,*
Something of ſuch a Greatneſs to allow me,
Thoſe things I've done already, may ſeem foils to:] Here is another very dark Paſſage, the Senſe of which I take to be this: Command me ſomething of ſuch a Greatneſs, that the things I have done already, allowing they are great, may ſeem but Foils to.

Enter

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Now ſtand cloſe King and hear, and as you find him,
Believe me right, or let Religion ſuffer.
Quiſar. I dare believe your Worth without Additions;
But ſince you are ſo liberal of your Love, Sir,
And would be farther tried, I do intend it,
Becauſe you ſhall not, or you wou'd not win me
At ſuch an eaſie rate.
Arm. I am prepared ſtill,
And if I ſhrink ——
Quiſar. I know ye are no Coward;
This is the utmoſt trial of your Conſtancy,
And if you ſtand faſt now, I'm yours, your Wife, Sir.
You hold there's nothing dear, that may atchieve me,
Doubted, or dangerous.
Arm. There's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may ſtraight fly to it.
Quiſar. I'll tell you then, change your Religion,
And be of one belief with me.
Arm. How?
Quiſar. Mark.
Worſhip our Gods, renounce that Faith ye're bred in,
('Tis eas'ly done, I'll teach ye ſuddenly;)
And humbly on your Knees ——
Arm. Ha? I'll be hang'd firſt.
Quiſar. Offer as we do.
Arm. To the Devil, Lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the Devil.
(62) To Dogs and Cats? you make offer to them;
To every Bird that flies, and every Worm.
How terribly I ſhake! Is this the Venture?

(62) *To Dogs and Cats? you make offer to them;*] This Line wants a ſupplemental Syllable, and an Alteration in the Pointing, to make it Meaſure and give it a proper Emphaſis: Both which I would remedy thus,

To Dogs and Cats? You make me *offer to them?*

How ſtrong does this appear in Compariſon of that poor flat *hobling*.

You make offer to 'em.

The Trial that you talk'd of? Where have I been?
And how forgot myſelf? how loſt my Memory?
When did I pray, or look up ſtedfaſtly?
Had any Goodneſs in my Heart to guide me?
That I ſhould give this 'vantage to mine Enemy,
The Enemy to my Peace; forſake my Faith?
Quiſar. Come, come, I know ye love me.
Arm. Love ye this way?
This moſt deſtroying way? ſure you but jeſt, Lady.
Quiſar. My Love and Life are one way. *Arm.* Love alone then,
And mine another way, I'll love Diſeaſes firſt,
Doat on a Villain that would cut my Throat,
Wooe all Afflictions of all ſorts, kiſs Cruelty.
Have Mercy Heaven, how have I been wand'ring?
Wand'ring the way of Luſt, and left my Maker?
How have I ſlept like Cork upon a Water,
And had no feeling of the Storm that toſt me?
Trode the blind Paths of Death? forſake Aſſurance,
(63) Eternity of Bleſſedneſs for a Woman?
For a young handſome Face, hazard my Being?
Quiſar. Are not our Powers Eternal, ſo their Comforts?
As great and full of hopes as yours?
Arm. They're Puppets —
Gov. Now mark him, and but obſerve him nearly.
Arm. Their Comforts like themſelves, cold, ſenſeleſs Outſides;
You make 'em ſick, as we are, Peeviſh, Mad,
Subject to Age; and how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themſelves?
Quiſar. The Sun and Moon we worſhip, thoſe are
And their bright Influences we believe. [heav'nly,
Arm. Away Fool.
I adore the Maker of that Sun and Moon,
That gives thoſe Bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their Paths, and taught their Motions;
They're not ſo great as we, they're our Servants,

(63) *Eternity* or *Bleſſedneſs*] Thus run all the Copies except that of 1647, to which we are oblig'd for the preſent reading of this place.

Plac'd

Plac'd there to teach us Time, to give us Knowledge
Of when, and how, the ſwellings of the Main are,
And their returns again; they're but our Stewards
To make the Earth fat, with their influence,
That ſhe may bring forth her increaſe, and feed us.
Shall I fall from this Faith to pleaſe a Woman?
For her Embraces bring my Soul to Ruin?
I look'd you ſhould have ſaid, make me a *Chriſtian*,
Work that great Cure, for 'tis a great one, Woman;
That labour truly to perform, that venture,
The crown of all great Trial, and the faireſt;
I look'd ye ſhould have wept and kneel'd to beg it,
Waſht off your miſt of Ignorance, with Waters
Pure and repentant, from thoſe Eyes; I look'd
You ſhould have brought me your chief God ye worſhip,
He that you offer human Blood and Life to,
(64) And made a ſacrifice of him to Memory,
Beat down his Altars, ruin'd his falſe Temples.

Gov. Now you may ſee.

Quiſar. Take heed, you go too far, Sir,
(And yet I love to hear him,) I muſt have ye,
And to that end I let you ſtorm a little;
I know there muſt be ſome ſtrife in your Boſom
To cool and quiet ye, e'er you can come back;
I know old Friends cannot part ſuddenly,
There will be ſome lett ſtill, yet I muſt have ye,
Have ye of my Faith too, and ſo enjoy ye.

Arm. Now I contemn ye, and I hate my ſelf
For looking on that Face laſciviouſly,
And it looks ugly now methinks.

Quiſar. How, *Portugal?*

Arm. It looks like Death itſelf, to which 'twould lead me;
Your Eyes reſemble pale Deſpair, they fright me,
And in their rounds, a thouſand horrid Ruins,
Methinks I ſee; and in your Tongue hear fearfully
The hideous Murmurs of weak Souls have ſuffer'd;

(64) *And* make *a Sacrifice*] The change of a Letter only, upon which the Senſe of this Paſſage depends, is authoriz'd by the oldeſt Folio.

Get

Get from me, I deſpiſe ye; and know Woman,
That for all this Trap you've laid to catch my Life in,
To catch m' immortal Life, I hate and curſe ye,
Contemn your Deities, ſpurn at their Powers,
And where I (65) meet your *Maumet* Gods, I'll ſwing 'em
Thus o'er my Head, and kick 'em into Puddles;
Nay, I will out of Vengeance ſearch your Temples,
And with thoſe Hearts that ſerve my God, demoliſh
Your ſhambles of wild Worſhips.

Gov. Now, now you hear, Sir.

Arm. I will have my Faith, ſince you are ſo crafty,
The glorious Croſs, although I love your Brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my Devotion,
And let your whole State ſtorm.

King. Enter and take him;
I'm ſorry, Friend, that I am forc'd to do this.

Gov. Be ſure you bind him faſt.

Quiſar. But uſe him nobly.

King. Had it to me been done, I had forgiv'n it,
And ſtill preſerv'd you fair; but to our Gods, Sir——

Quiſar. Methinks I hate 'em now.

King. To our Religion,
To theſe to be thus ſtubborn, thus rebellious,
To threaten them ———

Arm. Uſe all your Violence,
I ask no Mercy, nor repent my Words;
I ſpit at your beſt Powers; I ſerve one
Will give me ſtrength to ſcourge your Gods———

Gov. Away with him.

Arm. To grind 'em into baſe Duſt, and diſperſe 'em,
That never more their bloody Memories ——

Gov. Clap him cloſe up.

King. Good Friend, be cooler.

Arm. Never;
Your painted Siſter I deſpiſe too———

King. Softly.

(65) —— *meet your* Maumet *Gods.*] This is the writing of this word in the old Copy of 1647, in the reſt 'tis thus,
Meet your Mahumet *Gods.*

Arm.

Arm. And all her deviliſh Arts I laugh and ſcorn at,
Mock her blind purpoſes.
King. You muſt be temperate;
Offer him no Violence, I command you ſtrictly.
Gov. Now thou art up, I ſhall have time to ſpeak too.
Quiſar. Oh how I love this Man, how truly honour him! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chriſtophero *and* Pedro, *at one Door*, Emanuel *and* Soza, *at another.*

Chriſt. D'YOU know th' News, Gentlemen?
Ema. Wou'd we knew as well, Sir,
How to prevent it.
Soza. Is this the Love they bear us,
For our late Benefit? taken ſo maliciouſly,
And clapt up cloſe? Is that the thanks they render?
Chriſt. It muſt not be put up thus, ſmother'd ſlightly,
'Tis ſuch a baſe unnatural wrong.
Ped. I know,
They may think to do Wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a Vengeance, out o'th' Iſlands;
But if we be ourſelves, honeſt and reſolute,
And continue but Maſters of our ancient Courages,
Stick cloſe, and give no vantage to their Villanies—
Soza. Nay, if we faint or fall apieces now,
We're Fools, and worthy to be markt for Miſery;
Begin to ſtrike at him, they are all bound to?
To cancel his Deſerts? What muſt we look for,
If they carry this?
Ema. I'll carry Coals then;
I have but one Life, and one Fortune, Gentlemen,
But I'll ſo husband it to vex theſe Raſcals,
Theſe barbarous Slaves.
Chriſt. Shall we go charge 'em preſently?
Soza. No, that will be too weak, and too Fool-hardy,
We muſt have Grounds that promiſe Safety, Friends,

And

And ſure Offence, we loſe our Angers elſe,
And worſe than that, venture our Lives too lightly.

Enter Piniero.

Pin. Did you ſee mine Uncle? Plague o' theſe *Barbarians*,
How the Rogues ſtick i' my Teeth, I know ye're angry,
(So I am too,) monſtrous angry, Gentlemen,
I'm angry, that I choak again.
You hear *Armuſia*'s up, honeſt *Armuſia*,
Clapt up in Priſon, Friends, the brave *Armuſia*;
Here are fine Boys.

Ema. We hope he ſhall not ſtay there.

Pin. Stay? no, he muſt not ſtay, no talk of ſtaying,
Theſe are no Times to ſtay; are not theſe Raſcals?
Speak, I beſeech ye ſpeak, are they not Rogues?
Think ſome abominable Names—— are they not Devils?
But the Devil's a great deal too good for 'em—— fuſty Villains?

Chriſt. They are a kind of Hounds.

Pin. Hounds were their Fathers; [Uncle?
Old Blear-ey'd bob-tail'd Hounds——Lord, where's my

Soza. But what ſhall be done, Sir?

Pin. Done?

Soza. Yes, to relieve him?
If it ben't ſudden they may take his Life too.

Pin. They dare as ſoon take Fire and ſwallow it,
Take Stakes and thruſt into their Tails for Gliſters:
His Life? why 'tis a thing worth all the Iſlands,
And they know will be rated at that value;
His very Impriſonment will make the Town ſtink,
And ſhake and ſtink; I've Phyſick in my Hand for 'em,
Shall give the Goblins ſuch a Purge——

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ped. Your Uncle.

Ruy. I hear ſtrange News, and have been ſeeking ye;
They ſay *Armuſia*'s Priſoner.

Pin. 'Tis moſt certain.

Ruy. Upon what cauſe?

Pin.

Pin. He has deſerv'd too much, Sir;
Th' old Heathen Policy has light upon him,
And paid him home.
Ruy. A moſt unnoble dealing.
Pin. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely,
He had deſerv'd of all.
Ruy. I muſt confeſs it,
Of me ſo nobly too.
Pin. I'm glad to hear it;
You've a time now to make good your Confeſſion,
(Your Faith will ſhew but cold elſe, and for Faſhion)
Now to redeem all, now to thank his Courteſie,
Now to make thoſe believe that held you backward,
And an ill Inſtrument, you are a Gentleman,
An honeſt Man, and you dare love your Nation,
Dare ſtick to Virtue, though ſhe be oppreſt,
And for her own fair ſake, ſtep to her reſcue:
If you live Ages, Sir, and loſe this Hour,
Not now redeem and vindicate your Honour,
Your life will be a Murmur, and no Man in't.
Ruy. I thank ye Nephew; come along with me Gentlemen,
We'll make 'em dancing ſport immediately:
We're Maſters of the Fort yet, we ſhall ſee
What that can do.
Pin. Let it but ſpit Fire finely,
And play their Turrets, and their painted Palaces,
A friſking round or two, that they may trip it,
And caper in the Air.
Ruy. Come, we'll do ſomething
Shall make 'em look about; we'll ſend 'em Plums,
If they ben't too hard for their Teeth.
Pin. And fine Potatoes
Roſted in Gunpowder, ſuch a Banquet, Sir,
We'll prepare their unmannerly Stomachs.
Ruy. They ſhall ſee
There is no ſafe Retreat in Villany;
Come, be high-hearted all.
Omnes. We're all on Fire, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter King and Governor.

King. I am ungrateful, and a Wretch, perſwade me not,
Forgetful of the Mercy he ſhew'd me,
The timely noble Pity——— Why ſhould I
See him faſt bound and fetter'd, whoſe true Courteſie,
Whoſe Manhood, and whoſe mighty Hand ſet me free?
Why ſhould it come from me? why I command this?
Shall not all Tongues and Truths call me unthankful?

Gov. Had the Offence been thrown on you, 'tis certain
It had been in your Power, and your Diſcretion
T' have turn'd it into Mercy, and forgiven it,
And then 't had ſhew'd a virtuous point of Gratitude,
Timely, and nobly ta'en; but ſince the cauſe
Concerns the Honour of our Gods, and their Title,
And ſo tranſcends your Power, and your Compaſſion,
(A little your own Safety, if you ſaw't too,
If your too fond Indulgence did not dazle you,)
It cannot now admit a private Pity;
'Tis in their Wills, their Mercies, or Revenges,
And theſe Revolts in you, ſhew mere Rebellions.

King. They're mild and pitiful.

Gov. To thoſe repent.

King. Their Nature's ſoft and tender.

Gov. To true Hearts,
(66) That feel Compunction for their Treſpaſſes;
This Man defies 'em ſtill, (67) threatens Deſtruction
And Demolition of their Arms and Worſhip,
Spits at their Powers; take heed ye be not found, Sir,
And mark'd a Favourer of their Diſhonour;
They uſe no common Juſtice.

King. What ſhall I do
T' deſerve of this Man?——

Gov. If ye more bemoan him,

(66) The *feel Compunction*———] *That* for *The* is from the old Folio.

(67) ———*threatens Deſtruction*
And Demolition of *their* Arms *and Worſhip,*] I wiſh I had any Authority to alter this Place, and read thus,
And Demolition to *their* Names *and Worſhip.*

Or

Or mitigate your Power to preserve him,
I'll curse ye from the Gods, call up their Vengeance,

Enter Quisara *with her Hands bound*, Quisana *and* Panura.

And fling it on your Land and you, I've charge.
I hope to wrack you all. [*Aside.*

King. What ails my Sister?
Why is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?
Who dares do this?

Quisan. We did it, pardon Sir,
And for her Preservation———She's grown wild,
And raving on the Stranger's Love and Honour,
Sometimes crying out Help, help, they'll torture him,
They'll take his Life, they'll murder him presently.
If we had not prevented violently
Have laid Hands on her own Life.

Gov. These are Tokens
The Gods Displeasure is gone out, be quick,
And e'er it fall, do something to appease 'em.
You know the Sacrifice———I'm glad it works thus.

Quisar. How low and base thou look'st now, that wert noble!
No figure of a King, methinks, shews on you,
No Face of Majesty; foul swarth Ingratitude
Has taken off thy Sweetness, base Forgetfulness
Of mighty Benefits, has turned thee Devil:
Thou'st persecuted Goodness, Innocence,
And laid a hard and violent Hand on Virtue,
On that fair Virtue that should teach and guide us;
Thou'st wrong'd thine own Preserver, whose least Merit,
Pois'd with thy main Estate, thou canst not satisfie,
Nay, put thy Life in too, 'twill be too light still:
What hast thou done?

Gov. Go for him presently,
And once more we'll try if we can win him fairly;
If not, let nothing she says hinder ye, or stir ye;
She speaks distractedly—Do that the Gods command ye.
Do you know what ye say, Lady?

Quisar. I could curse thee too,

Religion

Religion and Severity has steel'd thee, [too,
Has turn'd thy Heart to Stone; thou'st made th' Gods hard
Against their sweet and patient Natures, cruel;
None of ye feel what Bravery ye tread on?
What Innocence? what Beauty?

King. Pray be patient.

Quisar. What honourable things ye cast behind?
What Monuments of Man?

Enter Armusia *and Guard.*

King. Once more, *Armusia*,
Because I love ye tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win ye mine, I wish ye,
Even from my Heart I wish and wooe ye———

Arm. What, Sir?
Take heed how ye perswade me falsly, then ye hate me:
Take heed how ye intrap me.

King. I advise ye,
And tenderly and truly I advise ye,
Both for your Soul's Health, and your Safety——

Arm. Stay,
And name my Soul no more, she is too precious,
Too glorious for your Flatt'ries, too secure too.

Gov. Consider the Reward, Sir, and the Honour
That is prepar'd, the Glory you shall grow to.

Arm. They're not to be consider'd in these Cases,
Not to be nam'd when Souls are questioned;
They're vain and flying Vapours———Touch my Life,
'Tis ready for ye, put it to what Test
'T shall please ye, I am patient; but for th' rest,
You may remove Rocks with your little Fingers,
Or blow a Mountain out o'th' way, with bellows,
As soon as stir my Faith; use no more Arguments.

Gov. We must use Tortures then.

Arm. Your worst and painfull'st
I'm joyful to accept.

Gov. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our Deities
Deliver'd openly, your threats and scornings;
And either your Repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free Conversion to our Customs,

Or

Or equal Puniſhment, which is your Life, Sir.
Arm. I'm glad I have it for ye, take it Prieſt,
And all the Miſeries that ſhall attend it:
Let the Gods glut themſelves with Chriſtian Blood,
It will be ask'd again, and ſo far followed,
So far reveng'd, and with ſuch holy Juſtice,
Your Gods of Gold ſhall melt and ſink before it;
Your Altars and your Temples ſhake to nothing;
And you falſe Worſhippers, blind Fools of Ceremony,
Shall ſeek for holes to hide your Heads, and Fears in,
For Seas to ſwallow you from this Deſtruction,
Darkneſs to dwell about ye, and conceal ye,
Your Mothers Womb again——
Gov. Make the Fires ready,
And bring the ſeveral Tortures out.
Quiſar. Stand faſt, Sir,
And fear 'em not; you that have ſtept ſo nobly
Into this pious Trial, ſtart not now,
Keep on your way, a Virgin will aſſiſt ye,
A Virgin won by your fair Conſtancy,
And glorying that ſhe's won ſo, will die by ye:
I've touch'd ye every way, tried ye moſt honeſt,
Perfect, and good, chaſte, bluſhing-chaſte, and temperate,
Valiant, without Vain-glory, modeſt, ſtayed,
No Rage, or light Affection ruling in you;
Indeed, the perfect School of Worth I find ye,
The Temple of true Honour.
Arm. Whither will ſhe?
What do you infer by this fair Argument, Lady?
Quiſar. Your Faith, and your Religion muſt be like ye;
They that can ſhew you theſe, muſt be pure Mirrors;
When th' Streams flow clear and fair, what are the Fountains?
I do embrace your Faith, Sir, and your Fortune; go on,
I will aſſiſt ye, I feel a Sparkle here,
A lively ſpark that kindles my Affection,
And tells me it will riſe to Flames of Glory:
Let 'em put on their Angers, ſuffer nobly,
Shew me the way, and when I faint, inſtruct me;
And if I follow not——

Arm. Oh bleſſed Lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my Triumph;
(68) Come clap your Terrors on.
Quiſar. All your fell Tortures.
For there is nothing he ſhall ſuffer, Brother,
I ſwear by my new Faith, which is moſt ſacred,
And I will keep it ſo, but I will follow in,
And follow to a ſcruple of Affliction,
In ſpight of all your Gods without Prevention.
Gov. Death! ſhe amazes me.
King. What ſhall be done now?
Gov. They muſt die both,
And ſuddenly, they will corrupt all elſe;
This Woman makes me weary of my miſchief,
She ſhakes me, and ſhe ſtaggers me; go in Sir,
I'll ſee the Execution.
King. Not ſo ſudden:
If they go, all my Friends and Siſters periſh.
Gov. Wou'd I were ſafe at home again.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Arm, arm, Sir,
Seek for Defence, the Caſtle plays and thunders,
The Town rocks and the Houſes fly i'th' Air,
The People die for Fear——Captain *Ruy Dias*
Has made an Oath he will not leave a Stone here,
No, not the Memory, here has ſtood a City,
Unleſs *Armuſia* be deliver'd fairly.
King. I have my Fears; what can our Gods do now for us?
Gov. Be patient,
But keep him ſtill; he's a cure, Sir, againſt
Both Rage and Cannon; go and fortifie,
(69) Call in the Princes, make the Palace ſure,

And

(68) *Come clap your* Terrors *on.*
Quiſar. *All your fell* Tortures.] 'Tis poſſible our Author would not uſe two different Words for the ſame Thing in ſo ſhort a Space, but that either *Terrors* or *Tortures* might occupy both Lines.

(69) *Call in the* Princeſs.——] But what Occaſion to call in her, when ſhe is actually upon the Stage? The confounding of *Prince*, *Princes*,

And let 'em know you are a King; look nobly,
And take you Courage to ye; keep cloſe the Priſoner,
And under command, we are betraid elſe.

Arm. How joyfully I go!

Quiſar. Take my Heart with thee.

Gov. I hold a Wolf by the Ear; now Fortune free me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter four Townſmen.

1 *Townſ.* Heav'n bleſs us, what a thund'ring's here? what Fire-ſpitting?
We can't drink, but our Cans are mall'd amongſt us.

2 *Townſ.* I wou'd they would mall our Scores too; Shame o' their Guns,
I thought they had been Bird-pots, or great Candle-caſes,
How deviliſhly they bounce, and how the Bullets
Borrow a piece of a Houſe here, there another,
And mend thoſe up again with another Pariſh;
Here flies a Powdring-tub, the Meat ready roſted,
And there a Barrel piſſing Vinegar,
And they two over-taking the top of a
High Steeple, newly ſlic'd off for a Sallet.

3 *Townſ.* A vengeance fire 'em.

2 *Townſ.* Nay, they fire faſt enough; you need not help 'em.

4 *Townſ.* Are theſe the *Portugal* Bulls?——
How loud they bellow.

2 *Townſ.* Their Horns are plaguy ſtrong, they puſh down Palaces,
They toſs our little Habitations
Like Whelps, like Grindle-tails, with their Heels upward;
All the Windows i'th' Town dance a new Trenchmore,
'Tis like to prove a bleſſed Age for Glaſiers:

Princes, and *Princeſs* is notorious through this Play: The true Reading here is undoubtedly this,

Call in the Princes,——

So two Pages after, *Panura* tells *Piniero*,

——*the* Princes *are come in too*,

And to confirm it more, the King, a little after that, enters above, and ſays,

Come up Princes.

I met a Hand, and a Letter in't, in great haste,
And by and by, a single Leg running after it,
As if the Arm had forgot part of his Errand;
Heads fly like Foot-balls every where.

1 *Townsf.* What shall we do?

2 *Townsf.* I care not, my Shop's cancell'd,
And all the Pots and earthen Pans in't vanish'd;
There was a single Bullet and they together by the Ears;
You would have thought *Tom Tumbler* had been there,
And all his Troops of Devils.

3 *Townsf.* Let's to th' King,
And get this Gentleman deliver'd handsomely;
By this Hand, there's no walking above Ground else.

2 *Townsf.* By this Leg——let me swear nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe it.
If I were out o'th' Town once, if I came in again to
Fetch my Breakfast, I will give 'em leave to cram me
With a *Portugal* Pudding: Come, let's do any thing
T' appease this Thunder. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Piniero *and* Panura.

Pin. Art sure it was that blind Priest?

Pan. Yes, most certain,
He has provok'd all this; the King is merciful,
And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on still,
And when he cools, enrages him, I know it;
Threatens new vengeance, and the Gods fierce Justice
When he but looks with fair Eyes on *Armusia*,
Will lend him no time to relent; my royal Mistress,
Sh'as entertain'd a *Christian* hope.

Pin. Speak truly.

Pan. Nay, 'tis most true; but Lord! how he lies at her,
And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her,
And I fear, if not speedily prevented,
If she continue stout, both shall be executed.

Pin. I'll kiss thee for this News, nay more, *Panura*,
If thou wilt give me leave I'll get thee with *Christian*,
The best way to convert thee.

Pan. Make me believe so.

Pin. I will y'faith. But which way cam'st thou hither?

The

The Palace is cloſe guarded, and barricado'd.
Pan. I came through a private Vault, which few here know of;
It riſes in a Temple not far hence,
Cloſe by the Caſtle here.
Pin. How—— To what end?
Pan. A good one:
To give ye knowledge of my new-born Miſtreſs,
And in what doubt *Armuſia* ſtands;
Think any preſent means, or hope to ſtop 'em
From their fell ends; the Princes are come in too,
And they are harden'd alſo.
Pin. The damn'd Prieſt——
Pan. Sure he's a cruel Man! methinks Religion
Should teach more temperate Leſſons.
Pin. He the Fire-brand?
He dare to touch at ſuch fair Lives as theirs are?
Well Prophet, I ſhall Propheſie, I ſhall catch ye,
When all your Prophecies will not redeem ye.
(70) Wilt thou do one thing bravely?
Pan. Any good I am able.
Pin. And by thine own white Hand, I'll ſwear thou'rt Virtuous,
And a brave Wench, durſt thou but guide me preſently
Through the ſame Vault thou cam'ſt, into th' Palace,
And thoſe I ſhall appoint, ſuch as I think fit.
Pan. Yes I will do't, and ſuddenly, and truly.
Pin. I'd fain behold this Prophet.
Pan. Now I have ye:
And I ſhall bring ye where ye ſhall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurniſh'd of Defences:
That ſhall be my care; but you muſt not betray me.
Pin. Doſt thou think we're ſo baſe, ſuch Slaves, Rogues?
Pan. I do not:
And you ſhall ſee how fairly I'll work for ye.
Pin. I muſt needs ſteal that Prieſt, ſteal him, and hang him.

(70) *Wilt thou do* any thing *bravely?*] Why the old Reading *one thing* ſhould be diſplac'd for the Modern *any thing*, I ſee no Reaſon at all.

Pan. Do any thing to remove his Miſchief, ſtrangle him———

Pin. Come, prithee Love.

Pan. You'll offer me no foul Play?

The Vault is dark.

Pin. 'Twas well remember'd.

Pan. And ye may———

But I hold ye honeſt.

Pin. Honeſt enough, I warrant thee.

Pan. I'm but a poor weak Wench; and what with th' Place,

And your Perſwaſions, Sir——but I hope you will not;

You know we're often cozen'd.

Pin. If thou doſt fear me,

Why doſt thou put me in mind?

Pan. To let you know, Sir,

Though it be in your Power, and things fitting to it,

Yet a true Gentleman——

Pin. I know what he'll do:

Come and remember me, and I will anſwer thee,

I'll anſwer thee to th' full; we'll call at th' Caſtle,

And then my good Guide, do thy Will; ſha't find me

A very tractable Man.

Pan. I hope I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bakam, Siana, *and Soldiers.*

Bak. Let my Men guard the Gates.

Sya. And mine the Temple,

For fear the Honour of our Gods ſhould ſuffer;

And on your Lives be watchful.

Bak And be valiant;

And let's ſee, if theſe *Portugals* dare enter,

What their high Hearts dare do: Let's ſee how readily

The great *Ruy Dias* will redeem his Countryman;

He ſpeaks proud words, and threatens.

Sya. He's approv'd, Sir,

And will put fair for what he promiſes;

I could wiſh friendlier Terms, yet for our Liberties

And for our Gods, we're bound in our beſt Service

Ev'n in the hazard of our Lives——

Enter

Enter the King above.

King. Come up Princes,
And give your Counſels, and your Helps: The Fort ſtill
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our Buildings,
And turns our People wild with fears. *Bak.* Send for
The Priſoner, and give us leave to argue.
[*Exeunt* Bakam *and* Syana.

Enter Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Chriſtophero, Pedro, *with Soldiers.*

Ruy. Come on nobly,
And let the Fort play ſtill, we're ſtrong enough
To look upon 'em, and return at pleaſure;
It may be on our view they will return him.
Chriſt. We will return 'em ſuch Thanks elſe ſhall make 'em
Scratch where it itches not. *Ema.* How th' People ſtare and
Some cry, ſome pray, and ſome curſe heartily:
But it is the King——

Enter Syana, Bakam, Quiſara, Armuſia, *with Soldiers above.*

Ruy. I cannot blame their Wiſdoms.
They're all above, *Armuſia* chain'd and bound too?
Oh, theſe are thankful Squires.
Bak. Hear us, *Ruy Dias*,
Be wiſe and hear us, and give ſpeedy Anſwer;
Command thy Cannon preſently to ceaſe,
No more to trouble the afflicted People,
Or ſuddenly *Armuſia*'s Head goes off,
As ſuddenly as ſaid.
Ema. Stay, Sir, be moderate.
Arm. Do nothing that's diſhonourable, *Ruy Dias*;
Let not the fear of me, maſter thy Valour;
Purſue 'em ſtill, they are malicious People.
King. Friend, be not deſperate.
Arm. I ſcorn your Courteſies,

Strike when you dare; (71) a fair Aim guide the Gunner,
And may he let fly ſtill with Fortune: Friend,
Do me the Honour of a Soldier's Funerals,
The laſt fair Chriſtian Right, ſee me i'th' Ground,
And let the Palace burn firſt, then the Temples,
And on their ſcorned Gods erect my Monument:
Touch not the Princeſs, as you are a Soldier. [ceſſary.

Quiſar. Which way you go, Sir, I muſt follow ne-
One Life, and one Death.

King. Will you take a Truce yet?

Enter Piniero, Soza, *and Soldiers, with the Governor.*

Pin. No, no, go on: Look here, your God, your Prophet.

King. How came he ta'en?

Pin. I conjur'd for him, King.
I am a ſure Curr at an old blind Prophet.
(72) I'll haunt ye ſuch a falſe Knave admirably,
A Terrier I; I earth'd him, and then ſnapt him.

Soza. Saving the rev'rence of your Grace, we ſtole him,
E'en out of the next Chamber to ye.

Pin. Come, come, begin King,
Begin this bloody matter when you dare;
And yet I ſcorn my Sword ſhould touch the Raſcal,
I'll tear him thus before ye. Ha? What art thou?
[*Pulls his Beard and Hair off.*

King How's this! Art thou a Prophet? *Ruy.* Come down Princes.

King. We are abus'd — Oh moſt dear *Armuſia* —
Off with his Chains. And now my noble Siſter,
Rejoice with me, I know ye're pleas'd as I am.

(71) — *a fair* Arm *guide the Gunner.*] The Reader eaſily ſees that a ſlight Corruption has taken place here, and for

A fair Arm *guide the Gunner,*

We ought to read,

A fair Aim *guide the Gunner.*

Thus in the *Double Marriage*, Act II. *Martia* ſays to the Gunner.

— *noble Gunner, for my Honour,*
Load me but theſe two Minions in the Chape here,
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine Eye and Level *as thy Heart is.*

(72) *I'll haunt ye*] Surely for *haunt*, we ſhou'd here read *hunt.*

Pin.

Pin. This is a precious Prophet. Why Don Governor,
What make you here, how long have you ta'en Orders?
Ruy. Why what a Wretch art thou to work this Miſ-
T'aſſume this holy Shape to ruin Honour, [chief?
Honour and Chaſtity?

Enter King, and all, from above.

Gov. I'd paid you all,
But Fortune plaid the Slut. Come, give me my Doom.
King. I cannot ſpeak for wonder.
Gov. Nay, 'tis I Sir,
And here I ſtay your Sentence.
King. Take her Friend,
(You've half perſwaded me to be a Chriſtian,)
And with her all the Joys, and all the Bleſſings.
Why what Dream have we dwelt in?
Ruy. All Peace to ye,
And all the Happineſs of Heart dwell with ye,
Children as ſweet and noble as their Parents ———
Pin. And Kings at leaſt.
(73) *Arm.* Good Sir, forget my Raſhneſs,
And noble Princes, for I was once Angry,
And out of that, might utter ſome Diſtemper,
Think not it is my Nature.
Sia. Your joy's ours, Sir,
And nothing we find in ye, but moſt noble.
King. To Priſon with this Dog, there let him houl,
And if he can repent, ſigh out his Villanies:
His Iſland we ſhall ſeize into our Hands,

(73) Arm. *Good Sir, forget my Raſhneſs,*
And noble Princeſſes ———] But as there were no more *Princeſſes* than one, certainly 'tis abſurd to ſuppoſe this to be the true reading: The oldeſt Copy has a Lection which I can't condemn.
And noble Princeſs ———
But as *Syana* anſwers in the Name of himſelf, &c. Mr. *Seward* ſuppoſes with me the true Text ought to be
—— *And noble* Princes, *for I once was*, &c.
To which *Syana* replies.
Sia. *Your joy's ours, Sir,*
And nothing we find in you, but moſt noble.

His

His Father and himſelf have both Uſurp'd it,
And kept it by Oppreſſion; the Town and Caſtle,
In which I lay myſelf moſt miſerable,
Till my moſt honourable Friend redeem'd me,
Signior *Piniero*, I beſtow on you;
The reſt of next Command upon theſe Gentlemen,
Upon ye all, my Love.

Arm. Oh brave *Ruy Dias*,
You've ſtarted now beyond me. I muſt thank ye,
And thank ye for my Life, my Wife and Honour.

Ruy. I'm glad I had her for you, Sir.

King. Come Princes,
Come Friends and Lovers all, come noble Gentlemen,
No more Guns now, nor Hates, but Joys and Triumphs,
An univerſal Gladneſs fly about us:
And know however ſubtle Men dare caſt
And promiſe Wrack, the Gods give Peace at laſt.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

POST-

POSTSCIPT.

I Am more and more convinced by hourly Experience, how extremely fallible the Art of Verbal Criticiſm is, ſince, beſides other Qualities, it requires at all times a perfect Attention, which is not the Gift of human Nature. I'm perſuaded therefore if Editors would be more candid to each other, and not ſet an Example of Abuſe and Triumph over thoſe who have left an abſurd Paſſage uncorrected, they would in their turn be more readily excuſed by their Readers when they are found guilty of the ſame Overſights. And that no Man is exempt from them, I need only inſtance in the Numbers of Emendations that have been already and are ſtill making upon *Shakeſpear*. The following Accident gave riſe to this Reflexion at preſent. I was in *London* when this Play was preparing for the Preſs, and tho' I had not my own Copy there, yet I was furniſhed with all the Editions, and it being a favourite Play I ſtudied it with more application than almoſt any one of thoſe which Mr. *Sympſon* had the Publication of, and I flattered myſelf that it would, between us, come out extremely correct: But when I returned home, and happened to look over the old Corrections which I had made ſome Years ago, I found I had miſſed, from mere Inattention, two very obvious and neceſſary ones. The Firſt, *Page* 280 of the preſent Edition, the Poets ſpeaking of dead Bodies embalmed;

——— —— *ſcorning the Earth,*
The ſullen Earth ſhould taint, or ſuck their Beauties.

It is putting a Violence on the Word *ſullen* to make it ſignify *black* or *heavy*, and therefore it cannot, I believe, with Propriety, be made an Epithet to the Earth in this Place: I read therefore, with a very trifling Change in the Letters,

The ſullying *Earth ſhould taint, or ſuck their Beauties.*

The

POSTSCRIPT.

The next Emendation is at *Page* 336. The Governor, in the Character of an old Prieſt, highly extols the Princeſs's Beauty, and then adds,

Nay, do not bluſh, I do not flatter you;
Nor do I dote in telling this; I am amazed, *Lady.*

Amazement at Beauty, tho' it does not neceſſarily imply Dotage, yet often both foreruns and accompanies it, and would certainly be rather a Cauſe why he ſhould than why he ſhould not dote: The moſt natural Reaſon for him to give is,

Nor do I dote in telling this, I am aged, *Lady.*

The only Objection I know to this Reading is, that it departs very much from the Trace of the Letters; but here it may be accounted for: It is well known how common it is both in tranſcribing and printing to have the ſame Word repeated; it ſeems therefore to have happened ſo to the Auxiliary Verb in this Sentence, and that it run in the Author's or Promptor's Copy,

——— *I am* amaged, *Lady.*

This being Nonſenſe, the Change into *amazed* ſeems to be very natural to a common Setter, or Corrector of the Preſs.

Now if in reading this Play ſeveral times, and correcting it with all the Care I could, I miſſed two of the very beſt Emendations which I had made in it not two Years before, how many Errors muſt I ſuppoſe have entirely eſcap'd my Obſervation?

T. Seward.

THE

THE

NOBLE

GENTLEMAN.

A

COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

WIT is become an Antick, and puts on
As many Shapes of Variation,
To court the Time's Applauſe, as the Times dare
Change ſeveral Faſhions; nothing is thought rare
Which is not New, and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worn ſome twenty Years ago
Comes into Grace again, and we purſue
That Cuſtom, by preſenting to your View
A Play in Faſhion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the ſame, if you allow
Worth to their noble Memory, whoſe Name,
Beyond all Power of Death, live in their Fame.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Monſieur Marine, *the Noble Gentleman, but none of the wiſeſt.*
Jaques, *an old Servant to* Marine's *Family.*
Clerimont, *a Gull, Couſin to Monſieur* Marine.
A Gentleman, Servant to Marine's *Wife.*
Longueville, Beaufort. } *Two Courtiers that Plot to abuſe* Marine.
Shattillion, *a Lord, mad for Love.*
Doctor.
Page.
Gentlemen.
Servants.
Duke.

WOMEN.

Marine's *Wife, a witty Wanton.*
Clerimont's *Wife, a ſimple Country Gentlewoman.*
Shattillion's *Miſtreſs, a virtuous Virgin.*
Maria, *Servant to* Marine's *Wife.*

The SCENE, FRANCE.

THE

THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gentleman and Jaques.

GENTLEMAN.

WHAT Happineſs waits on the Life at Court,
What dear Content, Greatneſs, Delight and Eaſe?
What ever-ſpringing Hopes, what tides of Honour?
That raiſe their Fortunes to the height of Wiſhes:
What can be more in Man, what more in Nature,
Than to be great and fear'd? A Courtier,
A noble Courtier. 'Tis a Name that draws
Wonder and Duty from all Eyes and Knees.

Jaq. And ſo your Worſhip's Land within the Walls,
Where you ſhall have it all inclos'd, and ſure.

Gent. Peace, Knave; dull Creature, bred of ſweat and ſmoke,
Theſe Myſteries are far above thy Faith:
But thou ſhalt ſee——

Jaq. And then I ſhall believe;
Your fair Revenues, turn'd into fair Suits;
I ſhall believe your Tenant's bruis'd and rent,

Let her not live to be the Miſtreſs of
A Farmer's Heir, and be confined ever
T' a Searge, far coarſer than my Horſe-Cloth.
Let her have Velvets, Tiffinies, Jewels, Pearls,
A Coach, an Uſher, and her two Lacquies,
And I will ſend my Wife to give her Rules,
And read the Rudiments of Court to her.

Couſ. Sir, I had rather ſend her to *Virginia*,
To help to propagate the *Engliſh* Nation.

Enter Servant.

Gent. Sirrah, how ſlept your Miſtreſs, and what Viſitants
Are to pay Service?

Serv. As I came out,
Two Counts were newly enter'd.

Gent. This is Greatneſs;
But few ſuch Servants wait a Country Beauty.

Couſ. They are the more to thank their Modeſty;
God keep my Wife, and all my Iſſue Female,
From ſuch Upriſings.

Enter Doctor.

Gent. What? My learned Doctor?
You will be welcome, give her Health and Youth,
And I will give you Gold. [*Exit Doctor.*
Couſin, how ſavours this? Is it not ſweet
And very great, taſtes it not of Nobleneſs?

Couſ. Faith, Sir, my Palate is too dull and lazy,
I cannot taſte it, 'tis not for my Reliſh,
But be ſo ſtill.
Since your own Miſery muſt firſt reclaim ye,
To which I leave you, Sir;
(3) If you will yet be happy, leave the Humour
And baſe Subjection to your Wife; be wiſe,

(3) *If you will yet be happy, leave the Humour*
And baſe Subjection to your Wife, —] There ſeems here to be a Darkneſs in the Expreſſion, and 'tis probable that our Authors read thus,
—— *leave* this *Humour,*
Or rather thus,
—— *leave the* Humouring
And baſe &c.

And

And let her know with ſpeed you are her Husband,
I ſhall be glad to hear't. My Horſe is ſent for. [*Exit.*

Gent. Even ſuch another Country thing as this
Was I once, ſuch a Piece of Dirt, ſo heavy,
So provident to heap up Ignorance,
And be an Aſs: Such muſty Cloaths wore I,
So old and Thread-bare; I do yet remember
Divers young Gallants lighting at my Gate,
To ſee my honoured Wife, have offered Pence,
And bid me walk their Horſes; ſuch a Slave
Was I in ſhew then, but my Eyes are open'd.

Enter Gentleman's Wife.

Many ſweet Morrows to my worthy Wife.

Wife. 'Tis well, and aptly giv'n, as much for you;
But to my preſent Buſineſs, which is Mony———

Gent. Lady, I have none left.

Wife. I hope you dare not ſay ſo, nor imagine
So baſe and low a Thought: I have none left?
Are theſe Words fitting for a Man of Worth,
And one of your full Credit? Do you know
The Place you live in? me? and what I labour
For you, and your Advancement?

Gent. Yes, my deareſt.

Wife. And do you pop me off with this ſlight Anſwer,
In troth I have none left? In troth you muſt have——
Nay ſtare not, 'tis moſt true; ſend ſpeedily
To all that love you, let your People fly
Like Thunder through the City, and not return
Under five thouſand Crowns. Try all, take all,
Let not a worthy Merchant be untempted,
Or any one that hath the Name of Mony,
Take up at any Uſe, give Band, or Land,
(4) Or mighty Statutes, able by their Strength
To tye up *Sampſon*, were he now alive.

(4) *Or mighty* Statutes, *&c.*] The Poet means either *Statute Merchant*, or *Statute Staple*, or both. [What the Meaning of theſe Terms are, any Technical Dictionary will inform my Readers.] The Mention of them we find in *Hamlet*, and over and over again in *Ben Johnſon*'s *Staple of News*.

There must be Mony gotten; for be persuaded,
If we fall now, or be but seen to shrink,
Under our fair Beginnings, 'tis our Ruin,
And then good Night to all (but our Disgrace;)
Farewel the Hope of coming Happiness,
And all the Aims (5) we levell'd at so long.
Are ye not mov'd at this? No Sense of want,
Towards yourself yet breeding?
Be old, and common, jaded to the Eyes
Of Grooms, and Pages, Chamber-maids, and Guarders,
And when you have done, put your poor House in order
And hang yourself, for such must be the end
Of him that willingly forsakes his Hopes,
And hath a Joy to tumble to his Ruin.
All that I say is certain, if ye fail
(6) Do not impute me with it, I am clear.

Gent. Now Heav'n forbid I should do Wrong to you,
My dearest Wife, and Madam; yet give leave
To your poor Creature to unfold himself.
You know my Debts are many more than Means,
My Bands not taken in, my Friends at home
Drawn dry with these Expences, my poor Tenants
More full of Want than we; then what new Course
Can I beget to raise those Crowns by? Speak,
And I shall execute.

Wife. Pray tell me true,
Have you not Land in the Country? *Gent.* Pardon me,
I had forgot it.

Wife. Sir, you must remember it,
There is no Remedy; this Land must be

(5) ——*we* levied *at so long.*] Mr. *Theobald* saw with me that this Oversight must take its Birth no where but at the Press; and yet it is upwards of an hundred Years old.

(6) *Do not* upbraid me *with it,*——] What a mighty Difference have we here, betwixt the old and true Reading *impute*, and the modern *upbraid?* 'Tis plain it could be no Mistake of the old Copy which led the Editor of the Edition of 1679, into so different a Reading. No, the Fault was not that the Editor could not see, but that he did not understand; therefore he made short work, and for *impute* gave us *upbraid.* By *impute with* the Poet means to *charge with*, and thus he and the Editor have their own again.

In

In *Paris* ere to Morrow Night. *Gent.* It ſhall,
Let me conſider, ſome three hundred Acres
Will ſerve the Turn.
Wife. 'Twill furniſh at all Points.
Now you ſpeak like yourſelf, and know like him
That means to be a Man; ſuſpect no leſs,
For the Return will give ye five for one;
You ſhall be great to Morrow, I have ſaid it.
Farewel, and ſee this Buſineſs be a-foot,
With Expedition. [*Exit Wife.*
Gent. Health, all Joy, and Honour
Wait on my lovely Wife. What? *Jaques*, *Jaques.*

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Sir, did you call?
Gent. I did ſo, hie thee *Jaques*,
Down to the Bank, and there to ſome good Mercha nt
(Conceive me well, good *Jaques*, and be private)
Offer three hundred Acres of my Land:
Say it is choice and fertile, ask upon it
Five thouſand Crowns, this is the Buſineſs
I muſt employ thee in, be wiſe and ſpeedy.
Jaq. Sir, do not do this.
Gent. Knave, I muſt have Mony.
Jaq. If you have Mony thus, your Knave muſt tell ye, you
Won't have a Foot of Land left; be more wary,
And more Friend to yourſelf; this honeſt Land
Your Worſhip has diſcarded, has been true,
And done you Loyal Service.
Gent. Gentle *Jaques*,
You have a merry Wit, employ it well
About the Buſineſs you have now in Hand.
When ye come back, enquire me in the Preſence,
If not i'th' Tennis-Court, or at my Houſe. [*Exit.*
Jaq. If this Vein hold, I know where to enquire ye.
Five thouſand Crowns! this, with good Husbandry,
May hold a Month out; then five thouſand more,
And more Land a bleeding for't; as many more,
And more Land laid aſide. God and St. *Dennis*
Keep honeſt-minded young Men Batchelors.

'Tis ſtrange, my Maſter ſhould be yet ſo young
A Puppy, that he cannot ſee his Fall,
And got ſo near the Sun. I'll to his Couſin,
And once more tell him of it; if he fail,
Then to my Mortgage, next unto my Sale. [*Exit.*

Enter Longueville, Beauford, *and the Servant.*

Serv. Gentlemen, hold you on Diſcourſe a while,
I ſhall return with Knowledge how and where
Ye ſhall have beſt Acceſs unto my Miſtreſs,
To tender your Devotions. [*Exit.*

Long. Be it ſo:
Now to our firſt Diſcourſe.

Beau. I prithee Peace;
Thou canſt not be ſo bad, (7) or make me know
Such things are living; do not give thy ſelf
So common and ſo idle, ſo open vile,
So great a wronger of thy worth, ſo low;

(7) ——*or make me* know] I once thought the Line faulty, and had alter'd it thus,

——*or make me* trow

i. e. *believe:* But 'tis certainly right as it ſtands. Thus in Sir *Philip Sidney*'s *Arcadia*, Book 1 Page 19. of the Edition of 1674. —*beſeeching her* (Parthenia) *even with Tears, to* know, *that his Love was not ſo ſuperficial as to go no farther than her Skin.* And now I have the *Arcadia* open before me, I will, upon its Authority, endeavour to defend our Authors againſt a Charge of Mr. *Theobald* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, Act III. The Paſſage is this;

——*that in her Eye*
Keeps mounting Fire, and on her tender Cheeks
Inevitable *Colour.*

Inevitable he changes to *inimitable:* But why ſo? *Inevitable* is applied by the Poet here to *Complexion*, as it is by Sir *Philip* in the ſame Book to the *whole Perſon.* Thus Page 54. *Pyrocles*, at the End almoſt of his Love-Tale to *Muſidorus* has theſe Words: *And ſo jealous is ſhe* (Gynecia) *of my Love to her Daughter, that I could never yet begin to open my Mouth to the* inevitable Philoclea, *but that* &c. This ſhews plainly upon what weak Foundations, very often, conjectural Emendations ſtand, and how plauſible ſoever the Alteration may appear, ſtill the Text is to be handled very tenderly, and great care ought to be taken that the Author be not injur'd, when we think we are doing him a kindneſs. And I believe Mr. *Theobald*, were he now living, would as readily have retracted his Opinion in this, as I ſhall be ready to do at any time in any other point, upon being ſhewn my Errors; for I ſhall never be aſham'd to *confeſs myſelf wiſer to Day, than I was Yeſterday.*

I

I cannot, nor I muſt not credit thee.

Long. Now by this Light I am a Whore-maſter,
An open and an excellent Whore-maſter,
And take a ſpecial Glory that I am ſo:
I thank my Stars I am a Whore-maſter,
And ſuch a one as dare be known and ſeen,
And pointed at to be a noble Wencher.

Beau. Do not let all Ears hear this; hark ye, Sir,
I am myſelf a Whore-maſter, I am
Believe it, Sir, (in private be it ſpoken)
I love a Whore directly, moſt Men are
Wenchers, and have profeſt the Science, few Men
That look on ye now, but are Whore-maſters,
Or have a full Deſire to be ſo.

Long. This is noble.

Beau. It is without all Queſtion, being private,
And held as needful as Intelligence;
But being once diſcover'd, blown abroad,
And known to common Senſes, 'tis no more
Than Geometrical Rules in Carpenters,
That only know ſome Meaſure of an Art,
But are not grounded: Be no more deceiv'd,
(8) I have a Conſcience to reclaim you, Sir.
Miſtake me not: I do not bid you leave
Your Whore, or leſs to love her——forbid it,
I ſhould be ſuch a Villain to my Friend,
Or ſo unnatural; 'twas ne'er harbour'd here:
Learn to be ſecret firſt, then ſtrike your Deer.

Long. Your fair Inſtructions, Monſieur, I ſhall learn.

Beau. And you ſhall have them; (9) I deſire your Ear.

Long. They are your Servants,

Beau.

(8) *I have* a *Conſcience to reclaim you, Sir.*] That is, as the Paſſage ſtands, *I have an earneſt Deſire*, or make *it a matter of Conſcience to reclaim you, Sir.* But 'tis not true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis it is not true. No, the whole following Part of the Speech inconteſtably calls upon us to read thus,

I have no *Conſcience to reclaim you, Sir.*
Miſtake me not: &c.

(9) ——— *I deſire your* Care.

Long. *They are your Servants.*] I deſire your *Care*; that is, *I deſire your careful Attendance while I give you my Inſtructions*: This,

Beau. You must not love——
Long. How, Sir?
Beau. I mean a Lady, there is Danger. She hath
An Usher and a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
A Page, a Coach-man, these are fee'd and fee'd,
And yet for all that will be prating.
Long. So.
Beau. You understand me, Sir, they will discover't,
And there's a loss of Credit; Table-talk
Will be the end of this, or worse than that;
Will this be worthy of a Gentleman?
Long. Proceed, good Sir.
Beau. Next, leave your City Dame;
The best of that Tribe are most meerly coy,
Or most extreamly foolish, both which Vices
Are no great stirrers up, unless in Husbands
That owe this Cattle; fearing her that's coy
To be but seeming, her that's (10) Fool too forward.
Long. This is the rarest Fellow, and the soundest,
I mean in Knowledge, that e'er wore a Codpiece,
H'as found out that will pass all *Italy*,
All *France* and *England*, to their Shames I speak,
And to the Griefs of all their Gentlemen,
(11) I'th' noble Theory of Luxury.
Beau. Your Patience,
And I will lay before your Eyes a Course
That I myself found out; 'tis excellent,

This, 'tis true, is good; but what then becomes of
They are *your Servants?*
Here all is Nonsense. In order then to make them both consistent, we should read thus,
I desire your Ear.
To which *Longueville* answers rightly,
They *are your Servants.*
i. e. Not only one, but both my Ears are at your Service.

(10) ——— Tool *too forward*.] *Fool* for *Tool* is from the Copy of 1647.

(11) The *noble Theory*——] Thus the two Folios, which leads us to the true Lection,
I'th' *noble Theory*———
The Copy of 1711 most nonsensically gives it,
To *noble* &c.

Easie,

Eaſie, and full of Freedom.
Long. O good Sir,
You rack me 'till I know it.
Beau. This it is;
When your Deſire is up, your Blood well heated
And apt for ſweet Encounter, chuſe the Night,
And with the Night your Wench, the Streets have ſtore;
There ſeize upon her, get her to your Chamber,
Give her a Cardecue, 'tis royal Payment;
When ye are dull, diſmiſs her, no Man knows,
Nor ſhe herſelf, who hath encountred her.
Long. O, but their Faces!
Beau. Never talk of Faces:
The Night allows her equal with a Dutcheſs.
(12) Imagination doth all; think her fair,
And great, yclad in Velvet, ſhe is ſo;
Sir, I have try'd thoſe, and do find it certain
It never fails me; 'tis but twelve Nights ſince
My laſt Experience. *Long.* O my miching Varlet,
I'll fit ye as I live.
'Tis excellent, I'll be your Scholar, Sir.

Enter Lady and Servant.

Wife. You are fairly welcome both; troth, Gentlemen,
You have been Strangers, I could chide you for't,
And task you with Unkindneſs. What's the News?
The Town was never empty of ſome Novelty:
Servant, what's your Intelligence?
Ser. Faith nothing.
I have not heard of any worth relating.
Beau. Nor I, ſweet Lady.
Long. Then give me Attention:
Monſieur *Shattillion*'s mad.

(12) *Imagination doth all think her fair,*
And great, clapt *in Velvet, ſhe is ſo;*] This lively Speech has been quite ſpoiled by a corrupt Pointing, and a ſtill more corrupt Reading: The want of a Syllable in the ſecond Verſe, aſſiſts in guiding us to the true one, *viz.*

Imagination doth all; think her fair
And great, yclad *in Velvet, ſhe is ſo.*

Mr. *Seward.*

Wife.

Wife. Mad?

Long. Mad as *May* Butter,
And which is more, mad for a Wench. *Lady.* 'Tis ſtrange,
And full of Pity. *Long.* All that comes a near him
He thinks are come of purpoſe to betray him,
Being full of ſtrange Conceit: The Wench he lov'd
Stood very near the Crown.

Lady. Alas, good Monſieur;
A' was a proper Man, and fair demean'd,
A Perſon worthy of a better Temper.

Long. He is ſtrong opinion'd, that the Wench he lov'd
Remains cloſe Priſoner by the King's Command,
Fearing her Title; when the poor griev'd Gentlewoman
Follows him much lamenting, and much loving,
In hope to make him well; he knows her not,
Nor any elſe that comes to viſit him.

Lady. Let's walk in Gentlemen, and there diſcourſe
His further Miſeries; you ſhall ſtay Dinner,
In truth you muſt obey.

Omnes. We are your Servants. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Couſin.

Couſ. There's no good to be done, no Cure to be wrought
Upon my deſp'rate Kinſman: I'll to Horſe
And leave him to the Fool's whip, Miſery.
I ſhall recover twenty Miles this Night;
My Horſe ſtands ready, I'll away with Speed.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Sir, may I crave your Name?

Couſ. Yes, Sir, you may:
My Name is *Clerimont.*

Shat. 'Tis well, your Faction?
What Party knit you with?

Couſ. I know no Parties,
Nor no Factions, Sir.

Shat. Then wear this Croſs of white:
And where you ſee the like, they are my Friends,
Obſerve them well, the time is dangerous.

Couſ.

Couſ. Sir, keep your Croſs, I'll wear none; ſure this Fellow
Is much beſide himſelf, grown mad.
Shat. A Word, Sir;
You can pick nothing out of this, this Croſs
Is nothing but a Croſs, a very Croſs,
Plain, without Spell, or Witchcraft, ſearch it;
You may ſuſpect, and well, there's Poiſon in't,
Powder, or Wild-fire, but 'tis nothing ſo.
Couſ. I do believe you, Sir, 'tis a plain Croſs.
Shat. Then do your worſt, I care not, tell the King,
Let him know all this, as I'm ſure he ſhall;
When you have ſpit your Venom, then will I
Stand up a faithful and a loyal Subject,
And ſo God ſave his Grace; this is no Treaſon.
Couſ. He is *March* mad; farewel, Monſieur.
[*Exit Couſin.*
Shat. Farewel;
I ſhall be here attending, 'tis my Life
They aim at, there's no way to ſave it; well
Let 'em ſpread all their Nets, they ſhall not draw me
Into any open Treaſon; I can ſee,
And can beware, I have my Wits about me,
I thank Heav'n for't.

Enter Love.

Love. There he goes,
That was the faireſt hope the *French* Court bred,
The worthieſt and the ſweeteſt temper'd Spirit,
The trueſt, and the valianteſt, the beſt of Judgment,
Till moſt unhappy I ſever'd thoſe Virtues,
And turn'd his Wit wild with a coy denial,
Which Heav'n forgive me; and be pleas'd, O Heav'n,
To give again his Senſes, that my Love
May ſtrike off all my Follies.
Shat. Lady.
Love. I, Sir.
Shat. Your Will with me, ſweet Lady.
Love. Sir, I come———
Shat. From the dread Sovereign King, I know it, Lady;

He

He is a gracious Prince, long may he live:
Pertain you to his Chamber?
Lov. No indeed, Sir,
That Place is not for Women: Do you know me?
Shat. Yes, I do know you.
Lov. What's my Name? pray you ſpeak.
Shat. That's all one, I do know you and your buſineſs;
You are diſcover'd, Lady, I am wary,
It ſtands upon my Life; pray you excuſe me,
The beſt Man of this Kingdom ſent you hither,
To dive into me; have I touch'd you? ha?
Love. You are deceiv'd, Sir, I come from your Love,
That ſends you fair commends, and many kiſſes.
Shat. Alas, poor Soul, how does ſhe? Is ſhe living?
Keeps ſhe her Bed ſtill?
Love. Still, Sir, ſhe is living,
And well, and ſhall do ſo.
Shat. Are ye in Counſel?
Love. No, Sir, nor any of my Sex.
Shat. Why ſo,
If you had been in Counſel, you would know
Her time to be but ſlender; ſhe muſt die.
Love. I do believe it, Sir.
Shat. And ſuddenly,
She ſtands too near a Fortune.
Love. Sir?
Shat. 'Tis ſo,
There is no jeſting with a Prince's Title;
Would we had both been born of common Parents,
And liv'd a private and retir'd life
In homely Cottage, we had then enjoy'd
Our Loves, and our Embraces, theſe are things
That cannot tend to Treaſon——
Love. I am wretched.
Shat. O, I pray as often for the King as any,
And with as true Heart, for's continuance;
And do moreover pray his Heirs may live,
And their fair Iſſues; then as I am bound
For all the States and Commons; if theſe Prayers
Be any ways Ambitious, I ſubmit,

And

And lay my Head down, let 'em take it off;
You may inform againſt me, but withal
Remember my Obedience to the Crown,
And Service to the State.
Love. Good Sir, I love ye.
(13) *Shat.* Then love the gracious King, and ſay with me——
Heav'n ſave his Grace.
Love. Heav'n ſave his Grace.
Shat. This is ſtrange——
A Woman ſhould be ſent to undermine me,
And buz Love into me to try my Spirit;
Offer me Kiſſes, and enticing Follies,
To make me open and betray myſelf;
It was a ſubtle and a dangerous Plot,
And very ſoundly followed; farewel, Lady,
Let me have equal hearing, and relate
I am an honeſt Man. Heav'n ſave the King. [*Exit.*
Love. I'll never leave him, 'till by Art or Prayer,
I have reſtor'd his Senſes; if I make
Him perfect Man again, he's mine, 'till when,
I here abjure all loves of other Men. [*Exit.*

Enter Couſin, and Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, good Sir be perſwaded, go but back,
And tell him he's undone, ſay nothing elſe;
And you ſhall ſee how things will work upon't.
Cou. Not ſo; good *Jaques*, I am held an Aſs,
A Country Fool, good to converſe with Dirt,
And eat courſe Bread, wear the worſt Wooll,
Know nothing but the High-way to *Paris*:
And wouldſt thou have me bring theſe Stains
And Imperfections to the riſing view
Of the right worſhipful thy worthy Maſter?

(13) Shat. *Then love the gracious King, and ſay with me——*
Love. *Heav'n ſave his Grace.*] But may we not reaſonably ask, How could his *Love* know what he would ſay, till he himſelf had ſaid it? And if ſo, then we ſhould ſurely read thus,
——— *then ſay with me*
Heav'n ſave his Grace.
Love. Heav'n ſave his Grace.

They

(14) They muſt be bright, and ſhine, their Cloaths
Soft Velvet, and the *Tyrian* Purple,
Like the *Arabian* Gums, hung like the Sun,
Their Golden Beams on all ſides;
Such as theſe may come and know
Thy Maſter, I am baſe, and dare not ſpeak unto him,
He's above me.

Jaq. If ever you did love him, or his State,
His Name, his Iſſue, or yourſelf, go back:
'Twill be an honeſt and a noble part

(14) *They muſt be bright, and ſhine, their Cloaths*
Soft Velvet, and the Tyrian *Purple,*
Like the Arabian *Gums,* hung *like the Sun,*
Their Golden Beams on all ſides;
Such as theſe &c.] This whole Speech, which is one of theſe few in this Play that breathe the Spirit of our Authors, has been utterly ſpoil'd in its Meaſure, and greatly in its Senſe. I ſhall venture to add what the Context ſeems evidently to require, and as the ſame Words ſupply both Defects there is a double Proof of their being the Original ones.

They muſt be bright and ſhine, their Cloaths ſoft Velvet
And of the Tyrian *Purple; they muſt ſmell*
Like the Arabian *Gums,* hurl *like the Sun*
Their golden Beams on all ſides; ſuch as theſe &c.

The Change of *hung* to *hurl* is abſolutely neceſſary to the Senſe, unleſs *fling*, which gives the ſame Idea tho' not ſo ſtrongly, may contend with it. Mr. *Seward.*

My Readers I dare ſay, by this time, are as full of Admiration, as I myſelf was, at the firſt reading of this very ingenious Supplement of Mr. *Seward*; and I wiſh my Admiration and Approbation could attend each other. That the Lines are deficient in their Meaſure is an Objection no way material, the Poets here, as well as in a thouſand Places beſide, not being ſo ſollicitous to run *metrically*, as to paint *ſtrongly*. That the Place is hurt in its Senſe I can eaſily allow, but I would go another and a ſhorter way to work to remedy that Misfortune, than my ingenious Friend has done. In few, I would read thus.

They muſt be bright and ſhine,
Their Cloaths ſoft Velvet and the Tyrian *Purple,*
Like the Arabian Gem-hung. *like the Sun*
Their Golden Beams on all ſides.

The *Arabians* were remarkable for being adorn'd with Jewels, and the *Orientals* at this Day are as paſſionately fond of being trick'd up with glittering Stones, whether Diamonds or Glaſs, as the *French*, our Neighbours, of being daub'd with Lace.

Worthy

Worthy a Kinſman; (15) ſave three Hundred Acres
From preſent Execution; they've had Sentence,
And cannot be repriev'd, be merciful.

Cou. Have I not urg'd already all the Reaſons
I had, to draw him from his Will? his Ruin?
But all in vain, no Counſel will prevail;
H'as fixt himſelf, there's no removing, *Jaques*,
'Twill prove but Breath and Labour ſpent in vain;
I'll to my Horſe, farewel.

Jaq. For God's ſake, Sir,
As ever you have hope of Joy, turn back;
I'll be your Slave for ever, do but go,
And I will lay ſuch fair Directions to you,
That if he be not doting on his Fall,
He ſhall recover ſight, and ſee his Danger;
And ye ſhall tell him of his Wife's abuſes,
(I fear, too foul againſt him;) how ſhe plots,
With our young Monſieurs, to Milk-dry her Husband,
And lay it on their Backs; the next her Pride;
Then what his Debts are, and how infinite
The Curſes of his Tenants; this will work,
I'll pawn my Life and Head, he cries Away,
I'll to my Houſe in the Country. *Couſ.* Come, I'll go,
And once more try him, if he yield not, ſo;
The next that tries him ſhall be Want and Woe.

[*Exeunt.*

(15) —— ſave *three Hundred Acres*
From preſent Execution; they've had Sentence,
And cannot be repriev'd, *be merciful.*] But how muſt they be *ſav'd* if they cannot be *repriev'd?* Wou'd not one imagine then our Authors wrote,

And cannot be reprieved elſe; *be merciful.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gentleman *solus.*

Gent. JAQUES.

Jaq. [*within.*] Sir.

Gent. Riſe, *Jaques*, 'tis grown Day;
The Country Life is beſt, where quietly,
Free from the Clamour of the troubled Court,
We may enjoy our own green ſhadow'd Walks,
And keep a moderate Diet without Art.
Why did I leave my Houſe and bring my Wife,
To know the manner of this ſubtle place?
I would, when firſt the luſt to Fame and Honour
Poſſeſt me, I had met with any evil,
But that; had I been tied to ſtay at home,
And earn the Bread for the whole Family
With my own Hand, how happy had I been.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Sir, this is from your wonted Courſe at home:
When did ye there keep ſuch inordinate Hours?
Go to Bed late? ſtart thrice? and call on me?
Would you were from this place; our Country Sleeps,
Although they were but of that moderate Length
That might maintain us in our daily Work,
Yet were they ſound and ſweet. *Gent.* Ay, *Jaques*, there
We dreamt not of our Wives, we lay together,
And needed not:—Now at length my Couſin's Words,
So truly meant, mixt with thy timely Prayers
So often urged, to keep me at my home,
Condemn me quite.

Jaq. 'Twas not your Father's Courſe:
He liv'd and dy'd in *Orleance*, where he had
His Vines as fruitful as Experience
(Which is the Art of Husbandry) could make;
He had his Preſſes for 'em, and his Wines
Were held the beſt, and out-ſold other Mens;
His Corn and Cattle ſerv'd the Neighbour Towns

With

With plentiful Proviſion, yet his Thrift
Could miſs one Beaſt amongſt the Herd; he rul'd
More where he liv'd, than ever you will here.
Gent. 'Tis true; why ſhould my Wife then, 'gainſt my good
Perſwade me to continue in this Courſe?
Jaq. Why did you bring her hither? At the firſt,
Before you warm'd her Blood with new Delights,
Our Country Sports could have contented her;
When you firſt married her, a Puppet-play
Pleas'd her as well as now the Tilting doth.
She thought herſelf brave in a Bugle-chain,
Where Orient Pearl will ſcarce content her now.
Gent. Sure, *Jaques*, ſhe ſees ſomething for my good
More than I do; ſhe oft will talk to me
Of Offices, and that ſhe ſhortly hopes,
By her Acquaintance with the Friends ſhe hath,
To get a Place ſhall many times outweigh
Our great Expences, and if this be ſo———
Jaq. Think better of her Words, ſhe doth deceive you,
And only for her vain and ſenſual Ends
Perſwade ye thus. Let me be ſet to dwell
For ever naked in the bareſt Soil,
So you will dwell from hence.
Gent. I ſee my Folly,
Pack up my Stuff, I will away this Morn.
Haſte—— haſte.
Jaq. Ay, now I ſee your Father's Honours
Trebling upon you, and the many Prayers.
The Country ſpent for him, (which almoſt now
Begun to turn to Curſes,) turning back,
And falling like a mighty Shower upon ye.
Gent. (16) Go, call up my Wife.
Jaq. But ſhall ſhe not prevail,
And ſway you, as ſhe oft hath done before?
Gent. I will not hear her, but rail on her,
'Till I be ten Miles off.

(16) So the Edition of 1647. The reſt thus,
Go, call my Wife.

Jaq. If you be forty,
'Twill not be worſe, Sir.
Gent. Call her up.
Jaq. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*
Gent. Why, what an Aſs was I, that ſuch a thing
As a Wife is could rule me? Know not I
That Woman was created for the Man?
That her Deſires, nay all her Thoughts ſhould be
As his are? Is my Senſe reſtor'd at length?
Now ſhe ſhall know, that which ſhe ſhould deſire,
She hath a Husband that can govern her,

Enter Wife.

If her Deſires lead me againſt my Will.
Are you come?
Wife. What ſad unwonted Courſe
Makes you raiſe me ſo ſoon, that went to Bed
So late laſt Night? *Gent.* O you ſhall go to Bed
Sooner hereafter, and be rais'd again
At thrifty Hours: In Summer-time we'll walk
An Hour after Supper, and to Bed;
In Winter you ſhall have a ſet at Cards,
And ſet your Maids to work.
Wife. What do you mean?
Gent. I will no more of your new Tricks, your Honours,
Your Offices and all your large Preferments,
Which ſtill you beat into my Ears, hang o'er me.
I'll leave behind for others, the great Sway
Which I ſhall bear at Court: my living here
With Countenance of your honoured Friends,
I'll be content to loſe: for you ſpeak this
Only that you may ſtill continue here
In wanton Eaſe: and draw me to conſume,
In Clothes and other Things for idle ſhew,
That which my Father got with honeſt Thrift.
Wife. Why, who hath been with you, Sir, that you talk
Thus out of Frame. *Gent.* You make a Fool of me:
You provide one to bid me forth to Supper,
And make me promiſe; then muſt ſome one or other
Invite you forth; if you have born yourſelf

Looſely

Loosely to any Gentleman in my sight,
At home, you ask me how I like the Carriage,
Whether it were not rarely for my good,
And open'd not a way to my Preferment?
Come, I perceive all: talk not, we'll away.
Wife. Why, Sir, you'll stay 'till the next Triumph-Day
Be past? *Gent.* Ay, you have kept me here triumphing
This seven Years; and I have ridden through the Streets,
And bought embroyder'd Hose and Foot-clothes too:
To shew a Subject's Zeal, I rode before
In this most gorgeous Habit, and saluted
All the Acquaintance that I could espy
From any Window; these are ways ye told me
To raise me; I see all: make you ready straight,
And in that Gown which you came first to Town in,
Your Safe-guard, Cloke, and your Hood suitable,
Thus on a double Gelding shall you amble,
And my Man *Jaques* shall be set before you.
Wife. But will you go?
Gent. I will.
Wife. And shall I too?
Gent. And you shall too.
Wife. But shall I, by this Light?
Gent. Ay, by this Light you shall.
Wife. Then by this Light
You have no care of your Estate and mine.
Have we been seven Years venturing in a Ship,
And now upon return, with a fair Wind,
And a calm Sea, full fraught with our own Wishes,
Laden with Wealth and Honour to the brim,
And shall we fly away, and not receive it?
Have we been Tilling, Sowing, Labouring,
With Pain and Charge a long and tedious Winter,
And when we see the Corn above the Ground,
Youthful as is the Morn, and the full Ear,
That promises to stuff our spacious Garners,
Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?
Gent. Wife, talk no more, your Rhetorick comes too late,
I am inflexible; and how dare you
Adventure to direct my Course of Life?

Was not the Husband made to rule the Wife?
Wife. 'Tis true; but where the Man doth miſs his Way,
It is the Woman's part to ſet him right;
So Fathers have a Power to guide their Sons
In all their Courſes, yet you oft have ſeen
Poor little Children, that have both their Eyes,
Lead their blind Fathers.
Gent. Sh'as a plaguy Wit;
I ſay you're but a little piece of Man.
Wife. But ſuch a piece, as being ta'en away,
Man cannot laſt: The faireſt and talleſt Ship,
That ever ſail'd, is by a little piece
Of the ſame Wood, ſteer'd right, and turn'd about.
Gent. 'Tis true ſhe ſays, her Anſwers ſtand with Reaſon.
Wife. But, Sir, your Couſin put this in your Head,
Who is an Enemy to your Preferment,
Becauſe I ſhould not take place of his Wife;
Come, by this Kiſs, thou ſhalt not go Sweet-heart.
Gent. Come, by this Kiſs, I will go Sweet-heart,
On with your riding Stuff; I know your Tricks,
And if Preferment fall ere you be ready
'Tis welcome, elſe adieu the City-Life.
Wife. Well, Sir, I will obey.
Gent. About it then.
Wife. To pleaſe your Humour, I would dreſs myſelf
In the moſt loathſom Habit you could name,
Or travel any whither o'er the World,
If you command me; it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
The frailty of a Woman, whoſe weak Mind
Is often ſet on looſe Delights, and Shews,
Hath drawn her Husband to conſume his State,
In the vain Hope of that which never fell.
Gent. About it then, Women are pleaſant Creatures,
When once a Man begins to know himſelf.
Wife. But hark you, Sir, becauſe I will be ſure,
You ſhall have no Excuſe, no Word to ſay
In your Defence hereafter; (when you ſee
What Honours were prepar'd for you and me,
Which you thus willingly have thrown away,)
I tell you I did look for preſent Honour,

This

This Morning for you, which I know had come:
But if they do not come ere I am ready
(Which I will be the ſooner left they ſhould)
When I am once ſet in a Country Life,
Not all the Power of Earth ſhall alter me,
Not all your Prayers or Threats ſhall make me ſpeak
The leaſt Word to my honourable Friends,
To do you any Grace.

Gent. I will not wiſh it.

Wife. And never more hope to be honourable.

Gent. My Hopes are lower.

Wife. As I live you ſhall not.
You ſhall be ſo far from the Name of Noble,
That you ſhall never ſee a Lord again;
You ſhall not ſee a Mask, or Barriers,
Or Tilting, or a ſolemn Chriſtning,
Or a great Marriage, or new Fire-works,
Or any Bravery; but you ſhall live
At home, beſpotted with your own lov'd Dirt,
In ſcurvy Clothes, as you were wont to do,
And to content you, I will live ſo too.

Gent. 'Tis all I wiſh, make haſte, the Day draws on,
'T ſhall be my Care to ſee your Stuff packt up.

Wife. 'T ſhall be my Care to gull you; you ſhall ſtay,
[*Exit Gentleman.*
And more than ſo, intreat me humbly too;
You ſhall have Honours preſently. *Maria!*

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam.

Wife. Bring hither Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Mar. 'Tis here.

Wife. Your Maſter will not ſtay,
Unleſs Preferment come within an Hour.

Mar. Let him command one of the City Gates,
In time of Mutiny, or you may provide him
To be one of the Council, for invading
Some ſavage Country to plant Chriſtian Faith.

Wife. No, no, I have it for him, call my Page:
[*Exit* Maria.

Now, my dear Husband, there it is will fit you.
And when the World ſhall ſee what I have done,
Let it not move the Spleen of any Wife,
To make an Aſs of her beloved Husband,
Without good Ground; but if they will be drawn
To any Reaſon by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themſelves,
And be fine Gentlemen, have no Mercy,
Publiſh them to the World, 'twill do them good
When they ſhall ſee their Follies underſtood.

Enter Page.

Go bear theſe Letters to my Servant,
And bid him make haſte, I will dreſs myſelf
In all the Journey-Clothes I us'd before,
Not to ride, but to make the Laughter more. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentleman and Jaques.

Gent. Is all packt up?
Jaq. All, all, Sir, there is no Tumbler
Runs through his Hoop with more Dexterity,
Than I about this Buſineſs: 'Tis a Day,
That I've long long'd to ſee——
Gent. Come, where's my Spurs?
Jaq. Here, Sir; and now 'tis come——
Gent. Ay, *Jaques*, now,
I thank my Fates, I can command my Wife.
Jaq. I'm glad to ſee it, Sir.
Gent. I don't love, always
To be made a Puppy, *Jaques*.
Jaq. But yet methinks your Worſhip does not look,
Right like a Country Gentleman. *Gent.* I will;
Give me my t'other Hat. *Jaq.* Here. *Gent.* So, my Jerkin.
Jaq. Yes, Sir.
Gent. On with it, *Jaques*, thou and I
Will live ſo finely in the Country, *Jaques*,
And have ſuch pleaſant Walks into the Woods
A Mornings, and then bring home riding Rods,
And walking Staves——

Jaq.

Jaq. And I will bear them, Sir,
And Scourge-ſticks for the Children.
Gent. So thou ſhalt;
And thou ſhalt do all, overſee my Work-folks,
And at the Week's End pay 'em all their Wages.
Jaq. I will, Sir, ſo your Worſhip give me Mony.
Gent. Thou ſhalt receive all too; give me my Drawers.
Jaq. They're ready, Sir.
Gent. And I will make thy Miſtreſs,
My Wife, look to her Landry, and her Dairy,
That we may have our Linen clean on Sundays.
Jaq. And Holy-days.
Gent. Ay, and ere we walk about the Grounds
Provide our Breakfaſt.
Or ſhe ſhall ſmoke; I'll have her a good Huſwife:
She ſhall not make a Voyage to her Siſters,
But ſhe ſhall live at home,
And feed her Pullen fat, and ſee her Maids
In Bed before her, and lock all the Doors.
Jaq. Why, that will be a Life for Kings and Queens.
Gent. Give me my Scarf with the great Button quickly.
Jaq. 'Tis done, Sir.
Gent. Now my Mittens.
Jaq. Here they are, Sir.
Gent. 'Tis well; now my great Dagger.
Jaq. There.
Gent. Why ſo; thus it ſhould be, now my riding Rod.
Jaq. There's nothing wanting, Sir.
Gent. Another, Man, to ſtick under my Girdle.
Jaq. There it is.
Gent. All is well.
Jaq. Why now, methinks, your Worſhip looks
Like to yourſelf, a Man of Means and Credit;
So did your grave and famous Anceſtors
Ride up and down to Fairs, and cheapen Cattle.
Gent. Go, haſten your Miſtreſs, Sirrah.
Jaq. It ſhall be done. [*Exit* Jaques.

Enter Servant and Page.

Ser. Who's that? Who's that, Boy?

Page.

Page. I think it be my Maſter.

Ser. Who, he that walks in gray, whisking his Riding-Rod?

Page. Yes, Sir, 'tis he.

Ser. 'Tis he indeed, he is prepar'd
For his new Journey; when I wink upon you,
Run out and tell the Gentleman 'tis time ——
Monſieur, good Day.

Gent. Monſieur, your Miſtreſs is within, but yet not ready.

Ser. My Buſineſs is with you, Sir; 'tis reported,
I know not whether by ſome Enemy
Maliciouſly, that envies your great Hopes,
And would be ready to ſow Diſcontents
Betwixt his Majeſty and you, or truly,
(Which on my Faith I would be ſorry for,)
That you intend to leave the Court in haſte.

Gent. Faith, Sir, within this half Hour. *Jaques!*

Jaques. [*within*] Sir?

Gent. Is my Wife ready?

Jaq. Preſently.

Ser. But, Sir,
I needs muſt tell you, as I am your Friend,
You ſhould have ta'en your Journey privater,
For 'tis already blaz'd about the Court.

Gent. Why, Sir, I hope it is no Treaſon, is it?

Ser. 'Tis true, Sir, but (17) 'tis grown the common Talk,
There's no Diſcovery elſe held, and in the Preſence
All the Nobility and Gentry
(18) Have nothing in their Mouths but only this,
Monſieur *Marine*, that noble Gentleman,

(17) —— *'tis grown the common Talk,*
There's no Diſcovery *elſe held,*] If our *Monſieur* had made his Retirement into the Country a Secret, or had endeavoured to conceal it from the World, *Diſcovery* might have ſtood fair for being a good Word; but as this does not appear, 'tis poſſible we ſhould read with a little Alteration thus:

—— *'tis grown the common Talk,*
There's no Diſcourſe *held elſe.*

(18) Having *nothing*,] This blundering Reading only runs through the Edition of 1711.

Is

Is now departing hence; ev'ry Man's Face
Looks ghaſtly on his Fellows; ſuch a Sadneſs
(Before this Day) I ne'er beheld in Court;
Mens Hearts begin to fail them when they hear it,
In Expectation of the great Event
That needs muſt follow it; pray Heav'n 't be good!
Gent. Why, I had rather all their Hearts ſhould fail,
Than I ſtay here until my Purſe fail me.
Ser. But yet you are a Subject, and beware,
I charge you by the Love I bear to you,
How you do venture raſhly on a Courſe,
To make your Sovereign jealous of your Deeds;
For Princes Jealouſies, where they love moſt,
Are eaſily found, but they be hardly loſt.
Gent. Come, theſe are Tricks, I ſmell 'em, I will go.
Ser. Have I not ſtill profeſt myſelf your Friend?
Gent. Yes, but you never ſhew'd it to me yet.
Ser. But now I will, becauſe I ſee you wiſe,
And give me thus much Light into a Buſineſs,
That came to me but now, be reſolute,
Stand ſtifly to it that you will depart,
And preſently.
Gent. Why ſo I mean to do.
Ser. And by this Light you may be what you will;
Will you be ſecret, Sir?
Gent. Why? what's the Matter?
Ser. The King does fear you.
Gent. How?
Ser. And 's now in Counſel.
Gent. About me?
Ser. About you; and you be wiſe,
You'll find he's in Counſel about you.
His Counſellors have told him all the Truth.
Gent. What Truth?
Ser. Why, that which now he knows too well.
Gent. What is't?
Ser. That you have follow'd him ſev'n Years
With a great Train; and though he have not grac'd you,
Yet you have div'd into the Hearts of thouſands,
With Liberality and noble Carriage;

And

And if you ſhould depart home unpreferr'd,
All diſcontented and ſeditious Spirits
Would flock to you, and thruſt you into Action:
With whoſe Help, and your Tenants, who doth not know
(If you were ſo diſpos'd) how great a Part
Of this yet fertile peaceful Realm of *France*
You might make deſolate? But when the King
Heard this ——

Gent. What ſaid he?

Ser. Nothing, but ſhook,
As never Chriſtian Prince did ſhake before.
And, to be ſhort, you may be what you will.
But be not too ambitious, Sir; ſit down
With mod'rate Honours, leſt you make yourſelf
More fear'd.

Gent. I know, Sir, what I have to do
In mine own Buſineſs.

Enter Long-ville.

Long. Where's Monſieur *Mount Marine?*

Ser. Why there he ſtands: will you ought with him?

Long. Yes: Good Day, Monſieur *Marine.*

Gent. Good Day to you.

Long. His Majeſty doth recommend himſelf
Moſt kindly to you, Sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this Favour: Kneel down, riſe a Knight.

Gent. I thank his Majeſty. *Long.* And he doth further
Requeſt you not to leave the Court ſo ſoon,
For though your former Merits have been ſlighted,
After this Time there ſhall no Office fall
Worthy your Spirit, (as he doth confeſs
There's none ſo great,) but you ſhall ſurely have it.

Ser. D'you hear? If you yield yet you are an Aſs.

Gent. I'll ſhew my Service to his Majeſty
In greater Things than theſe; but for this ſmall one
I muſt intreat his Highneſs to excuſe me.

Long. I'll bear your Knightly Words unto the King,
And bring his princely Anſwer back again. [*Exit* Long.

Ser. Well ſaid, be reſolute a while, I know
There is a Tide of Honours coming on:
I warrant you. *Enter*

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Where is this new-made Knight?
Gent. Here, Sir.
Bew. Let me enfold you in my Arms,
Then call you Lord, the King will have it ſo;
Who doth entreat your Lordſhip to remember
His Meſſage ſent to you by *Longueville.*
Ser. (19) If ye be dirty, and dare n't mount aloft,
You may yield now; I know what I would do.
Gent. Peace, I will fit him; tell his Majeſty
I am a Subject, and I do confeſs
I ſerve a gracious Prince, that thus hath heap'd
Honours on me without deſert; but yet
As for the Meſſage Buſineſs urgeth me,
I muſt be gone, and he muſt pardon me
Were he ten thouſand Kings and Emperors.
Bew. I'll tell him ſo.
Ser. Why, this was like yourſelf.
Bew. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the fineſt Fellow
That e'er was *Chriſtmas*-Lord; he carries it
So truly to the Life, as though he were
One of the Plot to gull himſelf. [*Ex.* Bewford.] *Ser.* Why ſo,
You ſent the wiſeſt and the ſhrewdeſt Anſwer
Unto the King, I ſwear, my honour'd Friend,
That ever any Subject ſent his Liege.
Gent. Nay, now I know I have him on the Hip,
I'll follow it.

Enter Longueville.

Long. My honourable Lord,
Give me your noble Hand, right courteous Peer,
And from henceforward be a courtly Earl;
The King ſo wills, and Subjects muſt obey:
Only he doth deſire you to conſider
Of his Requeſt. *Ser.* Why Faith you're well, my Lord,

(19) *If ye be* dirty, *and dare not mount aloft,*] Poſſibly our Poets here gave it,

If ye be dirt-ty'd.

Yield

Yield to him. *Gent.* Yield? Why, 'twas my Plot. *Ser.* Nay,
'Twas your Wife's Plot. *Gent.* To get Preferment by it.
And th nks he now to pop me in the Mouth
But with an Earldom? I'll be one Step higher.
Ser. 'Tis the fineſt Lord! I am afraid anon
He'll ſtand upon't to ſhare the Kingdom with him.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Where's this courtly Earl?
His Majeſty commends his Love unto you,
And will you but now grant to his Requeſt,
He bids you be a Duke, and chuſe of whence.
Ser. Why, if you yield not now, you are undone;
What can you wiſh to have more, but the Kingdom?
Gent. So pleaſe his Majeſty, I would be Duke
Of *Burgundy*, becauſe I like the Place.
Bew. I know the King is pleas'd. *Gent.* Then will I ſtay,
And kiſs his Highneſs Hand. *Bew.* His Majeſty
Will be a glad Man when he hears it.
Long. But how ſhall we keep this from the World's Ear,
That ſome one tell him not, he is no Duke?
Ser. We'll think of that anon. Why, Gentlemen,
Is this a gracious Habit for a Duke?
Each gentle Body ſet a Finger to,
To pluck the Clouds (of theſe his riding Weeds)
From off the orient Sun; of his beſt Cloaths;
I'll pluck one Boot and Spur off.
Long. I another.
Bew. I'll pluck his Jerkin off.
Ser. Sit down, my Lord:
Both his Spurs off at once, good *Longueville*,
And *Bewford*, take that Scarf off, and that Hat
Doth not become his largely ſprouting Forehead.
Now ſet your gracious Foot to this of mine,
One Pluck will do it; ſo, off with the other.
Long. Lo, thus your Servant *Longueville* doth pluck
The Trophy of your former Gentry off.
Off with his Jerkin, *Bewford.*
Ser. Didſt thou never ſee
A nimble-footed Tailor ſtand ſo in 's Stockings,

Whilſt

Whilſt ſome Friend help'd to pluck his Jerkin off,
To dance a Jigg?

Enter Jaques.

Long. Here's his Man *Jaques* come,
Booted and ready ſtill.
Jaq. My Miſtreſs ſtays;
Why how now, Sir? What does your Worſhip mean,
To pluck your grave and thrifty Habit off?
Gent. My Slippers, *Jaques.*
Long. O thou mighty Duke!
Pardon this Man,
That thus hath treſpaſſed in Ignorance.
Gent. I pardon him.
Long. His Grace's Slippers, *Jaques.*
Jaq. Why what's the Matter?
Long. Foot-man, he's a Duke:
The King hath rais'd him above all his Land.
Jaq. I'll to his Couſin preſently, and tell him ſo;
O what a Dunghil Country Rogue was I! [*Exit* Jaques.

Enter Wife.

Ser. See, ſee, my Miſtreſs.
Long. Let's obſerve their greeting.
Wife. Unto your Will, as every good Wife ought,
I have turn'd all my Thoughts, and now am ready.
Gent. O Wife, I am not worthy, e'en to kiſs
The leaſt of all thy Toes, much leſs thy Thumb,
Which yet I would be bold with; all thy Counſel
Hath been to me Angelical; but mine
To thee hath been moſt dirty, like my Mind:
Dear Dutcheſs, I muſt ſtay. *Wife.* What, are you mad,
To make me dreſs, and undreſs, turn and wind me,
Becauſe you find me pliant? Said I not
The whole World ſhould not alter me, if once
I were reſolv'd? and now you call me Dutcheſs:
Why, what's the matter?
Gent. Lo, a Knight doth kneel ——
Wife. A Knight? *Gent.* A Lord — *Wife.* A Fool!
Gent. I ſay doth kneel

An

An Earl, a Duke. *Long.* In Drawers. *Bew.* Without Shoes.
Wife. Sure you are Lunatick.
Ser. No, honoured Dutchess,
If you dare but believe your Servant's Truth,
I know he is a Duke.
Long. God save his Grace.
Wife. I ask your Grace's Pardon.
Gent. Then I rise.
And here, in token that all Strife shall end
'Twixt thee and me, I let my Drawers fall,
And to thy Hands I do deliver them;
Which signifies, that in all Acts and Speeches,
From this time forth, my Wife shall wear the Breeches.
Ser. An honourable Composition. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cousin and Jaques.

Cous. SHALL I believe thee, *Jaques?*
Jaq. Sir, you may.
Cous. Didst thou not dream?
Jaq. I did not.
Cous. Nor imagine?
Jaq. Neither of both: I saw him great and mighty.
I saw the Monsieurs bow, and heard them cry,
Good Health and Fortune to my Lord the Duke.
Cous. A Duke art sure? a Duke?
Jaq. I'm sure a Duke,
And so sure, as I know myself for *Jaques.*
Cous. Yet the Sun may dazzel: *Jaques*, was it not
Some lean Commander of an angry Block-house,
To keep the *Flemish* Eel-boats from Invasion?
Or some bold Baron able to dispend
His fifty Pounds a Year, and meet the Foe
Upon the King's Command, in gilded Canvas,
And do his Deeds of Worth? Or was it not
Some Place of Gain, as Clerk to the great Band

Of

Of Maribones, (20) that People call the *Switzers?* Men made of Buff and Sarcenet? *Jaq.* (21) Is a Duke's Chamber hung with Nobles like a Presence?

Couf. I'm something wav'ring in my Faith, Would you would settle me, and swear 'tis so: Is he a Duke indeed?

Jaq. I swear he is.

Couf. I'm satisfy'd, he is my Kinsman, *Jaques*, And I his poor unworthy Cousin.

Jaq. True, Sir.

Couf. I might have been a Duke too, I had Means, A Wife as fair as his, as wise as his;

(20) *That People call the* Switzers?
Men made of Beef *and* Sarcenet.] This is the Reading of the Copy of 1711. Both the Folios concur in representing this Line thus,

Men made of Beufe *and Sarcenet.*

From which 'tis easy to see what the true Lection is, *viz.*

Men made of Buff *and* Sarcenet.

So in the *Captain*, Act I. Sc. II. *Flora*, speaking of Soldiers in general, has these Words:

—— *Out upon them Fire-locks,*
They're nothing in the World but Buff *and* Scarlet.

(21) *Is a Duke's Chamber hung with Nobles like a Presence?* This Answer of *Jaques* to the Questions of the Cousin, by another Question, is not at first sight mighty intelligible, because 'tis interrupted. What he intended probably to say was this:

—— *Is a*
Duke's Chamber hung with Nobles like a Presence?

Then is my Master a Duke, for his Chamber is so. Or, if this does not satisfy, I would suppose the Text might run thus:

Is a Clerk's *Chamber*, &c.

and then you have a moody Reply to the Cousin's last Question:

—— *or was it not*
Some Place of Gain, as Clerk *to the great Band*, &c.

Or perhaps so:

—— *He is a Duke*;
His Chamber's hung, &c. *i. e.* He is no paltry *Baron*, or *Clerk*, but a Duke; and, as a Proof of this, he immediately adds:

His Chambers, &c.

And could have brookt the Court as well as his,
And laid about her for her Husband's Honour:
Jaques, had I ever dreamt of this,
I had prevented him.
Jaq. Faith, Sir, it came
Above our Expectation; we were wise
Only in seeking to undo this Honour,
Which shew'd our Dunghil Breeding and our Dirt.
Cous. But tell me, *Jaques*,
Why could we not perceive? what dull Devil
Wrought us to cross this noble Course, perswading
'Twould be his Overthrow? for me a Courtier
Is he that knows all, *Jaques*, and that does all:
'Tis as his noble Grace hath often said,
And very wisely, *Jaques*, we are Fools,
And understand just nothing.
Jaq. Ay, as we were, I confess it.
But rising with our great Master,
We shall be call'd to Knowledge with our Places:
('Tis nothing to be wise, not thus much there,)
There is not the least of the Billet-dealers,
Nor any of the Pastry, or the Kitchen,
But have it in Measure delicate.
Cous. Methinks this Greatness of the Duke's my Cousin's,
(I ask you Mercy, *Jaques*, that near Name
Is too familiar for me) should give Promise
Of some great Benefits to his Attendants.
Jaq. I have a Suit myself, and it is sure,
Or I mistake my Ends much.
Cous. What is't, *Jaques*;
May I not crave the Place?
Jaq. Yes, Sir, you shall;
'Tis to be but his Grace's Secretary,
Which is my little All, and my Ambition,
'Till my known Worth shall take me by the Hand
And set me higher; how the Fates may do
In this poor Thread of Life, is yet uncertain;
I was not born, I take it, for a Trencher,
Nor to espouse my Mistress Dairy-maid.

Cous.

Couſ. I am reſolv'd my Wife ſhall up to Court,
I'll furniſh her; that is a ſpeeding Courſe,
And cannot chuſe but breed a mighty Fortune:
What a fine Youth was I, to let him ſtart,
And get the Riſe before me? I'll diſpatch,
And put myſelf in Monies.

Jaq. 'Maſs 'tis true,
And now you talk of Mony, Sir, my Buſineſs
For taking up thoſe Crowns muſt be diſpatch'd:
This little Plot i'th' Country lies moſt fit
To do his Grace ſuch ſerviceable Uſes,
I muſt about it.

Couſ. Yet, before you go,
Give me your Hand, and bear my humble Service
To the great Duke your Maſter, and his Dutcheſs,
And live yourſelf in Favour: Say, my Wife
Shall there attend them ſhortly, ſo farewel.

Jaq. I'll ſee you mounted, Sir.

Couſ. It may not be,
Your Place is far above it, ſpare yourſelf,
And know I am your Servant; fare ye well. [*Exit Couſ.*

Jaq. Sir, I ſhall reſt to be commanded by you.
This Place of Secretary will not content me,
I muſt be more and greater: Let me ſee;
To be a Baron is no ſuch great Matter
As People take't: For ſay I were a Count,
I'm ſtill an under Perſon to this Duke,
Which methinks ſounds but harſhly: but a Duke?
O I am ſtrangely taken! 'tis a Duke,
Or nothing; I'll adviſe upon't, and ſee
What may be done by Wit and Induſtry. [*Exit.*

Enter Wife, Longueville, Bewford, *and Servants.*

Wife. It muſt be carried cloſely, with a Care,
That no Man ſpeak unto him, or come near him,
Without our private Knowledge, or be made
Afore-hand to our Practice: My good Husband,
I ſhall entreat you now to ſtay a while,
And prove a noble Coxcomb. Gentlemen,

Your Counſel and Advice about this Carriage.
Ser. Alas, good Man, I do begin to mourn
His dire Maſſacre; what a Perſecution
Is pouring down upon him? ſure he's ſinful.
Long. Let him be kept in's Chamber, under ſhew
Of State and Dignity, and no Man ſuffer'd
To ſee his noble Face, or have Acceſs
But we that are Conſpirators. *Bew.* Or elſe
Down with him into th' Country 'mongſt his Tenants;
There he may live far longer in his Greatneſs,
And play the Fool in Pomp amongſt his Fellows.
Wife. No, he ſhall play the Fool i'th' City, and ſtay,
I will not loſe the Greatneſs of this Jeſt,
(That ſhall be given to my Wit,) for th' whole Revenues.
Ser. Then thus; we'll have a Guard about his Perſon,
That no Man come too near him, and ourſelves
Always in Company; have him into th' City
To ſee his Face ſwell; whilſt, in divers Corners,
Some of our own appointing ſhall be ready
To cry, Heav'n bleſs your Grace, long live your Grace.
Wife. Servant, your Counſel's excellently good,
And ſhall be follow'd; 'twill be rarely ſtrange
To ſee him ſtated thus, as though he went
A ſhroving through the City, (22) or intended
To ſet up ſome new Stake: I ſhall not hold
From open Laughter, when I hear him cry,
Come hither my ſweet Dutcheſs; let me kiſs
Thy gracious Lips: for this will be his Phraſe?
I fear me nothing but his Legs will break
Under his mighty Weight of ſuch a Greatneſs.
Bew. Now methinks, deareſt Lady, you're too cruel;
His very Heart will freeze in knowing this.
Wife. No, no, the Man was never of ſuch Deepneſs,
To make Conceit his Maſter: Sir, I'll aſſure ye

(22) ——— *or intended*
To ſet up ſome new Wake.] This Reading runs no higher than the Edition of 1679. That of 1647 gives it thus:
To ſet up ſome new Stake, *i. e.* as I underſtand it, *May-Pole.*

He

He will out-live twenty ſuch Pageants.
Were he but my Couſin, or my Brother,
And ſuch a deſp'rate Killer of his Fortune,
In this Belief he ſhould die, though it coſt me
A thouſand Crowns a Day to hold it up;
Or were I not known his Wife, and ſo to have
An equal Feeling of this Ill he ſuffers,
He ſhould be thus, 'till all the Boys i'th' Town
Made ſuit to wear his Badges in their Hats,
And walk before his Grace with Sticks and Noſe-gays:
We married Women hold ———

Ser. 'Tis well, no more.
The Duke is entring, ſet your Faces right,
And bow like Country Prologues: Here he comes,
Make room afore, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke.

Long. The choiceſt Fortunes wait upon our Duke.
Ser. And give him all Content and Happineſs.
Bew. Let his great Name live to the End of Time.
Duke. We thank you, and are pleas'd to give you notice
We ſhall at fitter times wait on your Loves,
'Till when, be near us. *Long.* 'Tis a valiant Purge,
And works extreamly; 'thas delivered him
Of all right worſhipful and gentle Humours,
And left his Belly full of Nobleneſs.
Duke. 'Thas pleaſed the King my Maſter,
For ſundry Virtues not unknown to him,
And the all-ſeeing State, to lend his Hand,
And raiſe me to this Eminence; how this
May ſeem to other Men, or ſtir the Minds
Of ſuch as are my Fellow-Peers, I know not;
I would deſire their Loves in juſt Deſigns.
Wife. Now by my Faith he does well, very well:
Beſhrew my Heart I have not ſeen a better,
Of a raw Fellow, that before this Day
Never rehearſt his State: 'tis marvellous well.
Ser. Is he not Duke indeed? ſee how he looks
As if his Spirit were a Laſt or two

Above his Veins, and ſtretcht his noble Hide.

Long. He's high-brac'd like a Drum, pray God he break not.

Bew. Why let him break, there's but a Calf's-skin loſt.

Long. May't pleaſe your Grace to ſee the City, 'twill
Be to the Minds and much Contentment of
The doubtful People.

Duke. I'm determin'd ſo; 'till my Return
I leave my honour'd Dutcheſs to her Chamber.
Be careful of your Health, I pray you be ſo.

Ser. Your Grace ſhall ſuffer us, your humble Servants,
To give Attendance, fit ſo great a Perſon,
Upon your Body.

Duke. I am pleaſed ſo.

Long. Away, good *Bewford*, raiſe a Guard ſufficient
To keep him from the Reach of Tongues, be quick;
And do you hear, remember how the Streets
Muſt be diſpos'd for Cries and Salutations.
Your Grace determines not to ſee the King? ——

Duke. Not yet, I ſhall be ready ten Days hence
To kiſs his Highneſs Hand, and give him Thanks,
As it is fit I ſhould, for his great Bounty.
Set forward, Gentlemen.

Groom. Room for the Duke there.

[*Exeunt Duke and Train.*

Wife. 'Tis fit he ſhould have Room to ſhew his Mightineſs,
He ſwells ſo with his Poyſon;
'Tis better to reclaim ye thus, than make
A Sheep's-head of you; 'thad been but your Due;
But I have Mercy, Sir, and mean to reclaim you
By a directer Courſe.
That Woman is not worthy of a Soul,
That has the ſovereign Power to rule her Husband,
And gives her Title up, ſo long provided
As there be fair Play, and his State not wrong'd.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. I would be glad to know whence this new Duke ſprings, The

The People buz abroad; or by what Title
He receiv'd his Dignity; 'tis very ſtrange
There ſhould be ſuch cloſe Jugling in the State.
But I am ty'd to Silence, yet a Day
May come, and ſoon, to perfect all theſe Doubts.
Wife. It is the mad *Shattillion*, by my Soul,
I ſuffer much for this poor Gentleman;
I will ſpeak to him, may be he yet knows me.
Monſieur *Shattillion.* *Shat.* Can you give me Reaſon,
From whence this great Duke ſprang, that walks abroad?
Wife. E'en from the King himſelf. *Shat.* As you're a Woman,
I think you may be cover'd; yet your Prayer
Would do no Harm, good Woman. *Wife.* God preſerve him.

Enter Shattillion's *Love.*

Shat. I ſay *Amen*, and ſo ſay all good Subjects.
Love. Lady, as ever you have lov'd, or ſhall,
As you have Hope of Heaven, lend your Hand
And Wit, to draw this poor diſtracted Man
Under your Roof, from the broad Eyes o'th' People,
And Wonder of the Streets.
Wife. With all my Heart;
My Feeling of his Grief and Loſs is much.
Love. Sir, now you're come ſo near the Priſon, will ye
Go in, and viſit your fair Love: Poor Soul
She would be glad to ſee you. *Shat.* This ſame Duke
Is but *Apocryphal*, there's no Creation
That can ſtand, where Titles are not right.
Love. 'Tis true, Sir.
Shat. This is another Draught upon my Life,
Let me examine well the Words I ſpake.
The Words I ſpake were, that this novel Duke is
Not o'th' true making, 'tis to me moſt certain.
Wife. You are as right, Sir, as you went by Line.
Shat. And to the Grief of many thouſands more.
Wife. If there be any ſuch, God comfort them.
Shat. Whoſe Mouths may open when the Time ſhall pleaſe;

I am betray'd, commend me to the King,
And tell him I am found, and crave but Juſtice;
You ſhall not need to have your Guard upon me,
Which I am ſure are plac'd for my Attachment;
Lead on; I am obedient to my Bonds.

Love. Good Sir, I pray, be not diſpleaſed with us;
We are but Servants to his Highneſs' Will,
To make that good.

Shat. I do forgive you even with my Heart;
Shall I entreat a Favour?

Wife. Any thing.

Shat. To ſee my Love before that fatal Stroak,
And publiſh to the World my Chriſtian Death,
And true Obedience to the Crown of *France.*

Love. I hope it ſhall not need, Sir, for there's Mercy,
As well as Juſtice, in his Royal Heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Every Man take his Corner; here am I,
You there, and you in that Place, ſo, be perfect;
Have a great Care your Cries be loud, and Faces
Full of dejected Fear and Humbleneſs.
He comes.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Fie, how theſe Streets are charg'd and ſwell'd
With theſe ſame raſcally People? Give more Room,
Or I ſhall have occaſion to diſtribute
A martial Alms amongſt you; as I'm a Gentleman
I have not ſeen ſuch rude Diſorder, they
Follow him like a Prize; there's no true Gaper
Like to your Citizen, he will be ſure
The Bears ſhall not paſs by his Door in Peace,
But he and all his Family will follow.
Room (23) there afore; ſound.

Enter Duke and his Company.

Jaq. Give Room, and keep your Places,

(23) ——— *there afore; ſound*] Probably this *ſound* was no more than a Stage Direction, but has inadvertently been taken into the Text.

And

And you may see enough; keep your Places.
Long. These People are too far unmanner'd, thus
To stop your Grace's Way with Multitudes.
Duke. Rebuke them not, good Monsieur, 'tis their Loves
Which I will answer, if it please my Stars
To spare me Life and Health.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless your Grace.
Duke. And you, with all my Heart.
1 *Gent.* Now Heav'n preserve your happy Days.
Duke. I thank you too.
3 *Gent.* Now Heav'n save your Grace;
Duke. I thank you all.
Bew. On there before.
Duke. Stand, Gentlemen,
Stay yet a while; for I am minded to
Impart my Love to these good People, and
My Friends, whose Love and Prayers for my Greatness,
Are equal in Abundance; note me well,
And with my Words my Heart; for as the Tree——
Long. Your Grace had best beware, 'twill be inform'd
Your Greatness with the People.
Duke. I had more,
My honest and ingenuous People —— But
The Weight of Business hath prevented me,
I am call'd from you; but this Tree I spake of
Shall bring forth Fruit, I hope, to your Content.
And so I share my Bowels 'mongst you all.
Omnes. A noble Duke, a very noble Duke!

Enter a Gentleman.

Ser. Afore there, Gentlemen.
Gent. (24) You're faithfully met, good Monsieur *Mount Marine*,
Ser. Be advis'd, the Time is alter'd.
Gent. Is he not the same Man he was afore?
Duke. Still the same Man to you, Sir.

(24) *You're* faithfully met, *&c.*] For *You're faithfully met*, I would suppose the Poets gave,
You're fairly *met*, &c.

Long.

Long. You have received mighty Grace, be thankful.
Gent. Let me not die in Ignorance.
Long. You ſhall not.
Then know the King, out of his love, hath pleas'd
To ſtile him Duke of *Burgundy*.
Gent. O great Duke,
Thus low I plead for pardon, and deſire
To be enroll'd amongſt your pooreſt Slaves.
Duke. Sir, you have Mercy, and withal my Hand,
From henceforth let me call you one of mine.
Ser. Make room afore there, and diſmiſs the People.
Duke. Ev'ry Man to his Houſe in peace and quiet.
People. Now Heav'n preſerve the Duke, Heav'n bleſs the Duke. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wife, with a Letter in her Hand.

Wife. This Letter came this Morning from my Couſin;
To the great Lady, high and mighty Dutcheſs
Of Burgundy, *be theſe delivered.*
Oh, for a ſtronger Lace to keep my Breath,
That I may laugh the nine Days, 'till the Wonder
Fall to an ebb: (25) The high and mighty Dutcheſs?
The high and mighty God? What a Stile's this?
Methinks it goes like a *Duchy* Lope-man,
A Ladder of an hundred Rounds will fail
To reach the Top on't: Well, my gentle Couſin,
I know, by theſe Contents, your itch of Honour;
You muſt to the Court you ſay, and very ſhortly;
You ſhall be welcome; and if your Wife have Wit,
I'll put her in a thriving Courſe, if not
Her own Sin on her own Head, not a Blot

(25) —— *The high and mighty Dutcheſs?*
—— Duchy *Lope-man,*
A Ladder of an hundred &c.] This is a ſevere Sneer upon the States of *Holland*, &c. for arrogating the Title of *High and Mighty*, who, not long before, had not dar'd to aſſume a better than that of *The poor diſtreſſed.* The time when the States took this Stile upon 'em, will be a pretty certain Æra to fix the Date of this Play; but I have not leiſure to conſult the Books of thoſe Times, and therefore ſhall wiſh the Reader will do it for me.

Shall

Shall ſtain my Reputation, only this;
I muſt for Health's ſake ſometimes make an Aſs
Of the tame * Moil my Husband; 'twill do him good,
And give him freſher Brains, me freſher Blood.
Now for the noble Duke, I hear him coming.

Enter Duke and his Train.

Your Grace is well return'd.

Duke. As well as may be,
Never in younger Health, never more able:
I mean to be your Bed-fellow this Night,
Let me have good Encounter.

Bew. Bleſs me Heav'n,
What a hot Meat this Greatneſs is?

Long. It may be ſo,
For I'll be ſworn he hath not got a Snap
This two Months on my Knowledge, or her Woman
Is damn'd for ſwearing it.

Duke. I thank you, Gentlemen, for your Attendance,
And alſo your great Pains; pray know my Lodgings
Better and oftner, do ſo, Gentlemen.
Now by my Honour, as I am a Prince,
I ſpeak ſincerely, know my Lodgings better,
And be not Strangers, I ſhall ſee your Service
And your Deſervings, when you leaſt expect——

Omnes. We humbly thank your Grace for this great Favour.

Duke. Jaques?

Jaq. Your Grace.

Duke. Be ready for the Country,
And let my Tenants know the King's great Love:
Say I would ſee them, but the Weight at Court
Lyes heavy on my Shoulders; let them know
I do expect their Duties in Attendance
'Gainſt the next Feaſt, (26) wait for my coming to Take

(26) —— *wait for my coming to Take up Poſt-horſes,*——] As his *Grace-in-Imagination* was not going into the Country, but only was ſending his Man with a Meſſage

* i. e. *Mule.*

Take up Poſt-horſes, and be full of Speed. [*Exit* Jaques.
Wife. I would deſire your Grace ———
Duke. You ſhall deſire,
And have your full Deſire: Sweet Dutcheſs, ſpeak.
Wife. To have ſome Conference with a Gentleman
That ſeems not altogether void of Reaſon;
He talks of Titles, and Things near the Crown,
And knowing (27) none ſo fit as your good Grace
To give the Difference in ſuch Points of State——
Duke. What is he?
If he be noble, or have any Part
That's worthy our Converſe, we do accept him.
Wife. I can aſſure your Grace, his Strain is noble,
But he is very ſubtle.
Duke. Let him be ſo.
Let him have all the Brains, I ſhall demonſtrate
How this moſt Chriſtian Crown of *France* can bear
No other Shew of Title than the Kings. I'll
Go in and meditate for half an Hour,
And then be ready for him preſently;
I will convert him quickly, or confound him.
Ser. Is mad *Shattillion* here?
Wife. He's here, and's Lady.
I prithee Servant fetch him hither. *Ser.* Why,
What do you mean to put him to? *Wife.* To chat
With the mad Lad my Husband; 'twill be brave
To hear them ſpeak, and babble, ſtare and prate.
Bew. But what ſhall be the end of all this, Lady?

Meſſage thither, one ſhould think it no Injury done to the Poets, to ſuppoſe they wrote,

——— ——— Go
Take up Poſt-horſes, &c.

(27) ——— *none ſo fit as your Grace,*
To give the Difference *in ſuch Points of State*—] The completing the Meaſure of the firſt Line, by reſtoring *good*, is due to the firſt Folio. But what muſt we do with *Difference* in the ſecond? The Senſe requires it to ſignify *Deciſion*; but *Difference* will only pave the way to that, by ſignifying to *Diſtinguiſh*. Should not we then ſuppoſe that a ſlight Corruption has poſſeſs'd this place, and for *Difference* read, *Deference*, from the *French Deferer*, to *Decree*, &c.

Enter

Enter Shattillion *and* Lady.

Wife. Leave that to me; now for the grand Diſpute,
For ſee, here comes *Shattillion*; as I live,
Methinks all *France* ſhould bear part of his Griefs.
Long. I'll fetch my Lord the Duke.
Shat. Where am I now,
Or whither will you lead me? To my Death?
I crave my Privilege,
I muſt not die, but by juſt Courſe of Law.
Ser. His Majeſty hath ſent by me your Pardon;
He meant not you ſhould die, but would intreat you
To lay the full State of your Title open,
Unto a grave and noble Gentleman

Enter Duke and Longueville.

The Duke of *Burgundy*, who here doth come;
Who, either by his Wiſdom will confute you,
Or elſe inform and ſatisfy the King.
Bew. May't pleaſe your Grace, this is the Gentleman.
Duke. Is this he that chops Logick with my Liege?
Shat. D'ye mock me? You are great, the Time will come,
When you ſhall be as much contemn'd as I.
(28) Where are the ancient Compliments of *France*,
That Upſtarts brave the Princes of the Blood?
Duke. Your Title, Sir, in ſhort. *Shat.* He muſt, Sir, be
A better Stateſman than yourſelf, that can
Trip me in any thing; I will not ſpeak
Before theſe Witneſſes. *Duke.* Depart the Room,
For none ſhall ſtay, no, not my deareſt Dutcheſs.
Wife. We'll ſtand behind the Arras and hear all.
[*Exeunt.*

(28) *Where are the ancient Compliments of* France,
The *Upſtarts brave, the Princes of the Blood?*] Our Poets never deſign'd ſuch Nonſenſe as this to come from *Shattillion*'s Mouth; to put *brave Upſtarts*, and Princes of the *Blood-royal* together, does not carry the leaſt *Smell* of the ancient Compliments of *France*. But the Reading I have given from the old Folio, puts all to rights.

Duke.

Duke. In that Chair take your Place, and I in this;
Discourse your Title now.

Shat. Sir, you shall know,
(29) My Love's true Title, mine by Marriage;
Setting aside the first Race of *French* Kings,
Which will not here concern us, as *Pharamond*,
With *Clodius*, *Meroveus*, and *Chilperick*,
And to come down unto the second Race,
Which we likewise slip——

Duke. But take me with you.

Shat. I pray you give me leave; of *Martel Charles*,
The Father of King *Pippin*, (who was Sire
To *Charles* the Great,) and famous *Charlemain*.
And to come to the third Race of *French* Kings,
Which won't be greatly pertinent in this Cause,
Betwixt the King and me, of which you know
HUGH CAPET was the first;
Next his Son *Robert*, *Henry* then, and *Philip*
With *Lewis*, and his Son a *Lewis* too,
And of that Name the Seventh, but all this
Springs from a Female, as it shall appear.

Duke. Now give me leave; I grant you this your Title,
At the first sight, carries some shew of Truth;
But if ye weigh it well, ye shall find light.
Is not his Majesty possest in Peace.
And Justice executed in his Name?
And can you think that the most Christian King
Would do this, if he saw not reason for it?

Shat. But had not the Tenth *Lewis* a sole Daughter?

Duke. I cannot tell.

Shat. But answer me directly.

Duke. It is a most seditious Question.

Shat. Is this your Justice?

Duke. I stand for my King.

Shat. Was ever Heir-Apparent thus abus'd?
I'll have your Head for this.

(29) This seems a Flirt on the *English* King's Title to *France*, in *Henry* the Fifth. Mr. *Theobald.*

Duke.

Duke. Why, do your worſt.
Shat. Will no one ſtir to apprehend this Traitor?
A Guard about my Perſon, will none come?
Muſt my own Royal Hands perform the Deed?
Then thus I do arreſt you.
Duke. Treaſon, help!

Enter Wife, Longueville, Bewford *and Servant.*

Wife. Help, help, my Lord and Husband.
Duke. Help the Duke.
Long. Forbear his Grace's Perſon. *Shat.* Forbear you
To touch him that your Heir-apparent weds;
But by this Hand I will have all your Heads. [*Exit.*
Ser. How doth your Grace?
Duke. Why? well.
Ser. How do you find his Title?
Duke. 'Tis a dangerous one,
As can come by a Female.
Ser. Ay, 'tis true,
But the Law *Salique* cuts him off from all.
Long. I do beſeech your Grace, how ſtands his Title?
Duke. Pew, nothing; th' Law *Salique* cuts him off from all.
Wife. My gracious Husband, you muſt now prepare,
In all your Grace's Pomp to entertain
Your Couſin who is now a Convertite,
And follows here, this Night he will be here.
Duke. Be ready all in haſte, I do intend,
To ſhew before my Couſin's wondring Face,
The greatneſs of my Pomp, and of my Place.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Couſin, his Wife, and Servant.

Couſ. SIrrah, is all things carry'd to the Tailor?
The Meaſure, and the Faſhion of the Gown,
With the beſt Trim? *Ser.* Yes, Sir, and 'twill be ready
Within theſe two Days. *Couſ.* For myſelf I care not,
I have a Suit or two of ancient Velvet,
Which with ſome ſmall Correcting and Addition,
May ſteal into the Preſence. *Wife.* Would my Gown
Were ready; Husband I will lay my Life
To make you ſomething ere To-morrow Night.
Couſ. It muſt not be
Before we ſee the Duke, and have Advice,
How to behave our ſelves: Let's in the while,
And keep our ſelves from knowledge, 'till Time call us.

Enter Longueville *and* Bewford.

Long. I much admire the fierce maſculine Spirit
Of this dread *Amazon*. *Bew.* This following Night
I'll have a Wench in ſolace. *Long.* Sir, I hear you,
And will be with you if I live, no more.

Enter Maria.

Mar. My Lady would intreat your Preſence, Gentlemen.
Bew. We will obey your Lady, ſhe is worthy.
Long. (30) You Light o' Love, a Word or two.
Mar. Your Will, Sir.
Long. Hark in your Ear;
Wilt thou be marry'd? Speak, wilt thou marry?
Mar. Marry'd? To whom, Sir?

(30) *You, light* alone,—] By the ſingle Change of a Letter this ridiculous Paſſage (as Mr. *Theobald* ſaw too) may be reſtor'd to its original Purity. Read,

You Light o' Love, ———

A Phraſe common in *Shakeſpear*, &c.

Long.

Long. To a proper Fellow,
Landed, and able-body'd.
Mar. Why do you flout me, Sir? *Long.* I ſwear I do not;
I love thee for thy Lady's ſake, be free.
Mar. If I could meet ſuch Matches as you ſpeak of,
I were a very Child to loſe my Time, Sir.
Long. What ſayeſt thou to Monſieur *Bewford?*
Mar. Sir,
I ſay he is a proper Gentleman, and far
Above my Means to look at.
Long. Doſt thou like him?
Mar. Yes, Sir, and ever did.
Long. He is thine own.
Mar. You are too great in Promiſes. *Long.* Be rul'd,
And follow my Advice, he ſhall be thine.
Mar. Would you would make it good, Sir.
Long. Do but thus;
Get thee a Cuſhion underneath thy Clothes,
And leave the reſt to me.
Mar. I'll be your Scholar,
I cannot loſe much by the Venture ſure.
Long. Thou wilt loſe a pretty Maiden-head, my Rogue,
Or I am much o'th' bow Hand; you'll remember,
If all this take effect, who did it for you,
And what I may deſerve for ſuch a Kindneſs.
Mar. Yours, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jaques *and* Shattillion *ſeverally.*

Jaq. Save ye, Sir.
Shat. Save the King.
Jaq. I pray you, Sir, which is the neareſt way?——
Shat. Save the King, This is the neareſt way.
Jaq. Which is the neareſt way to the Poſt-houſe?
(31) *Shat.* God ſave the King and his Poſt-houſe.
Jaq. I pray, Sir, direct me to the Houſe.

(31) Shat. *God ſave the King and his Poſt-houſe.*
I pray, Sir, direct me to the Houſe.] The dropping of the Speaker here is only peculiar to the Copy of 1711.

Shat. Heav'n ſave the King, you cannot catch me, Sir.
Jaq. I do not underſtand you, Sir.
Shat. You do not? I ſay you cannot catch me, Sir.
Jaq. Not catch you, Sir?
Shat. No, Sir, nor can the King,
With all his Stratagems, and his forced Tricks,
(Although he put his Nobles in Diſguiſe;
Never ſo oft to ſift into my Words,)
By Courſe of Law, lay hold upon my Life.
Jaq. It is a Buſineſs that my Lord the Duke
Is by the King employed in, and he thinks
I'm acquainted with it.
Shat. I ſhan't need
To rip the Cauſe up, from the firſt, to you;
But if his Majeſty had ſuffer'd me
To marry her, though ſhe be after him,
The right Heir-general to the Crown of *France*,
I would not have convey'd her into *Spain*,
As it was thought, nor wou'd I e'er have join'd
With the reformed Churches, to make them
Stand for my Cauſe.
Jaq. I do not think you would.
Shat. I thank you, Sir. And ſince I ſee you are
A favourer of Virtues, kept in Bondage,
Tell it directly to my Sovereign King,
(For ſo I will acknowledge him for ever,)
How you have found my ſtaid Affections
Settled for Peace, and for the preſent State.
Jaq. Why, Sir?
Shat. And good Sir, tell him further this,
That notwithſtanding all Suggeſtions brought
To him againſt me, and all his Suſpicions,
Which are innumerable of my Treaſons,
If he will warrant me but publick Trial,
I'll freely yield myſelf into his Hands;
Can he have more than this?
Jaq. No by my Troth.
Shat. I would his Majeſty would hear but Reaſon,
As well as you.

Jaq.

Jaq. But Sir, you do miſtake me,
For I ne'er ſaw the King
In all my Life but once, therefore good Sir,
May't pleaſe you to ſhew me which is the Poſt-houſe.
Shat. I cry you mercy, Sir, then you're my Friend.
Jaq. Yes, Sir.
Shat. And ſuch Men are very rare with me;
The Poſt-houſe is hard by, farewel.
Jaq. I thank you, Sir, I muſt ride hard to Night,
And it is dark already. *Shat* I am cruel,
To ſend this Man directly to his Death
That is my Friend, and I might eaſily ſave him;
He ſhall not die: Come back, my Friend, come back.
Jaq. What is your Will?
Shat. Do you not know?
Jaq. Not I.
Shat. And do you gather nothing by my Face?
Jaq. No, Sir.
Shat. Virtue is ever innocent.
Lay not the Fault on me, I grieve for you,
And wiſh that all my Tears might win your Safety.
Jaq. Why, Sir?
Shat. Alas, good Friend, you are undone,
The more ill Fortune mine, to be the means
Of your ſad Overthrow; you know not me?
Jaq. No truly, Sir.
Shat. Would you had never ſeen me;
I am a Man purſu'd by the whole State,
And ſure ſome one hath ſeen me talk with you.
Jaq. Yes, divers, Sir.
Shat. Why then your Head is gone.
Jaq. I'll out of Town.
Shat. Would it were ſoon enough;
Stay if you love your Life, or elſe you're taken.
Jaq. What ſhall I do?
Shat. I'll venture deeply for him,
Rather than caſt away an Innocent:
Take Courage, Friend, I will preſerve thy Life,
With hazard of mine own.

Jaq. I thank you, Sir.
Shat This Night thou ſhalt be lodg'd within my Doc
Which ſhall be all lock'd faſt, and in the Morn
I'll ſo provide, you ſhall have free Acceſs
To the Sea-ſide, and ſo be ſhipt away,
Ere any know it. *Jaq.* Good Sir, ſuddenly,
I am afraid to die. *Shat.* Then follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shattillion's *Love.*

Love. This way he went, and there's the Houſe; I hope
His better Angel hath directed him
To leave the wandring Streets; poor Gentleman,
Would I were able with as free a Heart,
To ſet his Soul right, as I am to grieve
The ruin of his Fame, which God forgive me;
Sir, if you be within, I pray Sir ſpeak to me.
Shat. I am within, and will be; what are you?
Love. A Friend.
Shat. Friend? No, Sir, you muſt pardon me,
I am acquainted with none ſuch: Be ſpeedy,
[*To* Jaques *within.*
Friend, there is no other Remedy.
Love. A Word, Sir, I ſay, I am your Friend.
Shat. You cannot ſcape by any other means,
Be not fearful, God ſave the King.
What's your Buſineſs, Sir?
Love. To ſpeak with you.
Shat. Speak out then.
Love. Shall I not come up?
Shat. Thou ſhalt not: Fly, if thou be'ſt thine own Friend,
There lies the Suit and all the Furniture
Belonging to the Head, on with it Friend.
Love. Sir, do you hear?
Shat. I do, God bleſs the King.
It was a Habit I had laid aſide
For my own Perſon, if the State had forced me.
Love. Good Sir, unlock your Door.
Shat. Be full of ſpeed,
I ſee ſome twenty Muſquetiers in Ambuſh.

What-

Whate'er thou art, know I am here and will be.
Seeſt thou this bloody Sword that cries Revenge?
Shake not, my Friend, through Millions of theſe Foes
I'll be thy Guard, and ſet thee ſafe aboard.

Love. Dare you not truſt me, Sir?

Shat. My good Sword before me,
And my Allegiance to the King, I tell thee,
Captain, (for ſo I gueſs thee by thy Arms
And the looſe Flanks of Halberdiers about thee,)
Thou art too weak and fooliſh to attempt me.
If you be ready, follow me, and hark you,
Upon your Life ſpeak to no living Wight,
Except myſelf.

Love. Monſieur *Shattillion?*

Shat. Thou ſhalt not call again; thus with my Sword,
And the ſtrong Faith I bear unto the King,
Whom God preſerve, I will defend my Chamber,
And cut thy Throat, I ſwear I'll cut thy Throat;
Steal after me and live.

Love. I will not ſtay
The Fury of a Man, ſo far diſtracted. [*Exit* Love.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Where is the Officer that dares not enter,
To intrap the Life of my diſtreſſed Friend?
Ay, have you hid yourſelf? you muſt be found,
What do you fear? is not Authority
On your ſide? Nay, I know the King's Command
Will be your Warrant, why then fear you? ſpeak
What ſtrange Deſigns are theſe? *Shattillion,*
Be reſolute and bear thyſelf upright,
Though the whole World deſpiſe thee: ſoft, methinks
I heard a ruſhing which was like the ſhake
Of a diſcovered Officer, I'll ſearch
The whole Street over, but I'll find thee out. [*Exit.*

Enter Jaques *in Woman's Aparrel.*

Jaq. How my Joints do ſhake! where had I been
But for this worthy Gentleman, that hath

Some touch of my Infortunes? would I were
Safe under Hatches once, for *Callicut*;
Farewel the Pomp of Court, I never more
Can hope to be a Duke or any thing;
I never more shall see the glorious Face
Of my fair spreading Lord that lov'd me well.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Fly you so fast? I had a sight of you,
But would not follow you, I was too wise;
You shall not lead me with a cunning Trick,
Where you may catch me; poor *Shattillion*,
Hath the King's Anger left thee ne'er a Friend?
No, all Mens Loves move by the Breath of Kings.

Jaq. It is the Gentleman that sav'd my Life.
Sir! *Shat.* Bless *Shattillion*, another Plot?

Jaq. No, Sir, 'tis I.

Shat. Why, who are you?

Jaq. Your Friend whom you preserv'd.

Shat. Whom I preserv'd?
My Friend? I have no Woman-Friend but one,
Who is too close in Prison to be here:
Come near, let me look on you.

Jaq. It is I.

Shat You should not be a Woman by your Stature.

Jaq I am none, Sir.

Shat. I know it, then keep off;
Strange Men and Times! how I am still preserv'd?
Here they have sent a Yeoman of the Guard
Disguis'd in Woman's Clothes, to work on me,
To make Love to me, and to trap my Words,
And so ensnare my Life; I know you, Sir,
Stand back, upon your Peril; can this be
In Christian Common-weals? from this time forth
I'll cut off all the means to work on me,
I'll ne'er stir from my House; and keep my Doors
Lockt Day and Night, and cheapen Meat and Drink
At the next Shops by Signs out of my Window,
And having bought it, draw't up in my Garters.

Jaq.

Jaq. Sir, will you help me?
Shat. Do not follow me,
I'll take a Course to live, despight of Men. [*Exit* Shat.
Jaq. He dares not venture for me; wretched *Jaques!*
Thou art undone for ever and for ever,
Never to rise again? What shall I do?

Enter Bewfort.

Where shall I hide me? here is one to take me,
I must stand close, and not speak for my Life.
Bew. This is the time of Night, and this the Haunt,
In which I use to catch my Waistcoateers;
It is not very dark, no, I shall spy 'em;
I have walk'd out in such a pitchy Night,
I could not see my Fingers this far off,
And yet have brought home Venison by the Smell;
I hope they have not left their old Walk; ah?
Have I espied you sitting? By this Light
To me there's no such fine Sight in the World,
As a white Apron betwixt Twelve and One;
See how it glisters! do you think to scape
So, now I have you fast; come, and don't strive,
It takes away the Edge of Appetite;
Come, I'll be lib'ral every way. Take heed
You make no Noise, for waking of the Watch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cousin and his Wife.

Cous. Now for the Blessing of some happy Guide,
To bring us to the Duke, and we are ready.

Enter Longueville *and Servant.*

Come forward, see the Door is open'd,
And two of's Gentlemen; I'll speak to them,
And mark how I behave myself. God save ye,
For less I cannot wish to Men of sort,
And of your seeming: Are you of the Duke's?
Long. We are, Sir, and your Servants; your Salutes
We give you back again with many Thanks.

Couſ. When did you hear ſuch Words before, Wife? peace,
Do you not dare to anſwer yet; is't fit
So mean a Gentleman as myſelf ſhould crave
The Preſence o' th' great Duke, your Maſter?
Ser. Sir, you may.
Long. Shall we deſire your Name, and Buſineſs, Sir?
And we will preſently inform him of you.
Couſ. My Name is *Cleremont.*
Ser. You're his Grace's Kinſman,
Or I am much miſtaken.
Couſ. You are right,
Some of his noble Blood runs through theſe Veins,
Though far unworthy of his Grace's Knowledge.
Long. Sir, we muſt all be yours; his Grace's Kinſman,
And we ſo much forgetful? 'Twas a Rudeneſs.
And muſt attend your Pardon, thus I crave it:
Firſt o' this beauteous Lady, whom I take
To be your Wife, Sir, next your Mercy.
Couſ. You have it, Sir: I do not like this kiſſing,
[*Aſide.*
It lies ſo open to a World of Wiſhes.
Ser. This is the merry Fellow; this is he
That muſt be noble too.
Long. And ſo he ſhall,
If all the Art I have can make him noble;
I'll dub him with a Knight-hood, if his Wife
Will be but forward, and join Iſſue,
I like her above excellent.
Ser. Will't pleaſe you
To walk a turn or two, whilſt to the Duke
We make your coming known?
[*Exeunt Servant and* Longueville.
Couſ. I ſhall attend, Sir.
Wife. Theſe Gentlemen are very proper Men,
And kiſs the beſt that e'er I taſted. For
Goodneſs-ſake, Husband, let us never more
Come near the Country, whatſoe'er betide us;
I am in malice with the memory
Of that ſame ſtinking Dunghil.

Couſ.

Couſ. Why, now you are my Chicken and my Dear,
Love where I love, and hate where I hate: now
You ſhall have twenty Gowns, and twenty Chains.
See, the Door's opening.

Groom. Room afore there, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke, Wife, Longueville, *Servant, and* Maria.

Couſ. It is the Duke, even he himſelf, be merry,
This is the Golden Age the Poet ſpeaks on.

Wife. I pray it be not brazen'd by their Faces;
And yet methinks they are the neateſt Pieces
For Shape and Cutting that e'er I beheld.

Couſ. Moſt gracious Duke, my poor Spouſe and myſelf,
Do kiſs your mighty Foot, and next to that
The great Hand of your Dutcheſs, ever wiſhing
Your Honours ever ſpringing, and your Years ——

Duke. Couſin?

Couſ. Your Grace's Vaſſal, far unworthy
The Nearneſs of your Blood. *Duke.* Correct me not,
I know the Word I ſpeak, and know the Perſon.
Though I be ſomething higher than the Place
Where common Men have Motion, and deſcending
Down with my Eye, their Forms are leſſened to me,
Yet from this Pitch can I behold my own,
(From Millions of thoſe Men that have no Mark,)
And in my fearful Stoop can make them ſtand,
(32) When others feel my Souſe, and periſh: Couſin,

Pe

(32) *When others feel my Soul, and periſh.*] Here the Gentleman concerned in the Copy of 1679, has again ſtept out of his Road; and, inſtead of keeping to his Buſineſs as *Editor*, has commenc'd *Author*. But the Reader will better ſee my Meaning, when he has the Text of the ſeveral Editions laid together.

That of 1647 runs thus:

When others feel my Soul, *and periſh.*

Thoſe of 1679 and 1711:

When others feel my Feet, *and periſh.*

What a mighty Change is here! A little Attention to the old Copy would have led the *Editor* of the ſecond Folio to the true Lection; which is this:

When

Be comforted, you're very welcome, ſo
Is your fair Wife; the Charge of whom I give
To my own deareſt and my beſt beloved.
Tell me, you have reſolv'd yourſelf for Court,
And utterly renounc'd the ſlaviſh Country,
With all the Cares thereof? *Couſ.* I have, Sir. *Duke.* Have you
Diſmiſs'd your eating Houſhold, ſold your Hangings
Of *Nebuchadnezar*, for ſuch they were,
As I remember, with the Furnitures
Belonging to your Beds and Chambers?
Couſ. Ay, Sir.
Duke. Have you moſt carefully ta'en off the Lead
From your Roof, weak with Age, and ſo prevented
The Ruin of your Houſe, and clapt him in
A Summer Suit of Thatch, to keep him cool?
Couſ. All this I have perform'd.
Duke. Then lend me all your Hands, I will embrace my Couſin,
Who is an underſtanding Gentleman,
And with a Zeal mighty as is my Name,
Once more I bid you welcome to the Court;
My State again.
Dutch. As I was telling you, your Husband muſt be
No more Commander, look to that; be ſeveral
At Meat, and Lodging; let him have Board-wages,
And Diet 'mongſt his Men i'th' Town; for Pleaſure,
If he be given to it, let him have it,
Elſe as your own Fancy ſhall direct you. Couſin,
You ſee this mighty Man here; he was an Aſs
When he came firſt to Town; indeed he was
Juſt ſuch another Coxcomb as your Husband,
God bleſs the Mark, and every good Man's Child!
This muſt not ſtir you, Couſin.
Wife. Heav'n forbid!

When others feel my Souſe, *and periſh.*
Thus *Stoop* in the Line above, and *Souſe* in this below, two Terms of Art, correſpond to each other, and both the *Senſe* and *Emphaſis* of the Place are reſtored to their primitive Integrity.

Long.

Long. Sweet *Maria*, provide the Cuſhion ready for it.
Mar. It ſhall be done.
Duke. Receive all your Advices from our ſelf,
Be once a Day with us, and ſo farewel
For this Time, my fair Couſin. Gentlemen,
Conduct him to his Lodging. *Dutch.* Fare you well,
And think upon my Words.
Wife. I ſhall obſerve them. [*Exe. Duke and Dutcheſs.*
Couſ. Health, and the King's continual Love, attend you.
Ser. Oh for a private Place to eaſe my Lungs!
Heav'n give me Patience! ſuch a Pair of Jades
Were never better ridden to this Hour,
Pray Heav'n they hold out to the Journey's End.
Long. Twitch him aſide, good Monſieur, whilſt I break
Upon the Body of his Strength, his Wife;
I have a conſtant Promiſe, ſhe's mine own.
Ser. Ply her to Windward: Monſieur, you have taken
The moſt compendious Way to raiſe yourſelf,
That could have been delivered by a Counſel.
Couſ. I have ſome certain Aims, Sir; but my Wife——
Ser. Your Wife? you muſt not let that trouble you.
Couſ. 'Twill, Sir, to ſee her in a Stranger's Arms.
Ser. What mean you?
Let her alone, be wiſe, ſtir not a Foot.
For if you do, all your Hopes are bury'd;
I ſwear you are a loſt Man if you ſtir.
Couſ. I thank you, Sir, I will be more advis'd.
Ser. But what great Office do you level at?
Couſ. Sir, they are kiſſing.
Ser. Let them kiſs,
And much good may't do their Hearts; they muſt kiſs,
And kiſs, and double kiſs, and kiſs again,
Or you may kiſs the Poſt for any Riſing:
Pray had your noble Kinſman ever mounted
To theſe high Spheres of Honour, now he moves in,
But for the Kiſſes of his Wife?
Couſ. I know not.
Ser. Then I do; credit me; he had been loſt,

A Fellow of no Mark, and no Repute,
Had not his Wife kiſs'd ſoon, and very ſweetly:
She was an excellent Woman, and diſpatch'd him
To his full Being, in a Moment, Sir——

[*Exeunt* Long. *and Wife.*

Couſ. But yet methinks he would not take her, Sir,
Into a private Room.

Ser. Now ſtand and flouriſh,
You're a made Man for ever. Now I do
Envy you, if you ſtand your Fortune's up;
You are the happieſt Man, but your great Couſin,
This Day in Court: Well, I will marry ſurely,
And not let every Man out-run me thus.
'Tis Time to be mine own Friend, I'll not live
In Town here, and direct the readieſt Way
To other Men, and be a Slave myſelf.

Couſ. Nay, good Sir, be not mov'd, I am your Servant,
And will not be ungrateful for this Knowledge.

Ser. Will you be walking home? *Couſ.* I would deſire
To have my Wife along. *Ser.* You are too raw;
Be gone, and take no Notice where you left her,
Let her return at Leiſure; if ſhe ſtay
A Month, 'twill be the better, underſtand me,
This Gentleman can do it. *Couſ.* I will, Sir;
And Wife remember me, a Duke, a Duke, Wife.

[*Exit Couſin.*

Ser. Aboard her *Longueville*, ſhe's thine own, to me
The fooling of this Fool is Venery. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Bewford *and* Jaques.

Bew. Come, prithee, come, have I not Crowns? Behold,
And follow me, here; not a Word, go in,
Grope by the Walls, and you ſhall find a Bed,
Lie down there, ſee, ſee, a Turn or two, to give
My Blood ſome Heats, and I am preſently
For Action; Darkneſs, by thy Leave, I come. [*Exit* Bew.

Enter Maria.

Mar. I'm perfect in my Leſſon; be my Speed,
Thou

Thou God of Marriage; this is th' Door, I'll knock.
Bew. [*within.*] Who's there? I cannot come yet.
Mar. Monſieur *Bewford?*
Bew. Stay till I light a Candle, who are ye?
Mar. Sir? a poor Gentlewoman.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Oh come in,
I'll find a Time for you too, be not loud.
Mar. Sir, you have found that time already, Shame on
My Soul therefore.
Bew. Why? What's the Matter?
Mar. Do you not ſee, Sir, is your Light ſo dim?
Bew. Do you not wait o'th' Lady *Mount Marine?*
Mar. I do, Sir, but my Love on you. *Bew.* Poor Soul!
How cam'ſt thou by this big Belly? *Mar.* By yourſelf.
Bew. By Heav'n I never touch'd your Body. *Mar.* Yes,
Unſwear that Oath again, I'll tell you all;
Theſe two Years I have lov'd you; but the Means
How to enjoy you I did never know,
'Till Twelfth-night laſt, when, hearing of your Game
To take up Wenches private in the Night,
I apprehended ſtraight this Courſe to make
Myſelf as one of them, and wait your coming;
I did ſo, and enjoy'd you, and now this Child
That now is quick within me hide my Shame,
And marry me, or elſe I muſt be forc'd ——
Long. [*within.*] Monſieur *Bewford*, Monſieur *Bewford.*
Bew. Who's that calls?
Long. Are you a-bed?
Bew. No, Sir; the Hangings.

Enter Longueville.

Long. Nay, Monſieur, I'll forbid that, we'll have fair
Play,
Lend me your Candle; are you taken, *Bewford?*
A Lecher of your Practice, and cloſe Carriage
To be diſcovered thus? I am aſham'd
So great a Maſter in his Art ſhould fail,

And

And ſtagger in his Grounds.
Bew. You're wide,
This Woman and myſelf are Man and Wife,
And have been ſo this half Year,
Where are you now? Or have I been diſcover'd?
You cannot break ſo eaſily on me, Sir,
I am too wary to be open'd by you.
Long. But theſe are but Illuſions, to give Colour
To your moſt myſtick Leachery; but, Sir,
The Belly hath betray'd you, all muſt out,
Bew. Good *Longueville* believe me on my Faith,
I am her Husband. *Long.* On my Faith I cannot,
Unleſs I ſaw your Hands faſt, as your Hearts. *Bew.* Why,
Longueville, when did I give that to your Ears,
That was not Truth? By all the World ſhe's mine,
She is my Wife, and, to confirm you better,
I give myſelf again, here take my Hand
And I yours, we are once more marry'd:
Will this content you?
Long. Yes, I'm believing, and God give you Joy.
Bew. My loving Wife, I will not wrong thee,
Since I am thine, and only lov'd of thee,
I vow myſelf a new Man from this Hour,
Ben't jealous; for though I'd a Purpoſe to
Have ſpent an Hour or two in Solace otherwiſe,
And was provided for it; yet my Love
Shall put a better Temper to my Blood:
Come out, thou Woman of unwholſome Life,
Be ſorry for thy Sins, and learn to mend;
Nay, never hide your Face, you ſhall be ſeen.
Long. Jaques, why *Jaques*, art thou that *Jaques*,
The very Staff and right Hand of our Duke?
Speak, ſpeak, thou bearded *Venus*. *Jaq.* I am he,
By Miracle preſerv'd to be that *Jaques*;
Within this two Hours, Gentlemen, poor *Jaques*
Was but as Corſe in Grave: A Man of Wiſdom,
That, of my Conſcience, if he had his Right
Should have a pretty State — but that's all one,
That noble Gentleman did ſave this Life,

I keep it for him, 'tis his own. *Long.* Oh *Bacchus!*
Is all the World drunk? Come, we'll to the Duke,
And give our Thanks for this Delivery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Duke and Jaques.

Duke. NOT gone unto my Tenants, to relate
My Grace, and Honour, (33) and the Mightineſs
Of my new Name, which would have ſtruck a Terror
Through their coarſe Doublets to their very Hearts?
Jaq. Alas, great Lord and Maſter, I could ſcarce
With Safety of my Life return again
Unto your Grace's Houſe; and but for one,
That had ſome Mercy, I had ſure been hang'd.
Duke. My Houſe?
Jaq. Yes, Sir, this Houſe, your Houſe i'th' Town.
Duke. Jaques, we are diſpleas'd, hath it no Name?
Jaq. What Name?
Duke. Dull Rogue, what hath the King beſtow'd
So many Honours, open'd all his Springs,
And ſhowred his Graces down upon my Head,
And has my Houſe no Name? No Title yet?
Burgundy-Houſe, you Aſs.
Jaq. Your Grace's Mercy;
And when I was come off, and had recover'd
Burgundy-Houſe, I durſt not yet be ſeen,
But lay all Night for fear of Purſevants
In *Burgundy* Privy-houſe.
Duke. Oh, Sir, 'tis well;
Can you remember now? But *Jaques* know,
Since thy intended Journey is ſo croſt,

(33) —— and *the Mightineſs,*] So the Copy of 1647. The reſt, —— *Honour, the Mightineſs.*

I will go down myſelf this Morning.

Jaq. Sir?

Duke. Have I not ſaid this Morning?

Jaq. But conſider,

That nothing is prepar'd yet for your Journey,
Your Grace's Teams not here to draw your Cloaths,
And not a Carrier yet in Town to ſend by.

Duke. I ſay once more, go about it;
You're a wiſe Man, you'd have me linger Time,
'Till I have worn theſe Cloaths out; will ye go? [*Ex.* Jaq.
Make ye ready, Wife.

Enter Wife.

Dutch. I am ſo, mighty Duke.

Duke. Nay, for the Country.

Dutch. How? For the Country? *Duke.* Yes, I am reſolv'd
To ſee my Tenants in this Bravery,
Make them a ſumptuous Feaſt, with a ſlight Shew
Of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, and a Squib or two,
And ſo return.

Dutch. Why, Sir? you are not mad?

Duke. How many Dukes have ye known mad? I pray ſpeak.

Dutch. You are the firſt, Sir, and I hope the laſt;
But you are ſtark horn-mad.

Duke. Forbear, good Wife.

Dutch. As I have Faith you're mad: Your Horns
Have been too heavy for you, and have broke
Your Skull in pieces: If you be in earneſt ———

Duke. Well, you ſhall know my Skull and Wits are whole
Ere I have done, and yet I am in earneſt.

Dutch. Why, do you think I'll go?

Duke. I know you ſhall.

Dutch. I ſhall? By what Authority ſhall I?

Duke. I am your Husband.

Dutch. True, I do confeſs it,
And by that Name, the World hath given you

A Power to ſway me; but, Sir, you ſhall know
There is a greater Bond that ties me here,
Allegiance to the King; has he not heap'd
Thoſe Honours on you to no other End, but
To ſtay you here, and ſhall I have a hand
In the offending ſuch a gracious Prince?
Beſides, our own Undoings lies upon't,
Were there no other Cauſe; I do not ſee,
Why you ſhould go: If I ſhould ſay you ſhould not.

Duke. Do you think ſo?

Dutch. Yes, Faith.

Duke. Now, good Wife, make me underſtand that Point.

Dutch. Why, that you ſhall, did I not bring you hither?

Duke. Yes.

Dutch. And were not all theſe Honours wrought out of the Fire by me?

Duke. By you?

Dutch. By me? How ſtrange you make it?
When you came firſt, did you not walk the Town
In a long Cloke half Compaſs? An old Hat
Lin'd with Vellure, and on it for a Band
A Skein of Crimſon Cruil?

Duke. I confeſs it.

Dutch. And took baſe Courſes? *Duke.* Baſe? *Dutch.* Baſe, by this Light,
Extreamly baſe, and ſcurvy, monſtrous baſe.

Duke. What were theſe Courſes, Wife?

Dutch. Why, you ſhall know:
Did you not thus attir'd, trot up and down,
Plotting for vild and louſie Offices,
And agreed with the Serjeant of the Bears,
To buy his Place? Deny this, if you can.

Duke. Why, it is true.

Dutch. And was not that monſtrous baſe?

Duke. Be advis'd, Wife, a Bear's a princely Beaſt.

Dutch. A Bear?

Duke. Yes, Wife, and one Side Veniſon.

Dutch. You're more than one Side Fool, I'm ſure of that.

Duke. But since you've vext me, Wife, know you shall go;
Or you shall never have Penny more from me.
Dutch. Nay, I have done, and though I know 'twill be
Your Overthrow, I'll not forsake you now.
Duke. Be ready then. [*Exit Duke.*
Dutch. I will.

Enter Bewford, Longueville, *Servant, and* Maria.

Long. What are you marry'd, *Bewford?* *Bew.* Ay, as fast
As Words, and Hearts, and Hands, and Priest can make us.
Dutch. Oh, Gentlemen, we are undone.
Long. For what?
Dutch. This Gentleman, the Lord of *Lorgue*, my Husband,
Will be gone down to shew his Play-fellows
Where he is gay.
Bew. What, down into Country?
Dutch. Yes, Faith; was ever Fool but he so crost?
I would as fain be gracious unto him,
As he could wish me, but he will not let me;
Speak faithfully, will he deserve my Mercy?
Long. According to his Merits he should wear
A guarded Coat, and a great wooden Dagger.
Dutch. If there be any Woman that doth know
The Duties 'twixt a Husband and his Wife,
Will speak but one Word for him, he shall scape;
Is not that reasonable? But there's none;
Be ready therefore to pursue the Plot
We had against a Pinch; for he must stay.
Long. Wait you here for him, whilst I go,
And make the King acquainted with your Sport,
For fear he be incens'd for our attempting
Places of so great Honour. [*Exit* Longueville.
Dutch. Go, be speedy.

Enter

Enter Duke, Couſin, Wife, Jaques, *and Servant.*

Duke. Come, let me ſee how all things are diſpos'd of.

Jaq. One Cart will ſerve for all your Furniture,
With Room enough behind to eaſe the Footman,
A Cap-caſe for your Linen, and your Plate,
(34) With a ſtrange Lock that opens with *Amen*;
For my young Lord, becauſe of eaſy Portage,
A Quiver of your Grace's lin'd with Cunney,
Made to be hang'd about the Nurſe's Neck,
Thus, with a Scarf or Towel —— *Duke.* Very good.

Jaq. Nay,
'Tis well, but had you ſtay'd another Week,
I would have had you furniſh'd in ſuch Pomp,
As never Duke of *Burgundy* was furniſh'd
(35) You ſhould have had a Sumpter, tho' 'thad coſt me
The laying on myſelf, where now you're fain

(34) *With a ſtrange Lock that opens with* Amen.] This will be eaſily underſtood by a Quotation of a few Lines from Mr. *Carew*'s Verſes to Mr. *May*, on his Comedy called *The Heir*, ſpeaking of the Plot of that Play, he expreſſes himſelf thus:

The whole Plot doth alike itſelf diſcloſe
Through the five Acts, as doth a Lock that goes
With Letters; for, 'till every one be known,
The Lock's as faſt as if you had found none.

(35) *You ſhould have had a* Sumpter, *though 'thad coſt me*
The laying on myſelf.] *Sumpter* here can have but two Meanings, *Sumpter-horſe*, or *Sumpter-furniture:* If the firſt, it cannot make Senſe:

You ſhould have had a Sumpter (Horſe) *though it had coſt me*, &c.
The laying on myſelf.

The ſecond uſe of the Word (ſuppoſing it ever uſed ſo) will make the Place Senſe, 'tis true; but then the Senſe, and Truth of Fact, will not agree together; for if *Jaques* ſhould have laid the *Sumpter on*, on what muſt he lay it? not upon the Horſe deſtin'd for that purpoſe, becauſe his Maſter had never a one, as is plain from his ſaying a Line lower:

—— *where now you're fain*
To hire a Ripper's Mare.

And if not on the Horſe, upon what muſt he lay it? The Corruption therefore being evident, we muſt ſeek for a Remedy; and that, as I take, muſt be by reading thus:

You ſhould have had a Sumpter, tho' 'thad coſt me
The buying one myſelf, *where now you're fain*
To hire a, &c.

(36) To hire a Ripier's Mare, and buy new Doſſers,
But I have got them painted with your Arms,
With a fair darnex Carpet of my own
Laid croſs for the more State. *Duke. Jaques*, I thank you:
Your Carpet ſhall be bruſht, and ſent you home;
What, are you ready, Wife? *Dutch.* An Hour ago.
Duke. I cannot chuſe (37) but kiſs thy Royal Lips,
Dear Dutcheſs mine, thou art ſo good a Woman.
Bew. You'd ſay ſo, if you knew all, Goodman Duckling.
Couſ. This was the happieſt Fortune could befal me.
Now in his Abſence will I follow cloſe
Mine own Preferment, and I hope ere long,
To make my mean and humble Name as ſtrong
As my great Couſin's, when the World ſhall know
(38) I bear too hot a Spirit to live low.
The next Spring will I down, my Wife and Houſhold,
I'll have my Uſhers, and my four Lacquies,
Six ſpare Caroches too; but mum, no more,
What I intend to do, I'll keep in ſtore.
Duke. Montez, montez, *Jaques* be our Equerry.
Groom. To Horſe there, Gentlemen, and fall in couples.
Duke. Come honoured Dutcheſs.

(36) To hire a Ripper's *Mare, and buy new Doſſers,*
With a fair Darnex *Carpet*] As *Rippers* is a Word, not of *Engliſh*, but *French* Growth, I imagine we ſhould write as the *French* do, thus:
A *Ripier's* Mare, *i. e.* of one that carries Fiſh from the Sea-ſide, *&c.* *Doſſers*, or *Dorſers*, are Paniers. *Darnex* Carpet, *i. e.* a Carpet of *Tournay*.

(37) ——— *but kiſs thy* Royal *Lips,*
—— *thou art ſo good a Woman.*] The Wife here, as *Marine* thought, was become a Princeſs, and for the ſame Reaſon, to be ſure, *Royal.* But the poor Man does not deſign to kiſs her Lips becauſe ſhe was *royal*, but becauſe ſhe was *good:* It would therefore perhaps not be wrong to ſuppoſe that the Line ran ſo:
——— *kiſt thy* Loyal *Lips*, i. e. *dutiful, obedient.*
But this I don't contend for, ſince the other is Senſe.

(38) *I bear too hot a Spirit*—] If the Poets deſign'd any *Antitheſis* here, 'tis ill preſerved in the preſent Text: Happily the Line once run thus:
I bear too haut *a Spirit*; i. e. *high.*

Enter

Enter Longueville.

Long. Stand, thou proud Man.
Duke. Thieves, *Jaques*, raiſe the People.
Long. No, raiſe no People, 'tis the King's Command,
Which bids thee once more ſtand, thou haughty Man;
Thou art a Monſter, for thou art ungrateful,
And like a Fellow of a Rebel Nature,
Haſt flung from his Embraces: and for all
His Honours given thee, haſt not return'd
So much as Thanks; and, to oppoſe his Will,
Reſolv'd to leave the Court, and ſet the Realm
Afire, in Diſcontent, and open Action:
Therefore he bids thee ſtand, thou proud, proud Man,
Whilſt with the whisking of my Sword about,
I take thy Honours off: This firſt ſad Whisk
Takes off thy Dukedom, thou art but an Earl.
Duke. You are miſtaken, *Longueville.*
Long. Oh would I were: This ſecond Whisk divides
Thy Earldom from thee, thou art yet a Baron.
Duke. No more Whisks, if you love me, *Longueville.*
Long. Two Whisks are paſt, and two are yet behind,
Yet all muſt come; but not to linger Time,
With theſe two Whisks I end; now *Mount Marine*,
For thou art now no more, ſo ſays the King,
And I have done his Highneſs' Will with Grief.
Duke. Degraded from my Honours?
Long. 'Tis too certain.
Duke. I am no Traitor ſure, that I know of;
Speak, *Jaques*, haſt thou e'er heard me utter Word
Tending to Treaſon, or bring in the Enemy?
Jaq. Alas, Sir, I know nothing,
(39) Why ſhould your Worſhip bring me in to hang me?
God's my Judge, Gentlemen, I never meddled.

(39) *Why ſhould your Worſhip bring me in to hang me? I never meddled.*] I don't know any Reaſon for the dropping of the Hemiſtich:

God's my Judge, Gentlemen,

which the firſt Folio exhibits, and which I have therefore inſerted into the Text.

But with the bruſhing of his Cloaths, or fetching
In Water in a Morning for his Hands.
Couſ. Are theſe the Honours of this Place? Here *Anthony*,
Help me to take her Gown off quickly,
Or I'll ſo ſwinge ye for't ——
Wife. Why, Husband? Sir?
Couſ. I will not loſe a Penny by this Town.
Long. Why, what do you mean, Sir, have her to her Lodging,
And there undreſs her, I will wait upon her.
Couſ. Indeed you ſhall not, your Month is out I take it;
Get you out before me, Wife,
Couſin, farewel, I told you long ago,
That Pride begins with Pleaſure, ends with Woe.
[*Exit with's Wife.*
Bew. Go thy way Sentences, 'twill be thy Fortune
To live and dye a Cuckold, and Churchwarden.
Dutch. Oh my poor Husband! what a heavy Fortune
Is fallen upon him?
Bew. Methinks 'tis ſtrange,
That Heav'n forewarning great Men of their Falls,
With ſuch plain Tokens, they ſhould not avoid 'em?
For the laſt Night betwixt eleven and twelve,
Two great and hideous blazing Stars were ſeen
To fight a long Hour by the Clock, the one
Dreſt like a Duke, the other like a King;
'Till at the laſt the crowned Star o'ercame.
Ser. Why do ye ſtand ſo dead, Monſieur *Marine?*
Duke. (40) So *Cæſar* fell, when in the Capitol,
They gave his Body two and thirty Wounds.

Be

(40) *So* Cæſar *fell, when in the* Capitol,
They gave his Body Two and thirty *Wounds*] Here we have two Blunders, the firſt with reſpect to the Place where *Cæſar* fell, which was not in the *Capitol*, but in *Curiâ Pompeii*; the other as to the Number of Wounds he fell by; as to the firſt, it was a Blunder peculiar to the *Playwrights* of that Time; *Shakeſpear* begun it in *Hamlet*, Act. III. Sc. V.

Ham. *Now my Lord* (Polonius) *you play'd once in the Univerſity you ſay?*

Pol.

Be warned all ye Peers, and, by my Fall,
Hereafter learn to let your Wives rule all.

Ser Monſieur *Marine*, pray let me ſpeak with you;
(41) Sir, I muſt wave you to conceal this Party,
It ſtands upon my utter Overthrow;
Seem not diſcontented, nor don't ſtir a foot,
For if you do, you and your Hope———
I ſwear you are a loſt Man if you ſtir:
And have an Eye to *Bewford*, he will tempt you.

Bew. Come, come, for Shame go down;
Were I *Marine*, I would go down:
And being there I'd rattle him ſuch an Anſwer
Should make him ſmoke.

Duke. Good Monſieur *Bewford*, Peace,
Leave theſe rebellious Words, or by the Honours,
Which I enjoyed once, and yet may ſwear by,
I'll tell the King of your Proceedings; I
Am ſatisfy'd. *Wife.* You talk'd of going down
When 'twas not fit; but now let's ſee your Spirit,
A thouſand and a thouſand will expect it.

Pol. *I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.*
Ham. *And what did you enact?*
Pol. *I did enact* Julius Cæſar, *I was kill'd i'th'* Capitol.

Our Authors, treading in their Maſter's Steps, took up the ſame Miſtake here; and after them *Shakerly Marmion*, in his *Antiquary*, inadvertently continued the ſame Error, making *Veterano* ſay;

And this was Julius Cæſar's *Hat when he was killed in the* Capitol.

As for the ſecond Fault, 'twas made no where but at the Preſs, for the Number (I ſuppoſe) in the original MS. was wrote in Figures, thus, 23, which by an eaſy ſhifting Place was altered to 32; and thus we have nine Wounds more than *Cæſar* ever received.

(41) *Sir, I muſt* wave *you to conceal this Party,*
It ſtands upon my utter Overthrow] To *wave one to conceal*, ſhould mean here to *adviſe one to conceal*; but I don't remember any ſuch Senſe of the Word *wave*, and ſo would propoſe reading the Lines thus:

Sir, I muſt counſel *you to* wave *this Party,*
It ſtands upon my utter Overthrow.

The good Lady's Gallants want to keep the poor Gentleman in Town, and for this End the *Servant* takes him aſide, and ſays, I would adviſe you to lay aſide this *Party*, i. e. Reſolution, of going down, &c.

Duke. Why, Wife, are ye mad?

Wife. No, nor drunk, but I'd have you know your own Strength.

Duke. You talk like a moſt fooliſh Woman, Wife; I tell you I will ſtay, and yet I have A Crotchet troubles me. *Long.* More Crotchets yet?

Duke. Follow me, *Jaques*, I muſt have thy Counſel. I will return again, ſtay you there, Wife.

Long. I fear this Loſs of Honour will give him ſome few Stools.

Wife. No, no, he is reſolv'd, he will not ſtir A Foot, I'll lay my Life.

Bew. Ay, but He's diſcontented, how ſhall we reſolve that, And make him ſtay with Comfort?

Wife. Faith, *Bewford*, we muſt e'en let Nature work, For he's the ſweeteſt temper'd Man for that As one can wiſh; for let Men go about to fool him, and he'll have His Finger as deep in it as the beſt; But ſee where he comes frowning, bleſs us all!

Enter Duke

Duke. Off with your Hats, for here doth come The high and mighty Duke of *Burgundy*. Whatever you may think, I've thought, and thought, And thought upon it, and I find it plain, The King cannot take back what he has given, Unleſs I forfeit it by Courſe of Law. Not all the Water in the River *Seine*, Can waſh the Blood out of theſe Princely Veins.

Wife. God-a-mercy Husband, thou art the beſt To work a thing out at a pinch in *France*.

Duke. I will aſcend my State again, Dutcheſs, take your Place, and let our Champion enter.

Long. Has he his Champion? that's excellent.

Duke. And let loud Muſick ſound before his Entrance.

Sound

(41) Sound Trumpet.

Enter Jaques *in Armour, one carrying a Scutcheon before him, and a two-handed Sword.*

Wife. How well our Champion doth demean himſelf,
As if he had been made for ſuch an Action.
Methinks his ſturdy Truncheon he doth wield,
Like *Mars* approaching to a bloody Field.
Duke. I think there is no Man ſo deſperate
To dare encounter with our Champion;
But truſt me, *Jaques*, thou haſt pleas'd us well;
Once more our warlike Muſick, then proceed.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. What wond'rous Age is this? what cloſe Proceedings?
I hear the clang of Trumpets in this Houſe,
To what intent do not our Stateſmen ſearch?
Oh no, they look not into ſimple Truth,
For I am true, and they regard not me.
A Man in Armour too! God ſave the King,
The World will end, there's nought but Treachery.
Jaq. I *Jaques*, Servant to the high and mighty *Godfrey*, Duke of *Burgundy*, do come hither to prove by natural Strength, and Activity of my Body, without the help of Sorcery, Inchantment, or Negromancy, that the ſaid *Godfrey*, late of *Mount Marine*, and now of *Burgundy*, hath perfect Right thereto, notwithſtanding the King's Command to the contrary, and no other Perſon whatſoever: And in token that I will be ready to make good the ſame, I throw down my Gage, which is my Honour. Pronounced the 37th of *February Stilo novo*, *God ſave the* Duke.
Shat. Of all the Plots the King hath laid for me
This was the ſhrewdeſt, 'tis my Life they ſeek.

(41) *Sound Trumpet.*] This poſſibly was once only a Stage Direction, but in time has crept into the Text. And I fancy the ſame of *Sound*, after *Room there afore*, in the third Act, upon the new Duke's firſt publick Appearance.

And

And they ſhall have it: If I ſhould refuſe
T' accept the Challenge in the King's behalf,
They have ſome Cauſe to take away my Life;
And if I do accept it, who can tell
But I may fall by doubtful Chance of War?
'Twas ſhrewd, but I muſt take the leaſt of Evils.
I take thy Gauntlet up, thou treacherous Man,
That ſtands in armed Coat againſt the King,
Whom God preſerve, and with my ſingle Sword
Will juſtify whatever he commands;
I'll watch him for catching of my Words.

Duke. *Jaques* go on, defend our princely Title.

Shat. Why ſhrink'ſt thou back? Thou haſt an evil Cauſe.
Come forward Man, I have a Rock about me,
I fight for my true Liege.

Duke. Go forward, *Jaques.*

Jaq. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
I will not fight with him, with any elſe
I'll ſhew my Reſolution ſpeedily.

Shat. Come, do thy worſt, for now the King ſhall ſee
All is not true, that is reported of me.

Jaq. I may not fight with him, by Law of Arms.

Duke. What? ſhall my Title fall? wilt thou not fight?

Jaq. Never with him that once hath ſav'd my Life.

Shat. Dar'ſt thou not fight? behold then, I do go
Strong with the Zeal I bear my Sovereign,
And ſeize upon that haughty Man himſelf:
Deſcend the Steps (that thou haſt thus uſurp'd
Againſt the King and State) down to the Ground,
And if thou do utter but a Syllable
To croſs the King's intent, thou art but dead;
There lye upon the Earth, and pine, and die.
Did ever any Man wade through ſuch Storms
To ſave his Life, as poor *Shattillion?*

Long. I fear this Challenge hath ſpoil'd all.

Dutch. Ne'er fear it,
He'll work it out again. Servant,
See where *Shattillion*'s Love, poor Lady, comes.

Enter

Enter Love.

Duke. Jaques.

Jaq. Lye ſtill, Sir, if you love your Life.
I'll whiſtle when he's gone.

Love. Oh Gentlemen, I charge you by the Love
Which you do bear to Women, take ſome pity
On this diſtreſſed Man; help to reſtore
That precious Jewel to him he hath loſt.

Bew. Lady: whatever Power doth lye in us
By Art, or Prayer, or Danger, we are yours.

Love. A ſtrange Conceit hath wrought this Malady,
Conceits again muſt bring him to himſelf;
My ſtrict Denial to his Will wrought this;
And if you could but draw his wilder Thoughts
To know me, he would ſure recover Senſe.

Long. That Charge I'll undertake.

Duke. Look *Jaques*, look,
For God's ſake let me riſe, this Greatneſs is
A Jade, I cannot ſit it. *Jaq.* His Sword's up,
And yet he watcheth you. *Duke.* I'll down again,
Pray for thy Maſter, *Jaques*. *Shat.* Now the King
May ſee all the Suggeſtions are not true,
He hath receiv'd againſt my Loyalty;
When all Men elſe refuſe, I fight his Batttles,
And thruſt my Body into Danger's Mouth;
I am become his Champion, and this Sword
Has taught his Enemies to know themſelves;
Oh that he would no more be jealous of me!

Long. Monſieur *Shattillion*, the King aſſigns you
That, for this valiant loyal Act of yours,
He hath forgot all Jealouſies and Fears,
And never more will tempt you into danger.

Shat. But how ſhall I believe this, what new Token
Of Reconcilement will he ſhew me?
Let him releaſe my poor Love from her Torment,
From her hard Fare, and ſtrict Impriſonment.

Long. He hath done this to win your After-love,
And ſee your Lady ſent you from the King

By

By theſe two Gentlemen; be thankful for her.
Shat. She lives, ſhe lives, I know her by the power
Shoots from her Eyes. [*He kneels.*
Love. Riſe, dear *Shattillion.*
Shat. I know my Duty, next unto my King,
I am to kneel to you. *Love.* I'll have you riſe,
Fetch me a Chair, ſit down, *Shattillion.*
Shat. I am commanded, and faith tell me Miſtreſs,
What Uſage have you had? pray you be plain.
Love. Oh my moſt lov'd *Shattillion*, Pain enough,
But now I'm free, thanks to my God and King.
Long. His Eyes grow very heavy, not a Word,
That his weak Senſes may come ſweetly home.
Shat. The King is honourable.
Duke. When do you whiſtle, *Jaques?*
Jaq. By and by.
Long. Come hither, Monſieur, canſt thou laugh a little?
Serv. Yes, Sir.
Long. So thou ſhalt then. *Bewford*, how doſt thou?
Bew. Why, well.
Long. I'm glad on't, and how does thy Wife?
Bew. Why, you may ſee her, Sir, ſhe ſtands behind you.
Long. By th' Maſs ſhe's there indeed, but where's her Belly?
Bew. Belly?
Long. Her great Belly, Man; what haſt thou ſent thee?
Ser. A Boy, I'll lay my Life, it tumbled ſo.
Bew. Catcht, by this Light.
Long. I'll be a Goſſip, *Bewford.*
Ser. And I.
Long. I have an odd Apoſtle Spoon.
Bew. S'foot, catcht.
Dutch. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen?
Long. He's married to your Woman. [Maria *kneels.*
Dutch. And I not know it?
Ser. 'Twas a venial Sin.
Bew. Gall, Gall, Gall.
Dutch. Forgive her, Monſieur *Bewford*, 'twas her Love.
Bew. You may riſe if you pleaſe, I muſt endure it.

Long.

Long. See how my great Lord lies upon the Ground,
And dares not ſtir yet! [Jaques *whiſtles.*
Duke. Jaques, Jaques, is the King's Champion gone yet?
Jaq. No, but he's aſleep.
Duke. Is he aſleep, art ſure?
Jaq. I am ſure he is, I hear him ſnore.
Duke. Then by your Favours, Gentlemen, I riſe,
And know I'm a Duke ſtill.
Jaq. And I'm his Champion.
Dutch. Hold thee but there, and all *France* cannot mend thee.
Duke. I am a Prince as great within my Thoughts,
As when the whole State did adorn my Perſon;
What Trial can be made to try a Prince?
I will oppoſe this noble Corps of mine
To any danger that may end the doubt.
Dutch. Great Duke, and Husband, there is but one way
To ſatisfy the World of our true Right,
And it is dangerous.
Duke. What may it be?
Were it to bring the great Turk bound in Chains
Through *France* in Triumph; or to couple up
The *Sophy*, and great *Preſter John* together,
I would attempt it, Dutcheſs, tell the Courſe.
Dutch. There is a ſtrong Opinion through the World,
And no doubt grounded on Experience,
That Lions will not touch a lawful Prince;
If you be confident then of your Right,
Amongſt the Lions bear your naked Body;
And if you come off clear, and never wince,
The World will ſay you are a perfect Prince.
Duke. I thank you, Dutcheſs, for your kind Advice,
But now we don't affect thoſe ravenous Beaſts.
Long. A Lion is a Beaſt to try a King;
But for the Trial of a State like this
Pliny reports a Maſtive Dog will ſerve.
Duke. We will not deal with Dogs at all, but Men.
Ser. You ſhall not need to deal with them at all,
Hark you, Sir, the King doth know you are a Duke.

Duke.

Duke. No, does he?
Ser. Yes, and is content you ſhall be, but with this Caution,
That none know't but yourſelf; for if ye do,
He'll take't away by Act of Parliament.
Duke. Here is my Hand, and whilſt I live or breathe,
No living Wight ſhall know I am a Duke.
Ser. Mark me directly, Sir, your Wife may know it.
Duke. May not *Jaques?*
Ser. Yes, he may.
Duke. May not my Country Couſin?
Ser. By no means, Sir, if you love your Life and State.
Duke. Well then, know all, I am no Duke.
Ser. No, I'll ſwear it.
Long. See, he wakes.
Shat. Where am I, or where have I been all this while?
Sleep hath not ſate ſo ſound upon mine Eyes,
But I remember well that Face;
Oh thou too cruel, leave at length to ſcorn
Him that but looking on thy Beauty dies,
Either receive me, or put out my Eyes.
Love. Deareſt *Shattillion*, ſee upon my Knees
I offer up my Love, forget my Wrongs.
Shat. Art thou mine own?
Love. By Heav'n I am.
Shat. Then all the World is mine.
Love. I've ſtranger Things to tell thee, my deareſt Love.
Shat. Tell nothing, but that thou art now mine own:
I do not care to know where I have been,
Or how I have liv'd, or any thing,
But that thou art mine own.
Bew. Well, Wife, though 'twere a Trick that made us wed,
We'll make ourſelves full merry ſoon in Bed.
Duke. Know all, I am no Duke.
Wife. What ſay ye?
Duke. Jaques?
Jaq. Sir.
Duke. I am a Duke.

Both.

Both. Are ye?
Duke. Yes, faith, yes faith,
But it must only run among ourselves,
And *Jaques*, thou shalt be my Secretary still.
Wife. Kind Gentlemen, lead in *Shattillion*,
For he must needs be weak and sickly yet.
(43) Now all my Labours have as perfect end,
As I could wish; let all young sprightly Wives
That have dull foolish Coxcombs to their Husbands,
Learn here by me their Duties, what to do,
Which is, to make 'em Fools, and please 'em too.
[*Exeunt.*

(43) *Now* of *all my Labours* ——] The Copy of 1647 knows no such nonsensical Particle as *of*, here.

EPILOGUE.

THE Monuments of Virtue, and Desert,
Appear more goodly, when the gloss of Art
Is eaten off by Time, than when at first
They were set up, not censur'd at the worst.
We've done our best, for your Contents, to fit,
With new Pains, this old Monument of Wit.

The End of the Eighth Volume.